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THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW.

At a French dinner-table, a few years ago, I found myself opposite a genial English clergyman who was somewhat disturbed by the local tendency to quote values and spaces in terms of francs and centimes, metres and centimetres, instead of in the old-established and well-approved pounds, shillings, and pence, feet and inches. Some attempt was made to interest him in the practical convenience of the decimal system, and he gave polite and patient hearing; but the seed fell upon stony ground, where was no deepness of earth, and its first fair promise soon withered away before an appeal to the common consciousness of man. "I think," said the Englishman, addressing his international audience, "everybody will have noticed that when one has small sums to pay, francs and centimes or dollars and cents do well enough; but if any large sum is involved, one is always forced, in order really to appreciate the amount, to reduce it to pounds, shillings, and pence."

Socrates, in the *Phædo*, compares the people of his day, who thought their world about the *Ægean* to be the whole, to ants and frogs about a marshy pool. The ants and the frogs we have ever with us. They are antiquarians of Copenhagen to whom Danish history is the history of the world. They are the school committee men who insist that Kansas schools should teach only Kansas history and Kansas geography and Kansas weather. They are the political historians who make the world start

afresh with the Declaration of Independence. They are the financial experts who ignore the existence of international values. They are the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl. All those who do not know that the experience of the race is one continuous whole, in which dates and boundaries are only guide-posts, and not barriers, are the ants and frogs of Socrates. Without life perspective and historical perspective there can be no sound political judgment, — least of all in these days, when mighty world forces are twirling the millstones of the gods, and the garnerings of the ages are pouring into the hopper.

We are living in great times. Forces that have been silently at work for centuries are just finding their expression. The closing years of the nineteenth century are engaged in a process of historical liquidation by which the debtors and creditors of the ages are coming to their due. Scarcely have the echoes of the last contest died away on the shores of the *Ægean*, where has been the battle-ground and ultimate clearing-house of old world issues, when the new world issues take their shape and choose their battle-ground by the Chinese Ocean. Through the trans-Siberian railway Russia this year finds for the first time an outlet to the open sea, and enters the lists for the empire of the world. The bayonets which in the seventies established a German Empire are now, under cover of an understanding with Russia,

opening a way for German small wares in a conquest whose menace is toward England. Ill-mated France shares with Russia and Germany their policy of restricted colonial markets, and toys with colonizing schemes for which she has more money and ambition than men. The worn-out states and peoples of the old world are passing through bankruptcy. Africa is being rapidly apportioned as spoil. The English Empire, in consciousness of isolation and peril, draws its own bonds closer, and awakes to tardy recognition of its Western kinsmen, of their strength and of their kinship of purpose. The United States of America find themselves forced, whether they will or not, to transmute their policy of resisting intrusion into one of assuming the positive responsibilities of a moral hegemony in the West. Within three years the entire strategic map of international politics has been made anew. Alsace-Lorraine and Constantinople no longer represent the burning questions of diplomacy. New issues and vastly larger fields of action have been opened. Three years ago, we felt that our own international issues, so far as they existed, had little relation to the great world's worry. To-day, we are, for good or bad, in the midst of it all.

Intercommunication and rapid transit have been steadily drawing the ends of the earth together. Silent, mighty forces have long been assembling to the melting-pot the stubborn forms and patterns of the older world. Suddenly the fire is lighted.

Lord Rosebery, while Premier of England, made in Parliament the following statement: "We have hitherto been favored with one Eastern Question, which we have always endeavored to lull as something too portentous for our imagination; but of late a Far Eastern Question has been superadded, which, I confess, to my apprehension is in the dim vistas of futurity infinitely graver than even that question of which we have hith-

erto known." Four years are not past, and "the dim vistas of futurity" have become the arena of the present, and the Far Eastern Question is at the doors of England and at our own. It is a question in which all the world is involved. The centre of disturbance may be now in China, now in Cuba, now in the Philippines, but the disturbances are all in sympathy. It is a question in which the whole history of our race is involved. Its tangled movements viewed simply in their shifting surface phases yield, however, no intelligible statement. They concern too vast an area, too long a tradition; they cannot be understood from the levels of the present. One must seek high ground, for they tell their meaning, they betray the outlines of their plot, only in terms of the world labor, — the drama of the history of the race. For great areas and mighty upheavals the geologist must run the gamut from Archæan and Cambrian to Pleistocene. To-day, in a sense that never before was true, the old, the oldest world of man is sole competent interpreter of the new.

When in the year 326 B. C. Alexander the Great stayed his eastward march in northwestern India at the Sutlej, and turned his course down the Indus to seek the sea, a boundary line was fixed and set which proved to mean for the history of the human race more than any ever created by the act of man. The eastern boundary of Alexander's empire, running from the Jaxartes River, a tributary of the Sea of Aral, southward along the Pamir ranges, "the roof of the world," to the Indus, and then on to the Indian Ocean, divided the world and its history into two utterly distinct parts.

The portion which lay to the east with its two great centres, India and China, and which to-day includes a little over half the population of the globe, had no lot nor share in the life and history of the western part, which we may call our Nearer World. In the long process of mixture and fermentation which history

has suffered since Alexander's time, all the elements within this Nearer World, stretching from Afghanistan and Persia to the shores of western Europe, have yielded their contribution, small or great, to the civilization upon which our modern life is based. The history which we study, whether of events, institutions, ideas, or religions, has all been a history of this Nearer World.

India and China went their own way. The Nearer World knew little of them, gave little to them, received little from them, until after the discovery of the route around the Cape of Good Hope. The intercourse opened by that narrow way is, in the twentieth century, to tread the three broad highways of the Suez Canal, the trans-Siberian railway, the Pacific route, which represent, respectively, England, Russia, America. England, by the Canadian Pacific, shares the Pacific route, and she must soon open another by rail from the Mediterranean to the head of the Persian Gulf.

Alexander's boundary was not a boundary of race. It ran across the bands of blood. A section of the Aryan race, isolated behind its barriers, became the dominant caste and the rulers of India, and developed or administered there a form of life and thought utterly distinct from any other product of the Aryan temper. It was a boundary set in the historic life of man. How real it was the distribution of the great religious faiths of the world will tell. Political institutions and boundaries fade and shift; nothing human yields so permanent a map as faith. The conquests of religions are chiefly those of name and outward form. Unless the population changes, the faith in substance abides.

To the east of Alexander's boundary will be found Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism; to the west, two systems born out of the soil of Alexander's empire, one of the west, Christianity, the other of the east, Mohammedanism, — both of them, in history and outward guise of

statement, the products of Semitism. If a map of the world should be colored so as to represent the predominant religions of different regions, it would appear that Mohammedanism reaches its eastern frontier essentially at the line drawn from the Jaxartes along the "roof of the world" and down the course of the Indus; that is, at Alexander's old frontier. Its territory represents the oriental or non-occidental portion of Alexander's empire. It is itself merely a second growth on western Asiatic soil, a revival and reassertion of orientalism in the reaction from European conquest. And yet, when compared with the fundamental thought of the systems grown in India and China, it shows itself a creation of our world, and not of the remoter one.

Upon our colored map we should find, further, that the territory of Eastern Christianity corresponds in general to the sphere of influence of ancient Athens and Byzantium; that the territory of Roman Catholicism corresponds to the domain of the Western Roman Empire, — Italy, the Spanish Peninsula, France, and the Rhine and Danube valleys of Central Europe; while the old Germani, who withstood the legions of Drusus and Varus, are represented still by the individualistic Protestants of the north.

The civilization of the Nearer World had its birth in the two centres Egypt and Babylonia. It was in the long river valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates that the two types of ordered life we call by the names Egyptian and Assyrian gained their strength and their individuality. Their meeting-place and agora was the eastern Mediterranean, its coast lands and islands. Here the resultant of the Mesopotamian and Egyptian civilizations united as a female principle with the virility of European occidentalism, and the fruit was that civilization upon which European history, and all the history we have hitherto cared for, is based.

Consciousness of the power of individual initiative has been throughout the characteristic feature in occidentalism; passive conformity to the ordinance of fate and the settled order of the world, the spirit of orientalism. The West is aggressive, the East passive; the West finds the source of creation and action in the individual, the East in the governing power, be it state or fate. The West looks outward, and seeks to comprehend and control the material universe of its environment; the East looks within, and, learning from the winds and the stars only the lessons of moral order and the mandates of destiny imposed upon the soul, seeks to know and control the things of the spirit.

In this fabric of the Nearer World joined of the West and the East, the East supplied the informing spirit, the ordered life, the civilization; the West, the moving will and the arm of power. First Greece, then Rome, then in their turn the peoples of the north, assumed the leadership. Fresh blood of will and empire was drawn constantly from the north. But, however empire might change, the old frontier between the West and the nearer East tended to maintain itself where it was when history dawned, — at the *Ægean* and the *Bosporus*. Two years ago all eyes were turned toward the *Ægean*. Crete, Greece, Constantinople, and the Turk were words on every lip. All issues of international politics were quoted solely in terms of the old *Bosporus* question. The history of the Nearer World had simply gone back for another bout on the old field, — the field on which the first contests were fought, and to which most of the contests since have been referred in real or spectred battle.

Viewing history in the large, we cannot fail to see that the world we live in is essentially a Mediterranean world. All its fundamental forms and moulds for law and government, art, architecture, and literature, thought and faith,

were created beside the Mediterranean; all its political and religious struggles, all its wars, were the fighting over of old Mediterranean questions; and as a system of types and forms, it never can be really understood and known except as it be reduced to Mediterranean terms, and studied in the perspective of a Roman, Greek, or Syrian horizon.

Such was the life habit of the Nearer World. To-day all this has changed. Suddenly the centre of interest has shifted from the *Ægean* to the Yellow Sea. A class of questions has arisen, overwhelming, in the magnitude of the issues they involve, all the great questions of earlier days, and none of them admits solution in terms of the Mediterranean; none of them concerns the Mediterranean, or its peoples, or its history. That which the silent course of events has long been preparing, now in the fullness of time is come. Almost without a sign of warning we are transferred from the history of the Nearer World to the history of the Great World, and to that history the life and the interests of the great dominant peoples of the earth will hereafter belong.

To no people is the transition of more profound and fundamental importance than to the people of the United States. It involves for them nothing less than a rethinking of the entire problem of national purpose, destiny, and duty.

The old history, which we have called the history of the Nearer World, dealt with the antagonisms and the blending of its two component factors, occidentalism and orientalism; the new history will record the process of assimilation which follows the uniting of the two halves of the whole world. There can be no question as to which of the two will conquer and control, according to the external forms of conquest; but it is idle for us, in the light of historical experience, to imagine that the blending is to mean nothing more than the absorption of the East by the West, — nothing

more than the exploitation of China and India by the greed and power, or even the enlightenment, of Western nations. Rome conquered Greece, but was conquered by its art, its manners, and its thought. Europe, in the form of Greece, and then of Rome, subjugated Asia; but Asiatic wealth and luxury reshaped European life, and Europe has its religion from the conquered people. We may easily underestimate the solidity of these civilizations we confront, and the permanence of their forms of life and of their moulds of thought. The economic conditions, the political ideas, and the fundamental religious and philosophic thought of our world cannot and will not escape, in the great leveling that is to come, the most far-reaching and momentous transformation. England has touched yet only the surface of India, merely the hem of the garment; but her commerce, the equipment of her life, her governmental mechanism and ideals, have already been radically influenced, and the marvelous effect which acquaintance with Hindu thought is exercising upon men's fundamental thought of the world has spread far beyond the circles of the learned and of the faddists, and, I am persuaded, can be estimated in its profound importance only by the historians of later days.

Both India and China embody types of life and forms of thought which, strange and incomprehensible as they may be to us, have been shapen and polished in the mills of a human experience representing in composite the experience of more human souls than have elsewhere shared a common life.

India is the land of the vast and the boundless, the true motherland of the romantic. Endlessly prolific, she sets no restraint on the imagination. So India lacks that which was to the Greek, as the representative occidental, the supremest virtue, temperate control, — "naught to excess." The tumid, redundant forms of her art, as of her literature and her theogony, attest the absence of that sense

of due economy and fitness which made the creations of the Greek eternal models of restraint and harmony. To the aggressive occidental, time is the opportunity of action, time is money; for the Hindu, there were no days or years, and hence no history.

The occidental is a pluralist; personalities, individual psyches, are for him the starting-points, the prime factors of the universe; to enforce personality and make it effective is the mission of life. The Hindu is a monist; the world-all is the starting-point; personality is an aberration from it; to bring this personality back to rest, absorbed into accord with the world-all, is the toil and mission of life. Knowledge is the recipe of salvation; ignorance is the sin.

China is another cosmos. It is pre-eminently the land of the practical. Its world is the established social order of men fixed in forms and conventions, whose authority is absolute, as their reasons are past finding out. Life is a drama. Men merely play parts. The "look-see" (appearance) and the "make-see" (delusive persuasion) constitute the substance of life. The starting-point and whole of things is neither the world-all nor the individual soul, but the stage and scenery and plot into which the individual must fit the action of his part, and within which take his rôle. There is no truth, no real.

With the Greek it is intemperance or "slopping over" which is the sin, with the Hindu ignorance, with the Chinaman innovation. The purpose of education is, for the Greek, to give personality its maximum of effectiveness; for the Hindu, to endow it with a knowledge that shall reveal the hindrances to union with the world-all; for the Chinaman, to force the individuality, like a Chinese girl's foot into a shoe, into the fixed rôle or craft it must use in this present life. The Greek education is frankly the liberal education; the Chinese, frankly professional and technical.

China has perhaps one fourth the population of the globe, but no one suspects it of schemes of imperial conquest. The "yellow danger" menacing the world comes not from the thrifty tradesmen and peasants of China. China is a nation without a fist. Its people are lacking in any idea or motive around which could be assembled the sentiments of patriotism. Devotion to the honoring of ancestors and solicitude for private gain are the two sentiments of a people who constitute, not a nation nor a state, but a scheme of living.

The new history is to be concerned, then, with the assimilation of these two strange and mutually diverse elements of the farther world to the substance of the nearer world, — just as the old world history involved an assimilation of West and East. With the parallel goes also a contrast. The old history centred about an inland sea. All its issues had their ultimate home by the Mediterranean. In the new history the world is turned wrong side out. The outer ocean is the agora. Power is estimated in terms of navies rather than of armies. Coal is king, and coaling-stations mark the bonds of empire as the Roman military roads did of old. The pattern of the world has been turned inside out. The old world, like an ancient house, was built toward the inside and its colonnaded court; the new is built toward the outside, with windows and veranda.

The old history had its Eastern Question; the new has its Easternmost Question. In the later phases of the old, Turkey was the "sick man;" in the new, it is China; and where the carcass is, there are the eagles gathered together. The old involved the constant query who should be the leader of the occident, — Greece, Rome, France, Germany, England, Russia? The new asks who shall hold the empire and lead the civilization of the world; shall it be the Slav, the Teuton, or the Latin?

The aggressiveness shown by France

in colonial enterprise is scarcely more than artificial; it represents no inner need or impulse except as it be a yearning for bonds and shares. France is really smitten with the palsy of her own prudence and thrift. Families are small. Sons are not put through the school of self-reliance. A nation lacking men who know how to take risks and assume the responsibility of their own choices cannot compete for leadership among the peoples. French is the language of a diplomacy which lives on in the close atmosphere of the old Mediterranean controversies; out in the breezy ocean world, the greater world, the medium of international intercourse tends to be English.

A colder-blooded people than any of the Latin race will win the contest, in these days of organization and calculation and mechanism and coal. The German is patient enough and practical enough. He is, like his Anglo-Saxon brother by nature, a stout champion of individual freedom, but he lacks something his brother possesses. This something it is not easy to describe, but the lack of it allows him to tolerate the yoke of Cæsarism, imported from the Latin world; gives him ready adaptability to the institutions of other peoples, so that he is quickly absorbed; and, most characteristic of all, forbids his appreciation of a game like football.

The character in which the Englishman asserts his right to rule an empire is the character demanded by this most truly Anglo-Saxon sport. It is made up of roughness, willingness to risk, absence of supersensitiveness, fearful directness, and a sublime devotion to fair play. The typical Englishman believes in venturing, hard hitting, blunt truth-telling, equal justice, and personal cleanliness.

England had the start of Continental Europe in preparing for the issues of the new history, in that the English Channel enabled her to free herself early from the more baneful entanglements of the Mediterranean quarrels. England has

long been living in the world whose agora is the open seas. Not until these last days of the nineteenth century, however, has her one prospective rival, Russia, been able to find a way out into the world. This vast power, spanning at the north half the globe, was until this year pent up as an inland state. Archangel and the Baltic ports are ice-blocked for a portion of the year. Vladivostok, founded in 1858, and afterward selected as a terminus for the Siberian railway, is closed to navigation four months in each year. Odessa is blocked at the Bosphorus.

England has diligently kept the barriers up between Russia and the sea. In 1878 she checked her at the gates of Constantinople; in 1886, when Russia was in control of the passes of the Hindu-Kush, and could see her way out to the ocean by way of Afghanistan, British power again raised the dykes, and since then the occupation by England of the Mekran and the Chitral valley has set a double rampart against Russian advance. It remains yet for England to occupy the Persian Gulf, and join it by rail to the coast where Beaconsfield set Cyprus on guard.

The events attending the Chinese-Japanese war were of most serious consequence to England's policy and interest. Before the war began, she was the trusted adviser of China, and her protector against Russian aggression. Before the war ended, England found herself identified with Japan, a nation she had underestimated too long, and suddenly came to appreciate. Russia, supported by her associates, Germany and France, assumed the rôle of protecting friend discarded by England, checked and nullified the victory of Japan, and China is now almost her vassal. That which it has been the constant aim of English diplomacy and power for years to prevent has come about within this year. Russia has a harbor in the Yellow Sea, has gained a foothold on the shore of the iceless ocean. The astute-

ness of Li Hung Chang, on the other hand, has seen the way for bringing the product of Chinese industry to the Western world by the overland route, and China is to be introduced to the West by help and intermediation of Russia. Herein lies the *quid pro quo*.

Russia's strength is in her geographic position. Unmenaced in the rear, spanning Europe and Asia, and knowing no difference between them, she bides her time, and slowly pushes her way south like a mighty glacier. Gradually the barriers give way. Germany, which once held her in check at the west, is now — thanks to Bismarck's anti-English policy, continued by the young Emperor — in league with her and in commercial war with England. In Continental diplomacy she is supreme arbiter. Pan Slavism and the Eastern Church have carried her around Constantinople almost to the shores of the Ægean, and the first opportunity of England's preoccupation will give her exit through the Bosphorus. Steadily she works her way into Central Asia, where the half-oriental temper of her people makes her government peculiarly acceptable, and her administration in general fortunate and wise.

Entered in the lists for the world empire are, then, these two. The conflict is set for which generations have been preparing. Where is our place? Russia is our old-time friend. Whenever we have been at issue with England, Russia has lost no opportunity to show sympathy with us. England is a mother who has constantly ignored or underestimated us. With a blindness of vision almost unparalleled in all the stupidities of statesmanship, her ruling class have committed wrong after wrong against us, in slight and misjudgment and selfishness, all culminating in the attitude toward us during the war for the preservation of the Union. But the heart of the great English middle class has always been right. The English common man, with a fine consciousness of

affinity, regards us as his own, and rejoices in the American states as a creation and vindication of his own kind. The English country squire is fading away, and the plain commoner is coming to a hearing. And we are of one kind. When the battle is set between the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon, our hearts prove us inheritors of more than Anglo-Saxon blood: we are inheritors of the principles embodied in Anglo-Saxon life.

The Slav stands for government which has the sanctions of its authority from above and without; the Anglo-Saxon, for one whose authority has its source in the governed themselves. One follows the rule of expediencies, and holds that what succeeds is right; the other builds solid achievement on the things that are real, and believes in the blunt word of truth. One raises the barriers of restricted privilege; the other opens the markets and the courts of the world to equal opportunity and even justice. One builds on the distrust of the purposes and the intelligence of men; the other, upon the high optimism of democracy. To one the state is a prison or strait-jacket; to the other it is the training school of the race, where responsibility begets character, and free opportunity begets content.

There can be no doubt of our sympathy, — what is our duty? Has the new order of the world brought us new obligations of duty? The old world lingering in the meshes of Mediterraneanism afforded us no interests but such as we might well wish to shun with all their "entangling alliances." The barrier of the ocean removed us from the old world gathered about its inland sea, and set us apart in the far West at one side of the earth. The utilization of this barrier has afforded us the opportunity for establishing ourselves in possession and use of our soil, and for developing our resources and our system of government.

But now the old world has passed. History is turned inside out. The outer

ocean is the agora; the whole world, not half, is involved; and instead of being, as in the old order of things, far at one side, we stand full in the midst, — midway between Europe and its goal in the Farther East. Sooner than any prophet could have foreseen, the question is upon us.

Our old-time policy of resisting arbitrary European interference in the affairs of American peoples has been extended, under the pressure of what we believe is a genuine humanitarian sentiment, into intervention against a European misgovernment in Cuba which had passed the limits of toleration, and, having ceased to be government, had become a case of arbitrary interference in the course of American events.

The moment we took this step we became involved in the great world problems. England's position in the Far East hurried her to our side, and gave us her welcome to participation in wider responsibilities for the order of the world. England and America, alienated in terms of the Nearer World's life, have found each other on the field of the Greater World. They belong together, and their union means not only a check to the Russian menace, but peace and the orderly development of civilization in the world.

Many of us deplored the Spanish war; many of us now look forward with anxious solicitude concerning the effect of victory on the victor; but still, as we survey the movements of human history in the large, we cannot fail to see in all that is occurring the inevitable grist of the mills of the gods and the irrefragable judgments of the Weltgericht. Spain and the Middle Ages could not tarry in the West. We, on the other hand, could not shut ourselves within the walled gardens of our pleasant domesticity, and shun responsibilities that the commerce and intercourse of the larger world exact of those who stand for order and equal justice in the affairs of men.

While, then, we may well be called

upon now to readjust our conception of national purpose and duty to the new order and our new position, we dare not be false to ourselves or our past. Our charter and creed we must interpret, if no longer in the letter, then all the more scrupulously in the spirit. However the letter and the form may fade and vanish away, there are some things that must needs abide. A nation proclaiming government of the people and for the people cannot impose on conquered peoples a foreign sway, or one that finds its supreme motive in the benefits accruing to others than the governed. We must stand as we were founded, a nation that draws diverse interests and diverse communities into peaceful coöperation under

recognition of the rights of the individual man, and the self-government of peoples and states.

Conquest and empire, and all that belongs thereto both of method and of idea, are utterly abhorrent to the theory of those institutions through which America has aspired to enlighten the world, and utterly foreign to the structure our fathers reared out of their stony griefs and cemented with their faith.

It is character that counts in nations as in individuals. Only in loyalty to the old can we serve the new; only in understanding of the past can we interpret and use the present; for history is not made, but unfolded, and the old world entire is ever present in the new.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

THE TREND OF THE CENTURY.

EVERY century has its own characteristics. The two influences which have made the nineteenth century what it is seem to me to be the scientific spirit and the democratic spirit. Thus, the nineteenth century, singularly enough, is the great interpretative century both of nature and of the past, and at the same time the century of incessant and uprooting change in all that relates to the current life of men. It is also the century of national systems of popular education, and at the same time of nation-great armies; the century that has done more than any other to scatter men over the face of the earth, and to concentrate them in cities; the century of a universal suffrage that is based upon a belief in the inherent value of the individual; and the century of the corporation and the labor union, which in the domain of capital and of labor threaten to obliterate the individual. I want to trace, if I can, what has been the trend of this remarkable century in

the domain of thought, of society, of commerce, of industry, and of politics. Especially I want to do this as it concerns life in the United States.

I speak first of the trend of thought; for thought, immaterial though it be, is the matrix that shapes the issues of life. The mind has been active in all fields during this fruitful century; but, outside of politics, it is to science that we must look for the thoughts that have shaped all other thinking. When von Helmholtz was in this country, a few years ago, he said that modern science was born when men ceased to summon nature to the support of theories already formed, and instead began to question nature for her facts, in order that they might thus discover the laws which these facts reveal. I do not know that it would be easy to sum up the scientific method, as the phrase runs, in simpler words.

It would not be correct to say that this process was unknown before the present century; for there have been indi-

vidual observers and students of nature in all ages. The seed idea is to be found at least as far back as the time of Bacon, not to say of Aristotle. But it is true that only in this century has this attitude toward nature become the uniform attitude of men of science. The results that have flowed from this general attitude toward nature have been so wonderful that the same method has been employed by students of other subjects, with results hardly less noteworthy. To this attitude on the part of men of science toward nature we owe the great advances in our knowledge of natural law which this century has witnessed; and from this increased knowledge of natural law the manifold inventions have come that have changed the face of the world. To the scientific method applied to the problems of the past, by men of letters, we owe our ability to understand the hieroglyphs of Egypt and the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylonia.

One of the chief results of the scientific method as applied to nature and the study of the past is the change that it has wrought in the philosophic conception of nature and of human society. By the middle of the century, Darwin had given what has been held to be substantial proof of the theory of the development of higher forms out of lower in all living things; and since then, the doctrine of evolution, not as a body of exact teaching, but as a working theory, has obtained a mastery over the minds of men which has dominated all their studies and all their thinking. The consequences of the doctrine have been very different in different fields of mental activity. In the field of religious thought it has undoubtedly been a source of very serious perplexity, because it has confronted men with the necessity of reshaping their conceptions of the divine method of creation according to a theory exactly the opposite of that which had been previously held. When Copernicus, in the sixteenth century, began to

teach that the earth revolved about the sun, it must have seemed to be doctrine that disputed the most evident of facts. All men in all ages had seen the sun rise in the east and set in the west, and therefore the new doctrine must have appeared, at first sight, to be utterly subversive both of the science of that day and of the religion of that day. The men of science, then as now, easily accommodated themselves to the new teaching as its truthfulness became clear, despite its revolutionary character, for to them it meant only a fresh start along a more promising road; but the opposition of the Church reveals the agony of mind that was involved for the Christian believer, in the effort to restate his conception of man's importance in the sight of God from the point of view of the newly recognized truth, instead of from the point of view of the old error. Still, men have been able to do this, though it took them a long time to do it. The discovery of Copernicus was announced in 1543; yet I read the other day, in the life of Samuel Johnson, the first president of King's College in New York city, that it was by him and his colleagues of Yale, in the early part of the eighteenth century, that even the learned people of Connecticut were led to accept the Copernican theory of the universe instead of the Ptolemaic. Indeed, so late as the first Commencement of King's College, in 1758, one of the students, "in a clear and concise manner, demonstrated the revolution of the earth round the sun, both from astronomical observations and the theory of gravity, and defended the thesis against two of his classmates." These incidents illustrate happily, by the way, how far America was from Europe in those days. It is easy to believe, therefore, that the evolutionary conception of creation, with its sublime suggestion of the limitless possibilities of endless development, will in time be accepted as the basis of men's religious thinking as universally as re-

ligious men now accept the Copernican system of the universe. In the meanwhile, it should be a source of comfort to every man whose mind has been troubled by this new teaching of science that, in this experience, nothing has happened to him which has not happened before ; and it may be observed that if the man of science has thus taught, in a new way, that man is allied to the beasts that perish, he has also shown, by his own wide reading of natural law, that man is capable of tracing the processes of the infinite, thus setting the seal of science to the doctrine of revelation, that man, in his essence, is the child of God.

The effect of the scientific method and of the doctrine of evolution upon philosophy, during the century, has been to bring the philosopher and the man of science closer together. In ancient times the philosopher was in his own person a man of science ; that is to say, he not only knew all of the science that was known, but he was himself the principal agent in advancing man's scientific knowledge. Through the centuries, as man's knowledge of nature has increased, one science after another has been set aside from the domain of philosophy, so to speak, as a field apart. Thus, astronomy, physics, and chemistry have long been recognized as independent fields of knowledge ; and the philosopher has left it to the astronomer, the physicist, and the chemist to enlarge man's knowledge in those fields. During the nineteenth century even psychology has become, to a great extent, an experimental science, so that philosophy, in our day, has come to concern itself once more with all knowledge rather than with special fields of knowledge. Accordingly, we find the greatest philosophers basing their philosophies upon the widest possible survey of facts ; and the greatest scientists turning from their facts to account for them, as they may, by some adequate philosophy. Thus, the theory of evolution, resting as it does upon the

observed facts of nature, has come to dominate the philosophy of the century no less than its science.

In the domain of education one sees the same philosophy at work, having for its handmaid the democratic tendency which has marked the political development of the century. Every public educational system of our day, broadly speaking, is the child of the nineteenth century. The educational system of Germany, which in its results has been of hardly less value to mankind than to Germany itself, dates from the reconstitution of the German universities after the battle of Jena. Whatever system France may have had before the Revolution went down in the cataclysm that destroyed the ancient régime, so that the educational system of France also dates from the Napoleonic period. In the United States, while the seeds of the public school system may have been planted in the eighteenth, or perhaps even in the seventeenth century, it has only been in the nineteenth century, with the development of the country, that our public school system has grown into what we now see ; while in England, the system of national education, in a democratic sense, must be dated from 1870. This attempt on the part of the great nations to provide systematic instruction for the people, from childhood to manhood, from the elementary school to the university, reflects, as it seems to me, the commingling of the two great tendencies of the century, the democratic and the evolutionary. Out of the growth of the democratic principle has come the belief that it is worth while to educate all the children of the state ; and out of the scientific method, which has led to the general acceptance of the evolutionary theory, has been developed the advance in educational method which is so marked a feature of the last decades of the century. Formerly, it was satisfactory to educate a child according to some preconceived theory, or as it had

always been done. To-day, the best systems of education are increasingly based upon the laboratory method, and upon the observation of facts relating to childhood and youth. The new disciplines, also, are freely admitted on even terms with the old.

In other domains of knowledge, such as history and literature, the application of the scientific method has resulted not only in the overthrow of many of our preconceived conceptions in regard to the past, but also in the opening up of vast fields of information which formerly were closed to the seeker after truth, because he did not command the open sesame to its treasures. I think, therefore, the statement is justified which I made at the beginning of this paper, that it is to science we must look for the thoughts which, in the nineteenth century, have dominated and fructified all other thinking. The illumination of the century has proceeded from that source, and the light that has been shed especially by the study of nature has been carried into every nook and corner of human history and human life.

But the consequences of the general scientific attitude toward nature which is characteristic of this century have been twofold. Not only has the scientific method furnished a philosophy of nature and of human life, but, by the great increase in man's knowledge of natural law to which it has led, it has resulted in endless inventions, and these, in turn, have changed the face of the world. It is not my purpose to catalogue these inventions, — not even the most conspicuous of them. I rather want to point out some of the changes in the life of society which have been caused by them. One of the most noticeable of these results is the great increase in the number and size of cities. What the elevator is to the high building the railroad and the steamboat are to the city. They make practicable a city such as without them could not be. In striking contrast

with this tendency of people to concentrate in cities, we observe, on the other hand, a world movement of people which has been facilitated by the same inventions. Man's knowledge of the earth that he inhabits has been made substantially complete during the present century, and the ends of the earth and the islands of the sea have been brought into rapid and easy communication with the centres of the world's life. In other ages, tribes often migrated from one part of the world to another. The path by which they went was stained with blood, and the country of which they took possession they made their own by violence and conquest. But in this century, millions of people, not as tribes, but as families and as individuals, have migrated peacefully from Europe to America, to Australia, to Asia, and to Africa. This world-wide movement of the peoples has been made possible only by the inventions that have built up the cities; but it also reflects, as it seems to me, the influence of the democratic spirit urging men, in vast numbers and upon their own responsibility, always to seek for conditions of life in which they may enter upon life's struggle less handicapped by the past.

The rapid progress of invention during the century has been coincident with one far-reaching change in the habits of society, the importance of which is seldom recognized. I refer to deposit banking. Of all the agencies that have affected the world in the nineteenth century, I am sometimes inclined to think that this is one of the most influential. If deposit banking may not be said to be the result of democracy, it certainly may be said that it is in those countries in which democracy is most dominant that deposit banking thrives best. The first bank in the United States was the Bank of Maryland, opened in Baltimore in 1790. It was open for a year before it had a depositor. Even fifty years ago the discussions of bankers turned mainly upon circulation. Very little attention was

given to the question of deposits. At the present time our banks are comparatively indifferent to circulation; but they aim to secure as large deposits as possible. Deposit banking does for the funds of a country precisely what mobilization does for the army of a country like France. Mobilization there places the entire manhood of the country in readiness for war. Deposit banking keeps every dollar of the country on a war footing all the time. Some one has said that it would have been of no use to invent the railroad, the submarine cable, or the telephone at an earlier period of the world's history, for there would have been no money at command to make any one of them available before this modern banking system had made its appearance. If this be so, then indeed the part that has been played by deposit banking in the developments of the century cannot be overestimated.

During the century the conditions of the world's commerce have been radically altered. It is not simply that the steamboat and the locomotive have taken the place of the sailing-ship and the horse; that the submarine cable has supplanted the mails; nor even that these agencies have led to such improvements in banking facilities that foreign commerce is done, for the most part, for hardly more than a brokerage upon the transaction. These are merely accidents of the situation. The fundamental factors have been the opening up of virgin soil in vast areas to the cultivation of man, and the discovery of how to create artificial cold, which makes it possible to transport for long distances produce that only a few years ago was distinctly classed as perishable. The net result of these influences has been to produce a world competition at every point of the globe, both on a scale never before known, and as regards articles that have been heretofore exempt from all competition except neighborhood competition. Thus, not only has it become impossible to raise wheat pro-

fitably in England or even on our own Atlantic coast, but the price of such an article as butter, for example, in the state of New York, is fixed by what it costs to produce a similar grade of butter in Australia. Under the influence of these changes, the merchant of the early part of the century has become "as extinct as the mastodon." But if these changes have introduced new and strange problems for the merchant, they have also presented problems of no less difficulty to the statesman. In the first half of the century, China was the great source of supply for both tea and silk. At the present time, more than half of the tea consumed in England comes from India and Ceylon, and more than three quarters of the tea consumed in the United States comes from the island of Formosa and from Japan. Even in silk China has largely lost her market to Japan and Europe. Who shall say that this gradual destruction of China's export trade has not had much to do with bringing the ancient empire to the point where it seems about to be broken up? The outflow from the old empire is not sufficient to stem the inflow, and the aggressive commerce of the outside world appears to be ready to break down the ancient barriers and overflow the country, whether it will or no.

This unification of the world, and its reduction in size from the point of view of commerce, reveal some tendencies that are full of interest. The general tendency to protection was the first answer of the statesman and of the nations to the pressure of competition from new quarters. It represented an effort to make the terms of the world competition between young countries and old, between old countries and new, somewhat more even. The remarkable exception to this tendency presented by Great Britain reflects the exceptional situation of Great Britain among the nations. Her home domain is too small to furnish occupation either for her men or for her

money, and therefore the people of the little island have swarmed all over the world. As a consequence, Great Britain's commercial policy is, in a certain sense, a world policy; but it is noticeable that the other great nations, whether young or old, being obliged to frame their policy from a different point of view, have hitherto relied, with few if any exceptions, upon protection to equalize the terms of the competition. Now, however, a second tendency appears to be discernible. If protection represents the attempt of a nation to hold itself aloof, to some extent, from the competition of the world, the tendency of the aggressive nations of Europe to divide up among themselves the undeveloped portions of the earth, and even the territory of weaker nations, seems to me to represent a growing conviction that the policy of protection, from its nature, must be a temporary one; and also to reveal a dimly recognized belief that the true way for the old countries to contend with the semi-civilized, in the long run, is to raise the standard of living in the less advanced countries, so that the semi-civilized shall not be able to drag the most highly developed peoples down to their own level. That is to say, if the first response of the civilized nations to the world competition to which I have referred has been the attempt to limit its unwelcome effects by the erection of artificial barriers at every custom house, the second response seems likely to come in the effort of the strong nations to dominate the weak, — not for their destruction, but for their uplifting. In other words, civilization, being brought face to face with the competition of the semi-civilized, appears to believe that the best way to preserve its own integrity is to introduce the conditions of civilization everywhere. If this be a correct diagnosis of the recent developments of foreign policy on the part of several of the great nations, it indicates a disposition to secure protection in the future by ag-

gressive action, rather than by defensive action as heretofore. I am not discussing the merits of the case, but only trying to point out the possible significance of movements that are likely to have no little influence on the future.

But we should lose sight of one of the most important factors that have been at work in producing these results and in changing the life of men, if we did not consider for a moment the influence of invention in the great domain of industry. In its relation to agriculture this influence appears in three forms: there has been a much more intelligent application of chemistry to the cultivation of the soil; steam power has been very largely substituted for hand power; and the railroad has made accessible vast areas of country which, in any previous age of the world, it would have been impossible profitably to cultivate. In the substitution of machinery for hand power in the domain of manufacture, two incidental results have proved of far-reaching consequence, although neither was necessarily involved in the substitution of the machine for the hand. I refer, first to the division of labor, and second to the interchangeability of parts in many standard manufactured articles. It has added enormously to the productiveness of a factory to divide the labor employed according to the processes. By this means, the labor becomes more expert, the product is increased, and the quality is improved. It is true that the action of the laborer thereby becomes also, to a great extent, automatic; but so does the execution of the skilled musician, as the result of his practice and his skill. It is probable that the mind of the laborer, thus largely set free during his hours of toil, is at work quite as busily as before, and in ways that make him more than ever an active factor in the world's life. The practice of making interchangeable parts in many manufactured articles has also added enormously to the convenience and avail-

ability of such articles. The standardizing of the threads of screws, the sizes of bolts, and the like adds beyond measure to the effectiveness of manufacture and to the convenience of industry. But it is a superficial view of these things to suppose that their effect is exhausted in a tendency to cheapen products and to improve industrial opportunity. It is evident that division of labor is possible under freedom only in a community the members of which are animated by mutual trustfulness and mutual respect. Interchangeable parts are of value only when men trade continually with one another. They involve a recognition of the advantage to be had by considering the general welfare rather than simply one's own convenience. That is to say, both of these things reveal and emphasize the tendency to democracy in industry, which seems to me as marked a feature of our times as the tendency to democracy in the political life of men. In other words, industry rests more and more completely upon the mutual interdependence of the masses of mankind.

Other changes, less material, have taken place in the commercial and industrial world during this same great century. The wage system has become universal, and the corporation and the trade union have become dominant in many branches of industry and commerce. Commodore Vanderbilt laid the foundation of his fortune by operating a small boat on a ferry. The business of transportation grew under his hands to such an extent that even so exceptionally able a man as he could not control it in his own person. Under the form of a corporation, he was obliged to associate with himself many others, in order to carry on the immense business which he developed. The corporation, in this aspect, therefore, is democratic, resting as it does upon the substitution of the ownership of many for the ownership of one. A sailing-ship used to cost comparatively little, and many an individual could af-

ford to have one or two or a small fleet of them. The modern steamship, on the other hand, is exceedingly costly, and there would be few of them indeed if there were no more than could be owned by individuals. But just as in political democracy there is a tendency on the part of the many blindly to follow one, so in corporations one man is apt to determine the efficiency or inefficiency of the corporation. Similarly, in the trade union and other organizations of labor, the organizations which are the most capably led are the most effective.

The corporation and the trade union interest me especially from another point of view, because of the strange contrast they present to the democratic tendencies of the times. Democracy, as a political theory, emphasizes the equality of men and the equal rights and privileges of all men before the law. The tendency of it has been, in this country, to develop in multitudes of men great individuality and self-reliance. Side by side with this tendency, however, we see the corporation supplanting the individual capitalist, and the trade union obliterating the individual laborer, as direct agents in the work of the world. Strange as this contrast is, both tendencies must be consistent with democracy, for the corporation and the trade union flourish most where democracy is most developed. Indeed, they seem to be successful and powerful just because democracy pours into them both its vital strength. The criticisms that are justly enough launched against both probably spring largely from the fact that, by reason of the rapidity of their development, men have not yet learned how to control them so as to secure the maximum of benefit and the minimum of abuse.

In this country, I suppose, there are few who would deny that the corporate form of doing business is not only inevitable, but on the whole advantageous. At the same time, the opinion undoubtedly would be almost as universal that

the abuses in corporate management confront the country with some of the most serious problems that lie before it. The impersonality of the corporation lends itself readily to many abuses from which the sense of personal responsibility saves individual men. The corporation, being a creature of legislation, as it has gradually acquired control of more and more of the field of business, has brought all business into relations with the legislature which are as unfortunate as possible. When business was in private control, legislators interfered comparatively little, because those who conducted the business had votes. Corporations, however, have no votes; but they have money; and it is not exaggeration to say that the people fear, if they do not believe, that the money of the corporations is often more influential in shaping legislation than are the votes of the people. The statement of a railroad magnate, that in Republican counties he was a Republican, and in Democratic counties he was a Democrat, but that everywhere he was for the railroad, was the cynical admission of an attitude easily understood, but none the less dangerous. When one tries to devise remedies for the evident dangers of the situation, it is not easy to be precise. It is possible, I think, to indicate some directions in which to look for improvement, so far as improvement is possible outside of higher standards of public virtue. The fundamental evil in the corporate form of management, undoubtedly, is the loss of personal responsibility. It is a common remark that as directors men will do things which as individuals they would not think of doing. Indeed, the evil lies deeper than this. Because they are directors, and therefore, as they say, trustees for others, they feel constrained to do for the benefit of the stockholders what as individuals they abhor. This reasoning may well be considered fallacious, but that it is very influential in determining the action of corporate di-

rectors cannot be questioned. The remedy for this loss of personal responsibility, so far as there is any remedy by legislation, must come from publicity. When the legislature grants the impersonal form for the conduct of business, and grants, in addition, a limited liability, there is no reason why it should not, at the same time, demand that all of the operations of this artificial person — or perhaps I ought to say, of this combination of natural and privileged persons — should be matters of public record. Theoretically, I cannot believe that there is any reason why the demand for publicity in relation to the actions of corporations should not be carried to any detail to which it may be necessary to carry it in order to secure the result of absolute honesty as toward stockholders, creditors, and the public. It should be observed, perhaps, that corporations naturally divide themselves into two classes, — those which exercise, by virtue of a public franchise, quasi-governmental functions, and those which conduct purely private business. I think the same rule of publicity, as a general principle, should apply to both kinds of corporations; but it is evident that publicity may have to be carried much further in regard to the first kind than in regard to the second.

I think there is one other direction in which corporations can be further controlled to the public advantage. In many of the states, already, it is impossible to organize a corporation without paying in the capital in cash. If this requirement could be extended so as to demand that neither stock nor bonds should be issued except for a cash equivalent, it would strike at the root of one of the evils incident to corporate management which has done much to arouse against corporations popular indignation. I do not know why the law might not require, where stock or bonds are to be issued as the equivalent of invested property, patents, good-will, and the like, that the valuation upon which such issues may be

made should be fixed by public authority. The corporation that means to serve the public honestly and fairly is not likely to object to being required to have assets of full value for all the securities which it offers to the public. It is the corporation which wishes to make money out of the public dishonestly that aims to float all manner of securities that have no value at all, or only a nominal value. I believe it to be a righteous demand that the laws regulating corporations should protect the public much more adequately than they do now against such frauds.

But while it is evident that the corporate form of conducting business has been of wide benefit to mankind, despite the abuses that have attached to it, there may not be such general admission of the truth that the trade union and the labor organization have been equally beneficial. It is sometimes said that labor organizes because capital does, and that it is obliged to do so in self-defense. I am far from saying that there is no truth in this statement, but I think that it is only a partial statement of the truth. Labor organizes, primarily, not simply to contend against capital and for self-defense, but for precisely the same reason that capital does; that is, for its own advantage. It organizes in response to a tendency of the times which labor can resist no more than capital. It is the recognition by labor of the vision of the poet, that "the individual withers and the world is more and more." It may not be denied that organized labor has often been cruel in its attitude to laboring men who wish to work upon an individual basis; but it cannot be justly said that it is more cruel than organized capital has been in its own field. The individual competitor has been removed from the pathway of the trust as remorselessly as the individual laborer has been deprived of work by the labor organization. Indeed, I think it may be said that there is no fault that can be charged against organized labor which may not be charged

with equal truth against organized capital. The forms in which these faults exhibit themselves, from the nature of the case, are different, but in both instances the fault is the same. In the meanwhile, one has only to consider the protectionist policy of nations in order to be able to understand the protectionist policy of the trade unions. No laboring man can tell at what moment a new invention will appear which will deprive him of his livelihood. It is inevitable, at such a time, that men should draw together and present a common front to the problems of life, rather than attempt to contend with them as individual atoms. It is evident, also, that in many directions the trade union has improved the condition of the laboring man, looked at from the point of view of the mass. It seems to me that the true line of development, instead of antagonizing labor organization, is to endeavor to make it responsible, so as to substitute for the irresponsibility of the single laborer the adequate responsibility of the great body of laborers. I have been told that in the most progressive labor unions of England, where the question is an older one than it is here, the aim of the union is to determine by joint action and by agreement with the employers the conditions under which the trade shall be carried on, and the tendency is to be indifferent whether the person employed is in the union or out of the union, provided that the standard regulations thus established for the trade are observed upon both sides. Under such a policy the war of the union is waged against inequitable conditions of life, and not against individual laborers who happen to be outside of the union. It is easy to understand that the employer would prefer to have all such matters entirely under his own control, but it is probably true that, under the complex conditions of modern life, this is no longer absolutely possible anywhere; and it is also probably true that, by a general recognition of this cir-

cumstance, the standard of living may be raised in any community, to the great benefit of all concerned.

The tendency to democracy in politics is unquestionably the dominant political fact of the century. Not to attempt to trace the operation of this tendency everywhere, it seems to show itself not only in the wide extension of the suffrage in such countries as England and the United States, but also in the nationwide army of Germany. It is true that there is little enough of the free spirit of democracy in a military system like that of Germany. On the other hand, the universal suffrage existing in Germany for the election of members of the Reichstag, and the universal demand of the state for military service from all its people, are both of them instances of the use of the democratic spirit of the times in the service of a different polity. In other words, outside of Russia, and possibly even there, monarchical government in Europe is obliged to depend for its support upon the great body of the nation, instead of upon the power of the great and the noble. In England, the monarchy, although it retains the forms and expressions of power that were natural in the time of the Tudors, has become so responsive to the demands of democracy as to give, in effect, a democratic government. In the United States, the century, though it began with a limited suffrage, ends with universal manhood suffrage, and even with woman suffrage in some of the Western States. There is one essential difference, however, which ought never to be forgotten, between the democracy of the United States and the democracy of England. The struggle of democracy in England for centuries has been to convert a government of privilege into a modern democracy. This implies an hereditary disposition on the part of the great body of the people to look up to men of education and position as natural leaders, — a tendency which still remains to temper

very importantly all the activities of English public life. In the United States there is no such tendency. Hence the problem of democracy here is to learn how to educate itself to higher standards, and therefore to the attainment of better results. In other words, democracy in the United States is building on hard-pan, and every advance gained is an advance that reveals the education of the whole people to a higher level. Undoubtedly, universal suffrage and the large immigration of people without any experience in self-government have given form to many of our problems; but I often think there is far too great a disposition among us to magnify the difficulties which these conditions present. If all our failures be admitted, whatever they are, the history of the United States is certainly a marvelous one. Surely, it is bad philosophy to assume that our history is what it is in despite of, and not because of, our democracy. It is a notable fact that hardly an immigrant who remains in this country long enough to become a citizen is willing to return to live in his own home. This is a striking testimony to the fact that, whatever our shortcomings, the average conditions of life are freer and happier here than anywhere else in the world. And our institutions have certainly sufficed to produce a people of the very highest average of intelligence.

The fact is, in my judgment, that our problems arise not so much from universal suffrage as from the effect of the multiplication table applied to all the problems of life. I recollect that Mr. James Bryce, when in this country a few years ago, delivered an interesting lecture which he entitled *An Age of Discontent*. In the lecture he pointed out that during the early part of this century the great desire of men was for political liberty. But when political liberty had been obtained, he said, instead of ushering in an epoch of universal good will, it had brought with it apparently only universal

discontent. Allowing the statement to pass unchallenged, if I were to try to suggest an explanation of this discontent, I should be inclined to say, first of all, that a partial explanation, at least, can be found in the immense increase of popular opportunity that is due to the spread of democracy, and which has resulted in so magnifying every problem that the world has not yet learned how to deal with many of them. The problems are not only new; in scale they are thoroughly in keeping with the times, for nothing is more characteristic of the age than the large units of its enterprise. A single building to-day will hold as many tenants as a block of buildings in the beginning of the century; a single bridge of our time will cost as much as twenty bridges of the earlier day; and so one might go through the entire catalogue of private and public undertakings. But size often makes simple things difficult. Any one building a house in the country, when he has dug a well has solved the problem of his water supply; but to supply water for a great city calls for the outlay of millions of dollars, and for the employment of the best engineering talent in the land. Yet nothing has happened except that the problem has been magnified. Thus the difficulties created by the multiplication table are real; so that the very enlargement of opportunity that democracy has brought with it has faced democracy with problems far harder than were formerly presented to any government.

Another cause of the prevailing discontent, if that be taken for granted, I find in the constant and uprooting changes in life that have been incident to the rapid progress of scientific invention in our day, and from which no class of people have been exempt. The unrest is so general and so world-wide that it is not surprising that men are seeking to find for it some remedy which, by its thoroughness, seems to give promise of a complete cure. Every one is conscious

of the new problems, but no one is wise enough to see how they are to be worked out. Men want a universal panacea. Accordingly, the anarchist and the nihilist say that all government, or even society itself, is a failure; that the thing to do is to destroy the foundations of government or of society as they now exist, and to start fresh. The communist, less radical, says that society is not at fault, but that the institution of private property is the source of all trouble. If communism could be introduced, and the people could own everything in common, then, he thinks, the inequalities and injustices of life would disappear. The socialist, on the other hand, recognizing the fallacy of both claims, says, No, that is not the trouble. The state, as the one preëminently democratic corporation of the day, ought to control the instruments of industry and commerce. When these are controlled by the state, for the general good, instead of being held as now for private advantage, then a better day will be ushered in. And so it goes. It cannot be gainsaid that under every form of government the times are trying men's souls in every condition of life; but there is no universal panacea. There is nothing to be done but patiently to meet each problem in the best way possible, in the confidence that in the long run the outcome will be advantageous to mankind. This, at all events, I think may be said of our own people, and of their equipment for the problems of the times: that the American people, in great crises, by their self-control, by their willingness to make sacrifices, and by their evident honesty of purpose, have gladdened the hearts of their friends, and have encouraged those who love to believe that mankind is worthy of trust. That our country has not perfectly learned the art of self-government goes without saying; but that it has made progress in many and difficult directions I think must also be admitted.

In the meanwhile, some of the pro-

blems of greatest difficulty are those which come simply from our size. Merely to get out the vote of a great city, or of a state, or of the nation requires so much machinery as to give to the machine in politics a power that does not always make for the public good. It is not surprising, therefore, that wherever this problem is greatest, as in the large cities and the large states, there the tendency to the control of the machine by one man, and to the control of the government by one man through his control of the machine, is the most evident. It does not yet fully appear how the country is to secure the legitimate results now obtained through the party machines, without paying to the machines, as such, a price which is out of all proportion to the value of their services. It is not to be believed, however, for one moment, that the wisdom and patriotism of the future will be any less equal to the solution of problems than the wisdom and patriotism of the past have been. It is apparent that the power of the machine, in the last statement, lies in its control of the power to nominate, because the control of that power opens or closes for every man the door to public life. In some way, it must be made easier for men whose aim is simply to serve the public to get into public life and to stay in it without loss of self-respect. The many movements toward primary reform which look to regaining for the people the control of nominations are movements in the right direction. It is evident that the public instinct has recognized the source of the difficulty, and that everywhere men are at work trying to find a remedy for the evils of which they have become aware. The saying, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," did not originate in our day. We are conscious of our own shortcomings and of our own difficulties, and we are apt to forget those out of which the world has grown. We have only to remember these things to gain heart. In a single word, I believe the problem of

good government, in our day and country, is largely a problem of education; and in this view it is interesting to recall what was pointed out not long ago by Dr. Stanley Hall, that education is the one thing as to the value of which all men everywhere, at the present time, are agreed. Not that there is agreement on the methods and detail of education, but all men are agreed that education is a thing to be encouraged, a thing to be desired, a thing to be struggled for, and a thing to profit by. In this education our universities have a large part to play. They are already doing much in the direction of a constructive study of politics and of society. Perhaps they are not doing enough in the direction of the constructive study of industry and commerce, for in an industrial and commercial age both political and social questions are largely shaped by commerce and industry. In economics, the work of the universities is largely critical, not to say destructive; but because of their ability to illuminate the problems of the present with a broad knowledge of what is being done the world over, as well as with the knowledge of the past, and because of their own inherent democracy of spirit which puts them in vital touch with the spirit of the times, I am confident that they may, if they will, make valuable contributions to such a study of industry and commerce as will cause the universities to become still more important factors in shaping the future of the country.

To sum up, therefore, I should say that the trend of the century has been to a great increase in knowledge, which has been found to be, as of old, the knowledge of good and evil; that this knowledge has become more and more the property of all men rather than of a few; that, as a result, the very increase of opportunity has led to the magnifying of the problems with which humanity is obliged to deal; and that we find ourselves, at the end of the century, face to

face with problems of world-wide importance and utmost difficulty, and with no new means of coping with them other than the patient education of the masses of men. However others may tremble as they contemplate the perplexities of the coming century, the children of the universities should find it easy to keep heart; for they know that higher things have been developed in pain and strug-

gle out of lower, since creation began; and in the atmosphere of the university, with its equality of privilege and wealth of opportunity open to all, they must have learned, if they have learned anything of value, the essential nobility of the democratic spirit that so surely holds the future in its hands, — the spirit that seeks, with the strength of all, to serve all and uplift all.

Seth Low.

THE PROPER BASIS OF ENGLISH CULTURE.

SURELY it is time our popular culture were cited into the presence of the Fathers. That we have forgotten their works is in itself matter of mere impiety which many practical persons would consider themselves entitled to dismiss as a purely sentimental crime; but ignorance of their ways goes to the very root of growth.

I count it a circumstance so wonderful as to merit some preliminary setting forth here, that with regard to the first seven hundred years of our poetry we English-speaking people appear never to have confirmed ourselves unto ourselves. While we often please our vanity with remarking the outcrop of Anglo-Saxon blood in our modern physical achievements, there is certainly little in our present art of words to show a literary lineage running back to the same ancestry. Of course it is always admitted that there *was* an English poetry as old to Chaucer as Chaucer is to us; but it is admitted with a certain inconclusive and amateur vagueness removing it out of the rank of facts which involve grave and important duties. We can deny neither the fact nor the strangeness of it, that the English poetry written between the time of Aldhelm and Cædmon in the seventh century, and that of Chaucer in the fourteenth century, has never yet

taken its place by the hearths and in the hearts of the people whose strongest prayers are couched in its idioms. It is not found in the tatters of use, on the floors of our children's playrooms; there are no illuminated boys' editions of it; it is not on the booksellers' counters at Christmas; it is not studied in our common schools; it is not printed by our publishers; it does not lie even in the dusty corners of our bookcases; nay, the pious English scholar must actually send to Germany for Grein's *Bibliothek* in order to get a compact reproduction of the body of Old English poetry.

Nor is this due to any artistic insensibility on our part. Perhaps it will sharpen the outlines of our strange attitude toward the works of our own tongue if we contrast it with our reverence for similar works in other tongues, — say Greek and Latin. In citing some brief details of such a contrast, let it be said by way of abundant caution that nothing is further from the present intention than to make a silly question as between the value of the ancient classic and the English classic. Terms of value do not apply here; once for all, the prodigious thoughts of Greek poetry are simply invaluable: they permeate all our houses like indirect sunlight; we could not read our life without them. In point

of fact, our genuine affection for these beautiful foreign works is here adduced because, in establishing our love for great poetry in general, it necessarily also establishes some special cause for our neglect of native works in particular.

For example, we are all ready to smile with a lofty good humor when we find Puttenham, in 1589, devoting a grave chapter to prove "that there may be an Arte of our English Poesie as well as there is of the Latine and Greeke;" we remember the crushing domination of the old culture in his time, and before it we wonder complacently at all that icy business of "elegant" Latin verses and "polite" literature, and we feel quite comfortable in thinking how completely we have changed these matters.

Have we? One will go into few moderately appointed houses in this country without finding a Homer in some form or other; but it is probably far within the truth to say that there are not fifty copies of Beowulf in the United States.¹ Or, again, every boy, though far less learned than that erudite young person of Macaulay's, can give some account of the death of Hector; but how many boys — or, not to mince matters, how many men — in America could do more than stare if asked to relate the death of Byrhtnoth? Yet Byrhtnoth was a hero of our own England in the tenth century, whose manful fall is recorded in English words that ring on the soul like arrows on armor. Why do we not draw in this poem — and its like — with our mother's milk? Why have we no nursery songs of Beowulf and the Grendel? Why does not the serious education of every English-speaking boy commence, as a matter of course, with the Anglo-Saxon grammar? These are more serious questions than any one will be prepared to believe who has not followed them out to their logical results.

For the absence of this primal Angli-

¹ Since this was written (about 1880), two editions of the work have been published here.

cism from our modern system goes, as was said, to the very root of culture. The eternal and immeasurable significance of that individuality in thought which flows into idiom in speech becomes notably less recognized among us. We do not bring with us out of our childhood the fibre of idiomatic English which our fathers bequeathed to us. A boy's English is diluted before it has become strong enough for him to make up his mind clearly as to the true taste of it. Our literature needs Anglo-Saxon iron; there is no ruddiness in its cheeks, and everywhere a clear lack of the red corpuscles. Current English prose, on both sides of the water, reveals an ideal of prose-writing most like the leaden sky of a November day, that overspreads the earth with dreariness, — no rift in its tissue nor fleck in its tint. Upon any soul with the least feeling for color the model "editorial" of the day leaves a profound dejection. The sentences are all of a height, like regulars on parade; and the words are immaculately prim, smug, and clean-shaven. Out of all this regularity comes a kind of prudery in our literature. It ought not to be, that our sensibilities are shocked with strong individualities of style like Carlyle's or even Ruskin's. One always finds a certain curious reaction of this sensibility upon these men, manful as they are; they grow nervous with the fine sense of a suspicion of charlatanry in using a ruddy-cheeked style when the general world writes sallow-skinned; and hence sometimes too much color in their style, — a blush, as it were. We are guilty of a gross wrong in our behavior toward these authors and their like. A man should have his swing in his writing. That is the main value of it; not to sweep me off my legs with eloquent propagandism, but simply to put me in position where I may place the frank and honest-spoken view of another man alongside my own, and so make myself as large as two men, *quoad rem*.

But we lack a primal idiomatic bone and substance; we have not the stalwart Anglicism of style which can tolerate departures, breaks, and innovations; we are as uncomfortable over our robustious Carlyle as an invalid, all nerves, with a great rollicking boy in the room, — we do not know what he may do next.

How wonderful this seems, if we take time to think what a strong, bright, picture-making tongue we had in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the powerful old Anglo-Saxon had fairly conquered all the foreign elements into its own idiom! For it is about with the beginning of that century that we may say we had a fully developed English literary instrument. Chaucer was not, and could not be, the well of English undefiled which Spenser's somewhat forgetful antiquarianism would have him. He was fed with two streams of language which were still essentially distinct in many particulars. It was a long while before the primal English conquered the alien elements into its own idioms, — longer, indeed, in Chaucer's world than in Langland's.

Almost every house will furnish the means of placing in sharp contrast the vivacity and robust manfulness of the English language early in the sixteenth century, and the more flaccid tongue which had begun to exist even as early as the eighteenth. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, for example, collates a couple of stanzas from *The Nut-Brown Maid* — which must belong to the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century — with the corresponding stanzas of a paraphrase made by Prior in 1718. It may not be amiss to make sure by inserting one of these examples here. In the original ballad, the wild lover, testing the girl's affection, cries: —

“Yet take good hede, for ever I drede
That ye could nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valeis,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete; for, dry or wete,

We must lodge on the playne;
And us abowe none other rofe
But a brake bush or twayne;
Which sone sholde greve you, I believe,
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.”

I cannot see how language could well have put it feattier than that; but, two hundred years afterward, this is Prior's idea of the way it should have been said:

“Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove? Can they resist
The parching dog-star and the bleak north-east?

When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,

We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;

And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and, weeping, try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats where ease and plenty brooding sate?

Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn;

That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?”

Or, if it be objected that this may be an exaggerated single example which proves little, almost every bookcase contains Thomas Johnes's translation of Froissart, in the notes to which occur here and there extracts of parallel passages from Lord Berners's translation, made in the time of Henry VIII.; and the least comparison of Berners with Johnes shows how immeasurably more bright, many-colored, and powerful is the speech of the former.

And this brightness, color, and power make for the doctrine of this present writing, because they are simply exuberant manifestations of pure Anglicism put forth in the moment of its triumph. We are all prone to forget the odds against which this triumph was achieved.

For four hundred years — that is, in round numbers, from 670 to 1070 — the English language was desperately striving to get into literature, against the sacred wishes of Latin; and now, when the Normans come, the tongue of Aldhelm and Cædmon, of Alfred and Ælfric and Cynewulf, must begin and fight again for another four hundred years against French, — fight, too, in such depths of disadvantage as may be gathered from many a story of the relentless Norman efforts to exterminate the native tongue. Witness, for example, Matthew Paris's account of the deposition of the Bishop of Worcester in 1095 by the Normans because he "was a superannuated English idiot who could not speak French;" or Ralph Higden's complaint, as John Trevisa translates it from the *Polychronicon*: "Children in scole, ayenst the usage and manir of all other nations, beeth compelled for to leve hire owne langage and for to construe hire lessons and hire thinges in French; and so they haveth sethe Normans came first into Engeland;" moreover, "Gentilmen children beeth taught to speke Frensche from the tyme that they bith rokked in hire cradle and kumeth speke and play with a child's broche."

Eight hundred years the tough old tongue has been grimly wrestling and writhing, life and death on the issue, now under this enemy, now under that, when Lord Berners and Sir Thomas More begin to speak.

It is, therefore, with all the sacred sanction of this long conflict that a man can drive home upon our time these following charges: first, that it is doing its best, in most of its purely literary work, to convert the large, manful, and simple idioms of Alfred and Cynewulf into the small, finical, and knowing clevernesses of a smart half-culture, which knows

neither whence it came nor whither it is going; and secondly, that as a people we are utterly ignorant of even the names of the products of English genius during the first four hundred of the eight hundred years just mentioned, insomuch that if a fervent English-lover desire to open his heart to some one about Beowulf, or The Battle of Maldon, or The Wanderer, or Deor's Lament, or The Phoenix, or The Sea-farer, or The Address of the Departed Soul to its Body, or Elene, or the like, he must do it by letter, for there are scarcely anywhere two in a town who have read, or can read, these poems.

In short, our literary language¹ has suffered a dilution much like that which music has undergone at the hands of the weaker devotees since the free use of the semitone began. Soon after the chromatic tone had attained its place a wonderful flexibility shows itself in music, the art expands in many directions, the province of harmony becomes indefinitely large; but this very freedom proves the ruin of the weaker brethren: the facilities of modulation afforded by the minor chords and the diminished sevenths tempt into unmeaning and cloying impertinences of composition, and these have to be relieved, again, by setting over-harsh and crabbed chords in the midst of a too gracious flow of tone.

Now, as music has reached a point where it must pause, and reestablish the dominancy of the whole tone, fortifying it with whatever new tones may be found possible in developing the scale according to primal — or what we may call musically idiomatic — principles, so must our tongue recur to the robust forms, and from these to the underlying and determining genius, of its Anglo-Saxon² period.

In other words, — for what has so far

¹ As distinguished from the modern scientific English, which is certainly an admirable instrument in the hands of Tyndall, of Huxley, and of many more.

² A term for which it is now pretty generally agreed to substitute "Old English." I shall use the two interchangeably in this paper.

been said has been in defense and explanation of the sentence which stands at the beginning of this paper, — culture must be cited into the presence of the Fathers.

In the humblest hope of contributing to that end, I eagerly embrace the opportunity of calling the general reader's attention to the rhythmical movement — and afterward to the spiritual movement — of an Anglo-Saxon poem dating from about A. D. 993, known as *The Death of Byrhtnoth*, or otherwise as *The Battle of Maldon*, which, in the judgment of my ear, sets the grace of loyalty and the grimness of battle to noble music. I think no man could hear this poem read aloud without feeling his heart beat faster and his blood stir.

The rhythm of this poem — let it be observed as the reader goes through the scheme — is strikingly varied in time-distribution from bar to bar. The poem, in fact, counts with perfect confidence upon the sense of rhythm, which is well-nigh universal in our race, often boldly opposing a single syllable in one bar to three or four in the next. I should not call this "bold" except for the timidity of English poetry during the last two hundred years, when it has scarcely ever dared to venture out of the round of its strictly defined iambs, forgetting how freely our folk songs and nursery rhymes employ rhythms and rhythmic breaks, — as "*Peas porridge hot*," for example, or almost any verse out of *Mother Goose*, — which, though "complex" from the standpoint of our customary rhythmic limitations, are instantly seized and coordinated by children and child-minded nurses.¹

[Apart from its literary merit, this poem has other features of interest. It is an example, perhaps singular, of an epic contemporary with the events it re-

cites, and probably written by one who had a share in the battle. The poet's point of view never moves from the English side; he does not know what is done or said among the Danes; he knows none of their names, not even that of their leader. We may therefore rely on its being a faithful picture of what was done, said, and even thought during this last resolute stand of England against the vikings.

The incident itself is memorable. In A. D. 979 Æthelred Lack-Counsel (generally called "the Unready") was crowned at Kingston, and the "bloody cloud in the likeness of fire, seen at midnight," which followed that event, may well have seemed to the old chronicler, in the light of later experience, a foretokening of the years to come, when the heavens, night after night, were red with the glare of burning towns and homesteads, and the ground was crimson with the blood of the slaughtered English. For the Danes had begun their terrible invasions, and met with but little resistance. In the next year, Leicester, Thanet, and Southampton were plundered, and the inhabitants "mostly slain," says the chronicle; in the next, Padstow in Cornwall was plundered, and Devonshire harried with fire and sword; in the next, London was burnt. We come at last to the year 991, and we are told: —

"In this year came Anlaf with ninety-three ships to Staines and harried all roundabout that; and then fared thence to Sandwich, and thence on to Ipswich, and overran all that, and so to Maldon [Essex]. And there against them came the ealdorman Byrhtnoth with his army, and fought with them, and they slew the ealdorman and held the battlefield. And in this year for the first time men counselled that they should rather pay tribute to the Danish men for the mickle terror that they wrought at the sea-coasts. And the tribute was at first a thousand pounds. The giver of the counsel was Sigeric the archbishop."

¹ The historical paragraphs following (in brackets) have been supplied by Dr. William Hand Browne.

It is plain from this that the fall of Byrhtnoth snapped the sinews of English resistance; and from this time forth we read of nothing but feeble and futile musterings of men, without plan or concert of action, and all to no purpose: half-battles lost because the support did not arrive in time; fleets ordered to help the land force, and coming after all was over; "and ever," says the chronicler, "when they should have been forwarder, then were they later, ain ever the foes waxed more and more." And the tribute grew heavier and heavier, and there was less to pay it with, and leaders like Ælfrie turned traitors in sheer despair, until the doomed king, crowning a life of imbecility by a deed of bloody madness, slaughtered the peaceful colonists of the Danelagh, and Sweegen came in a storm of fire and blood, hurling the wretched descendant of Cerdic from the throne, while England bent her neck to the Danish rule. After half a century, two phantoms of a monk and a warrior, Edward and Harold, seemed to wear the Saxon crown; but the monarchy of Alfred received its death-blow at Maldon, not because the East Saxon militia was broken, but because Byrhtnoth fell.

And now who was Byrhtnoth? The chronicler, overmuch given to recording investitures and deaths of bishops and abbots, tells us but little; but from the Book of Ely, an abbey founded by Byrhtnoth himself, we get glimpses of him, probably from the hand of one who had seen him face to face. He was ealdorman — that is, lord or general — of the East Saxons, and one of the greatest nobles in England. "He was," says the monkish historian, "eloquent of speech, great of stature, exceeding strong, most skillful in war, and of courage that knew no fear. He spent his whole life in defending the liberty of his country, being altogether absorbed in this one desire, and preferring to die rather than to leave one of its injuries unavenged. And all

the leaders of the shires put their trust altogether in him."

After telling of several of his victories, the historian comes to his last fight. His force was far inferior to that of the invaders, but he hastened to meet them without waiting for reinforcements, — a piece of rashness like that recorded in the poem, where, from mere excess of haughty courage, he disdains to defend the ford of Panta, and lets the vikings cross unmolested, a fatal hardihood which cost him the battle and his life. On his march, when he came to Ramsey Abbey he asked for provisions for his men. The abbot said that it was not possible for him to feed so great a number, but, not to seem churlish, he would receive as his guests the ealdorman and seven others. Byrhtnoth rejected the mean offer with scorn. "I cannot fight without them," he said, "and I will not eat without them," and so marched on to Ely, where Abbot Ælfsig bounteously entertained him and his force.

"But the ealdorman, thinking that he had been burdensome to the abbey, would not leave it unrewarded; and on the following morning bestowed upon it six rich manors, and promised nine more, with thirty marks of gold and twenty pounds of silver, on the condition that if he fell in the battle his body should be brought and buried there. To this gift he also added two crosses of gold and gems, and a pair of curiously wrought gloves. And so, commending himself to the prayers of the brethren, he went forth to meet the enemy.

"When he met them, undeterred by the multitude of foes and the fewness of his own men, he attacked them at once, and for fourteen days fought with them daily. But on the last day, but few of his men being left alive, and perceiving that he was to die, he attacked them with none the less courage, and had almost put them to flight, when the Danes, taking heart from the small numbers of

the English, formed their force into a wedge, and threw themselves upon them. Byrhtnoth was slain, fighting valiantly, and the enemy cut off his head, and bare it with them to their own country!"

Plainly a prince of men, and the true king of England at that day, though he never wavered in his allegiance to "Æthelred, my prince." And this last day of the "great dim battle" in the east, more worthy the poet's song than that merely fabulous "battle in the west" which the late Laureate celebrated in such singing verse, — this last agony of the last vigorous struggle to free England from the ferocious invaders, is the subject of the poem.

True, Byrhtnoth is not so musical a name as Arthur, and Leofsunu and Wulfmæ sound harsh compared with Lancelot and Percivale; but the fantastic chivalry of the Round Table and their phantom-like king are not only historically untrue, but merely impossible, — a bright-hued web of the stuff that dreams are made of, — while these gallant men of Essex and their heroic chief veritably lived, and fought, and died where they stood, rather than yield one foot of English ground or forsake their fallen leader; and they were men of our own race, and it may be that their blood flows in our own veins.

Unflinching courage, personal devotion to the chief, absolute contempt of death, are matters of course in this warrior-poet's mind, and need no particular eulogy.]

I have translated two hundred lines of the poem, — which is a fragment, of three hundred and twenty-five lines in all, lacking the original beginning and end, — with special reference to two matters.

(1.) In the first hundred lines — being the first hundred of the poem as it stands — I have had particularly in view the send and drive of the rhythm: and to keep these in the reader's mind I

have made the translation, so far as the end of that hundred, mostly in dactyls, which continually urge the voice forward to the next word, with an occasional trochee for breath and variety.

(2.) But in my second hundred lines — being those consecutively following the first, up to the hundred and eighty-fifth line of the poem, when I pass to the last sixteen, with an intercalary account in short of the matter of the intervening hundred and twenty-five — I have abandoned the metrical purpose, and changed the paramount object to that of showing the peculiar idioms of Anglo-Saxon poetry: the order of words, the vigorous use of noun and verb, the parallelisms and repetitions (like those of Hebrew poetry, as in the lines near the last, "Ælfnod and Wulfmæ lay slain; by the side of their prince they parted with life"), and the like. I have thought that the modern reader might contemplate with special profit the sparing use of those particles — such as "the," "a" or "an," "his," "their," and others — which have made the modern tongue so different from the old, both in its rhythmical working and in its weight or momentum. The old tongue is notably sterner, and often stronger, by its ability to say "man," "horse," "shield," and not "the man," "a horse," "his shield," etc.; and it is an interesting question, at least, whether we might not with advantage educate our modern sense to be less shocked by the omission of these particles at need. Without here adducing many considerations which would have to be weighed before any one could make up his judgment on this point, I have simply called attention to these particles, where modern usage required me to supply them in the translation, by inclosing them in parentheses.

In both the metrical and the unmetrical portions of the translation I have discarded the arrangement into lines as interfering with the objects in view; the poem showing clearly enough, by the

plane of its thought, that it *is* a poem, though presented in whatever forms of prose.

The fragment begins with the last two words of some sentence, "brocen wurde" (was broken), and then proceeds as follows:—

Bade then (that is, Byrhtnoth bade) each warrior loose him his horse and drive it afar, and fare thus on to the hand-fight, hopeful of heart.

Then straightway the stripling of Offa beheld that the earl would abide no cowardly thing: so there from his hand he let fly his falcon, his beloved hawk, away through the wood, and strode to the battle; and man might know that never that youth would fail from the fight when once he fell to his weapon. There-at Eadric was minded to stand by his ealdorman fast in the fight; forth 'gan bear his javelin foe-ward, manful in mood, whilever that he in his hands might hold his buckler and broadsword; his vaunt he avouched with his deeds, that there he should fight in front of his prince.

Then Byrhtnoth began to array him his warriors, rode and directed, counselled the fighters how they should stand and steadfastly hold to their places, showed them how shields should be gripped full hard with the hand, and bade them to fear not at all. When fairly his folk were formed he alighted in midst of the liegemen that loved him fondest; these full well he wist that his faithfullest hearth-fighters were.

Then stood forth one from the vikings, strongly called, uttered his words, shouted the sea-rogues' threat to the earl where he stood on the adverse shore: "Me have the scathful seamen sent, and bidden me say that now must thou render rings¹ for thy ransom, and better for you shall it be that ye buy off a battle with tribute than trust the hard-

¹ Rings, that is, of gold, — a favorite form of treasure among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

dealing of war. No need that we harm you, if only ye heed this message; firm will we fashion a peace with the gold. If thou that art richest wouldst ransom thy people, pay, for a peace, what the seamen shall deem to be due; we will get us to ship with the gold, and fare off over the flood, and hold you acquit."

Byrhtnoth cried to him, brandished the buckler, shook the slim ash, with words made utterance, wrathful and resolute, gave him his answer: "Hearest thou, sea-rover, that which my folk say-eth? Yes, we will render you tribute . . . in javelins — poisonous point, and old-time blade — good weapons, yet forward you not in the fight. Herald of pirates, be herald once more; bear to thy people a bitterer message: that here stands dauntless an earl with his warriors, will keep us this country, — land of my lord, Prince Æthelred, — folk and field; the heathen shall perish in battle. Too base, methinketh that ye with your gold should get you to ship all unfoughten with, now that so far ye have come to be in our land: never so soft shall ye slink with your treasure away: us shall persuade both point and blade — grim game of war — ere we pay you for peace!"

Bade he then bear forward bucklers, and warriors go, till they all stood ranged on the bank that was east. Now there, for the water, might never a foeman come to the other: there came flowing the flood after ebb-tide, mingled the streams: too long it seemed to them, ere that together the spears would come.

There stood they in their strength by Panta's stream, the East-Saxon force and the ship-host: nor might either of them harm the other, save when one fell by an arrow's flight.

The tide outflowed: the pirates stood yare, many vikings wistful for war.

Bade then the Shelter-of-Men² a war-

² Byrhtnoth.

hardened warrior hold him the bridge, who Wulfstan was hight, bold with his kinsmen, Ceola's son; he smote with his spear the first man down that stepped over-bold on the bridge. There stood by Wulfstan warriors dauntless, Maccus and Ælfere, proud-souled twain; they recked not of flight at the ford, but stoutly strove with the foe what while they could wield their weapons. When they¹ encountered and eagerly saw how bitter the bridgewards were, then the hostile guests betook them to cunning; ordered to seize the ascents, and fare through the ford and lead up the line. Now the earl in his over-bold mood gave over-much² land to the foe. There, while the warriors whist, fell Byrht-helm's bairn³ to calling over the waters cold:—

“Now there is room for you, rush to us, warriors to warfare; God wot, only, which of us twain shall possess this place of the slaughter!”

Waded the war-wolves west over Panta, recked not of water, warrior vikings. There, o'er the wave they bore up their bucklers, the seamen lifted their shields to the land. In wait with his warriors, Byrhtnoth stood; he bade form the war-hedge of bucklers, and hold that ward firm to the foe. The fight was at hand, the glory of battle; the time was come for the falling of men that were doomed.

There was a scream uphoven, ravens hovered, (and) the eagle sharp for carnage; on earth was clamor.

They let from (their) hands (the) file-hard spears, (the) sharp-ground javelins, fly; bows were busy, shield caught spear-point, bitter was the battle-rush, warriors fell, on either hand warriors lay. Wounded was Wulfmær, chose (his) bed of death, Byrhtnoth's kinsman, his sis-

ter's son; he with bills was in pieces hewn. (But) there to the vikings quittance made; heard I that Edward slew one sheerly with his sword, withheld not the swing (of it), that to him at feet fell (the) fated warrior. For that his prince said thanks to him—to his bower-thane—when he had time. So dutiful wrought (the) strong-souled fighters at battle, keenly considered who there might quickest pierce with (his) weapon; carnage fell on earth. Stood (they) steadfast. Byrhtnoth heartened them, bade that each warrior mind him of battle that would fight out glory upon (the) Danes.

Waded then (forward) (a) warrior tough, upheaved (his) weapon, shield at ward, and strode at the earl; as resolute went the earl to the earl: each of them to the other meant mischief. Sent then the sea-warrior (a) Southern spear that the lord of warriors⁵ was wounded; he wrought then with his shield that the shaft burst in pieces and that spear broke that it sprang again. Angry-souled was the warrior; he with (his) spear stung the proud viking that gave him his wound. Prudent was the chieftain; he let his spear wade through the viking's neck; (his) hand guided it that it reached to the life of his dangerous foe. Then he suddenly shot another that his corselet burst; he was wounded in the breast through the ring-mail; at his heart stood the fatal spear-point. The earl was all the blither; laughed the valorous man, said thanks to the Creator for the day's-work that the Lord gave him.

Then some (one) of the warriors let fly from his hand a dart that it forthright passed through the noble thane⁶ of Æthelred. Then stood him beside an unwaxed warrior,⁷ a boy in fight; he full boldly plucked from the prince the bloody javelin (Wulfstan's son, Wulf-

¹ The pirates.

² Voluntarily drew back and allowed them to gain the hither bank, in order to bring on the fight.

³ Byrhtnoth.

⁴ The churl,—common person or yeoman.

⁵ Byrhtnoth.

⁶ Byrhtnoth.

⁷ That is, a youthful warrior.

mær the young) ; let the sharp (steel) fare back again ; the spear-point pierced that he lay on the earth who before had grievously wounded the prince. Ran there a cunning warrior to the earl ; he wished to plunder the prince of (his) treasures, armor and rings and adorned sword. Then Byrhtnoth drew from sheath his broad and brown-edged sword and smote on the (warrior's) corselet ; (but) too soon one of the pirates prevented him ; he maimed the arm of the earl ; fell to the ground the yellow-hilted sword ; he might not hold the hard blade, not wield (a) weapon. There nevertheless some words spoke the hoary chieftain, heartened his warriors, bade the good comrades go forward ; now no longer could he stand firm on (his) feet ; he looked towards heaven : —

“I thank Thee, Ruler of nations, for all the delights that were mine in the world ; now do I own, mild Creator, most need that Thou give good to my ghost, whereby my soul may depart unto Thee in Thy kingdom. Prince of (the) angels, may fare forth in peace ; I am suppliant to Thee that the hell-foes may humble it not ! ”

Then the heathen men hewed him and both the chieftains that stood by him ; Ælfnod and Wulfmær lay slain ; by the side of their prince they parted with life.

And hereupon — as the next hundred and twenty-five lines go on to relate —

there was like to be a most sorrowful panic on the English side. Several cowards fled ; notably one Godric, who leaped upon Byrhtnoth's own horse, and so cast many into dead despair with the belief that they saw — what no man had ever dreamed he saw before — Byrhtnoth in flight. But presently Ælfwine and Offa and other high-souled thanes heartened each other and led up their people, yet to no avail : and so thane after thane and man after man fell for the love of Byrhtnoth and of manhood, and no more would flee. Finally (at line 309, after which there are but sixteen lines more of the fragment) we find Byrhtwold, an old warrior, sturdily bearing up his shield and waving his ash and exhorting the few that remained, beautifully crying : —

“Soul be the scornfuller, heart be the bolder, front be the firmer, as our might lessens ! Here, all hewn, lieth our chieftain, a good man on the ground ; for ever let (one) mourn who now from this war-play thinketh to wend. I am old of life ; hence will I not ; for now by the side of my lord, by the so-beloved man, I am minded to lie ! ”

Then Æthelgar's son (Godric) the warriors all to combat urged ; oft he (a) javelin let hurl — a bale-spear — upon the vikings ; so he among the folk went foremost, hewed and felled, till that he sank in fight ; he was not that Godric who fled from the battle.

Sidney Lanier.

SOME NEGLECTED ASPECTS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

THE people of every nation have their own way of writing history. With all the thoroughness and care of the German scholars, they have never been quite able to emancipate themselves so completely from certain fundamental proclivities as

to present with impartiality all sides of the historical subject that happens to be under investigation. In France, Thiers glorifies the imperialism of Napoleon, and Lanfrey goes as far in the other direction. The Toryism of Hume and

the Whiggism of Macaulay show that each took a retainer on his side. For such reasons, of the thousands of histories with which the world has been flooded, scarcely more than half a dozen can fairly be said to be alive after the lapse of a hundred years. When one has named the works of Herodotus, of Xenophon, of Thucydides, of Julius Cæsar, of Tacitus, and of Gibbon, what other historical books are there, more than a hundred years old, that can be said at the present day to have any real vitality?

It is to be feared that the United States has fared no better than other nations. The fierce democracy of Bancroft blinded him to the other side, and the federalism of Hildreth gives to his work a kindred quality of partiality and incompleteness. However unconsciously, both were great advocates rather than great judges. Other historians have had the same defects, and the popular imagination has been obliged to feed itself upon representations more or less incomplete. Forty years or more ago, one of the foremost of American scholars remarked, before a large audience of university professors and students, that history must be rewritten from the American point of view. Although there may have been some reason for such a declaration, there seems to have been no need to give it special emphasis; for, whatever have been the defects of American historians, lack of patriotism has certainly not been one of them. It may well be doubted whether, in any one of the crucial periods of our history, the unsuccessful side has ever been adequately presented.

Nor have we been altogether fortunate in our historical novels. The importance of fiction as a means of portraying the spirit of a time is not likely to be denied, either by those who conscientiously take an inventory of their own historical knowledge, or by those who stop to consider how it is that their fellows acquire historical impressions. Very many of us would have to admit

that, aside from the somewhat unpalatable and perhaps nauseating intellectual pemmican of the old historical textbooks, we have derived our knowledge of European history chiefly from the historical romances of Scott and the other novelists and dramatists of this century. After all, history is but the way in which the thoughts, the impressions, and the acts of men and women have moved in procession toward some more or less definite end; and it is hardly too much to say that this procession has seldom been so vividly represented by the historians as by the great novelists and dramatists. Of the craft and the cunning by which Louis XI. made France into a nation, have not the most of us learned more from Quentin Durward than from all other sources put together? Has not Woodstock given us a large share of what we know of the spirit and the atmosphere of the great Cromwellian struggle? Do we not really know more of the essential characteristics of Scotch history than we do of the history of New England, or New York, or Virginia? Nobody is likely to deny that *The Antiquary* and *Rob Roy* and *Kidnapped* and *A Window in Thrums* have done more to make us feel the atmosphere of Scotch life, and make us know how the Scotch have lived and moved and had their being during the last two centuries, than all the histories combined.

The business of acquiring what passes for knowledge is not altogether a question of accuracy, although on the matter of accuracy itself there is not a little to be said. Every historical scholar, as well as every lawyer, knows that one of the most difficult things in the world is to be certain about a fact. Our courts are organized for the purpose of promoting the quest of facts in case of differences of interests and opinions. Did not the great Burke say that the highest function of government was to put twelve good men into a jury-box? It is by no

means always certain that the historical description is more accurate as a representation of the moving forces of society than the novel; but even when it is more accurate, it often fails to make any deep impression on the public, because nine persons are having their opinions rapidly formed from the novel, while only one is slowly reaching his conclusions from the study of history.

It can hardly be claimed that we in the United States have been very successful in presenting historical truth in this way. Not many of our novels have left a lasting impression. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, it is true, by catching the weird and relentless spirit of Puritanism, and impressing it deeply and permanently upon the imaginations of all readers of good English everywhere, has done more to create a strong and correct understanding of the dominant spirit of New England Puritanism than all the histories of New England put together. Perhaps it should be said that service of a kindred nature was rendered by the representative historical novels of Cooper. But all the works of this author had grave defects. Though the picture was less accurate, it was scarcely less impressive; and consequently, it served its purpose, for right or wrong, in essentially the same way. Americans, as well as Europeans, who fed their juvenile imaginations upon the *Leatherstocking Tales* formed impressions which subsequent knowledge has found it difficult to erase. So strong was this impression that of thousands of people on both sides of the Atlantic it has mattered little that every one who has come into close contact with the Indian — indeed, every one who has even at a distance studied his characteristics with care — knows that he is a rudimentary human being; that, with hardly a trace of real nobility of nature, he is inferior to the white man, even in those lower qualities in which he has generally been thought to excel. It is of little conse-

quence that he has easily been outdone whenever he has come into collision with the white man on even terms; that he is outwitted by the frontiersman in the mysteries of woodcraft, and indeed in all those qualities of resourceful cunning which have been supposed to be his peculiar characteristic. It is curious to reflect how hard it has been to eradicate the impressions of the Indian that were stamped into the minds of all readers of novels some two generations ago.

Hawthorne and Cooper are the two great delineators of the spirit of the times and the localities of which they wrote; but where, until recently, have we been encouraged to look for another? The name of Mrs. Stowe will undoubtedly suggest itself to many minds as an adequate answer; but a little reflection will probably convince any thinking reader that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is not an historical novel in any true sense whatever. That remarkable book was certainly an important contribution to literature and to history. It is no doubt entitled to the unique distinction of having planted controlling impulses in the hearts of millions of people, and of having preached its sermon with a power that to a vast number of its readers was absolutely irresistible. It may be admitted, moreover, that it is not unfaithful in its delineation of what it portrays; for it probably cannot be successfully denied that every one of its horrors could be matched by some actual occurrence. But it still remains true that as a representation of slavery in its completeness, except as a political tract, it has the fatal defect of presenting a single phase of the subject as if it were the whole. Even its unrivaled effectiveness as a political pamphlet cannot rescue it from a one-sidedness which will forever prevent it from taking rank as a great historical novel. *Quentin Durward*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and *Henry Esmond* are entitled to high rank, not so much because of their exceptional power of plot and description as be-

cause of the fidelity with which they portray or reflect all the phases of the life and society which they undertake to present. Bret Harte has described early life in California with a similar spirit, if not with similar success. Simms had some success in depicting certain phases of early life in the South; Miss Murfree, Joel Chandler Harris, and Thomas Nelson Page have given us graphic pictures of more modern conditions. Miss Wilkins has shown with marvelous skill one side of life in New England; and Paul Leicester Ford has made a strong representation of New York political methods in *The Honorable Peter Sterling*. But since the publication of *The Spy* of Cooper, until within the past year, unless we except Harold Frederic's *In the Valley*, there has been no such representation in fiction of the dominant characteristics of the war for independence. For the most part, we have been obliged to rely, for our impressions of the life and atmosphere of that great contest, upon such representations as the historians have given us. It is not necessary to impute inaccuracy to them, unless it be inaccuracy to give such prominence to certain phases of the question as to leave a warped and imperfect impression upon the mind of the reader. It must be remembered that it is not from the fuller and larger and more carefully prepared histories that popular impressions are derived. They come rather from the books that are used in the public schools. This is evident when we remember how large is the percentage of the children who never pursue their studies beyond the grammar school grades, and that the masses are obliged to be content with popular books.

The school-books naturally present the most obvious events, and they are hardly to be condemned for failing to point out the hidden causes which are so often the potent factors of success and defeat. Thus, it has happened that certain very important phases of the war for inde-

pendence have received scant consideration by those who have had much to do with framing public opinion. Moreover, there is nothing more sure than that the impressions which a child receives of the right and wrong of a dispute are difficult to eradicate.

One of the erroneous impressions lodged in the popular imagination is the supposed unanimity, or approach to unanimity, with which the Revolution was undertaken; and there is also a popular impression, equally erroneous, that the logical and the constitutional objections to the Revolutionary policy were weak and insignificant. The fact is that the Revolutionary War was a civil war in a far more strict and comprehensive sense than was the war between the states which broke out in 1861. But there has never been lodged in the popular imagination any adequate impression of the tremendous significance of those who always insisted upon calling themselves "Loyalists," but who were early stigmatized by their opponents with the opprobrious epithet of "Tories." Did we not all receive a nearly indelible impression from our juvenile reading that the Tories of the Revolution were men of such thoroughgoing badness that simple hanging was too good for them? It is now fair, however, to presume that we are far enough away from that exciting period to admit, without danger of bodily harm, that there were really two sides to the question as to whether fighting for independence was the more promising of the two policies open to the colonists. Until the appearance of Professor Tyler's *Literary History of the Revolution*, who among the historians had fairly presented both sides of the case?

As usual in times of great excitement, the public was divided by more or less indefinite lines into several parties. These may be conveniently classified into four groups, — two on either side. Of those who were governors or other officials of the Crown, and consequently

were ready to stand by the king through thick and thin, nothing need be said. But a second class of opponents to the Revolutionary movement was far more important, and is entitled to more careful consideration. Many, while fully admitting that the policy of the British government was in many respects bad, denied that forceful revolt was the proper way to remedy the evils. They believed, and until the outbreak of the war they boldly asserted, that a loyal and persistent support of the party led by Pitt, Burke, and Fox would finally result in the downfall of the "King's Friends" and the restoration of the Whigs, with all attendant advantages. They declared with confidence that open revolt would inevitably close the lips of those who in England sympathized with the American cause, and would drive all the members of Parliament to the support of the government in putting down what would be regarded as a rebellion. They declared also that in case of failure to secure the adoption of this policy by Parliament nothing would be lost, inasmuch as existing evils were far more than counterbalanced by existing benefits. They pointed out, moreover, that there was no evidence of a general disposition in England to oppress the colonists, and that there could be no lurking danger in the policy they advocated. There were many, too, who took the ground that in any event success by armed resistance was so overwhelmingly improbable as to be practically impossible, and that an unsuccessful effort would probably augment the evils complained of.

Then, on the other hand, the Revolutionists, also, may be divided into two classes. There were those who protested earnestly against what they regarded as the oppressions of the mother country, but who, up to 1775, believed that reasonable protests would be met with reasonable replies and concessions. The leaders of this class were Washington

and Franklin. Then there were those who at the beginning of the dispute were out-and-out advocates of resistance, and a little later out-and-out advocates of independence.

It is not strange that the latter class finally got the upper hand and secured the adoption of its policy. In times of intense political excitement it is the thoroughgoing who are apt to have their way. It was the Rhetts and the Yanceys who drew Lee and Stephens and the rest of the reluctant South after them into the whirlpool of 1861; and if they had succeeded, they would have been placed in that category of nation-founders in which Otis and Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry now occupy so lofty a position. After all, as has often been said, the most important difference between a revolution and a rebellion is the fact that the one justifies itself by success, while the other condemns itself by failure.

The importance of the Tory element in the Revolutionary War may be judged either by its numbers or by its respectability. Of the exact relative strength of the Tories and the Revolutionists it is not now easy to form a very confident opinion. Indeed, at the time of the war, in the absence of all machinery for taking a census of Loyalists and Revolutionists, the most careful estimate was not likely to be trustworthy. Two facts, however, are certain. One is that the Tories always claimed that if a census could have been taken, or if the question could have been fairly submitted to an unintimidated vote, it would have shown that a very considerable majority of the people throughout the country and throughout the entire war were opposed to the policy of resistance. The other fact is that those members of the Revolutionary party who had the best opportunity for observing and judging — men, for example, like John Adams, of Massachusetts, and Judge McKean, of Pennsylvania — believed that at least one third of the people were at

all times opposed to the war. Moreover, it is obviously probable that many were Loyalists in secret. Indeed, it is well known that in all parts of the country and in all periods of the war many were in the habit of slinking away from the tar and feathers of the Revolutionists, and betaking themselves either stealthily out of the country, or to rocks and caves and other impenetrable hiding-places. Thus, the number of real opponents to the war may easily have been even greater than was apparent.

But aside from the opinions of contemporary judges, if we look into such evidences as are now available, we are forced to the same conclusion. No one can study the energetic and comprehensive measures of the various legislatures without seeing that the Tory element was formidable in numbers as well as in character. The records in Massachusetts show that the Tories were a constant source of anxiety and dread. In Connecticut the strength of the opposing element was still greater. In New York the Dutch and their retainers and supporters were, as a rule, so notoriously opposed to the war that the Tories in the aggregate certainly formed a very considerable majority of the population. Here is a typical example. Judge Jones, in describing the election of members to Congress in April, 1775, says: "The Loyalists, numbering three fourths of the legal voters, marched in a body to the polls, but their adversaries, having collected boys, unemployed sailors, and negroes, threatened all who opposed them. The result of this process was that a majority of the ballots cast were found to be in favor of the Revolutionary members." But even the methods of this patriotic mob as portrayed by Jones were not very successful; for in May of 1775 the New York Assembly passed resolutions approving of the course of the British ministry, — resolutions which gave great satisfaction in England, and went far to convince the government

that the colonial opposition had been greatly exaggerated; that it was indeed insignificant, and could easily be overcome. In New York city, if Washington, soon after his arrival from Boston, had not sent a shivering chill through the enthusiastic opposition of the Tories by promptly hanging the foremost of their leaders, the Loyalist party might have been so successfully organized as to have kept the state solid in its support of the king. It was only this energetic action of Washington, supported as it was a little later by the similar energy of John Jay in judiciously banishing the most formidable of the Tory leaders, that finally brought the dominant forces of New York to the support of the war.

In Pennsylvania it was long doubtful whether the official support of the state could be given to the war movement; and that support was never very thorough or very enthusiastic. What Dr. Mitchell, in Hugh Wynne, has represented as the condition in Philadelphia was the condition throughout the state. It is perhaps significant that when, not long after the evacuation of Philadelphia by Clinton, Arnold was placed in command of the city, he found the Tories in full social sway, and that he came so far under their influence as to fall in love with the most beautiful and accomplished of their daughters, — a proceeding preliminary to that alliance which, years afterward, caused his wife to be called "the saddest as well as the handsomest woman in England." His marriage with Margaret Shippen, however happy from a domestic point of view, yet gave an additional motive for Arnold's final plunge.

Virginia seems to have had about the same proportion of Tories as Massachusetts. In North Carolina, the people, throughout the war, were nearly equally divided in their allegiance between the two Georges. South Carolina was Tory; and Georgia was so true to its royal

namesake that the state not only refused to supply its quota of troops to the American George, but at the moment when the untoward event at Yorktown upset its calculations the legislature was on the point of denouncing the resistance as a failure, and giving its formal allegiance to the British side.

But it was not in numbers only that the Tories were formidable. They were even more formidable in influence, character, and respectability. It was natural, of course, that they should include not only the considerable class who held office under the king, but also a very large proportion of those whom we should now ban or bless by calling them conservatives. Thus it happened that in the Tory ranks were many clergymen, lawyers, physicians, as well as college graduates in general. Before the war, these men had been considered not only respectable, but eminent, in their several callings. Professor Tyler has admirably shown that even in the political literature of the day the Tories took an important part. While it must be admitted that in the production of the curious concoctions of rhyme and water which in those days passed for poetry the Revolutionary patriots took the lead, yet in elegant, forceful, logical prose, it is hard to see that the writings of such Loyalists as Boucher, Seabury, Leonard, and Galloway were inferior to those of Otis, Dickinson, Paine, and Adams; nevertheless, their writings have been quite forgotten.

But if we turn from literary merit, and consider simply the soundness or the unsoundness of their political and constitutional arguments, we shall find that they are still more worthy of consideration. Indeed, the drift of opinion of the most intelligent constitutional critics of to-day, in America as well as in England, is toward the view that in their constitutional arguments the Loyalist or Tory writers had a strong case. Naturally, the long succession of British con-

stitutional lawyers, from Lord Mansfield down to Sir William Harcourt, have uniformly and almost if not quite unanimously held that, according to the immemorial custom of the realm,—that is, according to the British Constitution,—the enactments of the imperial Parliament, consisting of Crown, Lords, and Commons, are constitutionally binding upon all British subjects. While they freely admit the authoritative force of the maxim, “No taxation without representation,” they insist at all times that the maxim never has had, and has not now, the meaning that was attached to it by Otis, Dickinson, and the other colonial writers. They maintain that, in Parliament, the king, or the queen, represents all the members of the royal family; the House of Lords, all the members of the nobility; and the House of Commons, all the commonalty of the colonies as well as of the mother country. According to the British theory, every member of the House of Commons represents no more truly the people who elect him than he does also all the other members of the commonalty, both in Great Britain and in the colonies. It was in accordance with this theory that the great cities of the manufacturing districts, which until recently had never sent a single member to the House of Commons, were held to be as truly represented as were London and York. This doctrine carried with it the same right to tax the colonies as to tax the citizens of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds; and the denial of that right by the colonial orators and essayists appears never to have made the least impression upon the constitutional lawyers of the mother country. Even Burke, who pleaded so eloquently and vehemently for conciliation with America, freely admitted, and never for a moment denied, that the government was acting within its constitutional rights. His contention was that, although Parliament possessed the constitutional right

to impose taxation, it was nothing less than consummate madness to attempt to exercise that right, inasmuch as such action would inevitably, sooner or later, result in the loss of the colonies.

Now, this was exactly the ground taken by the American Tories, and exactly the opposite of the doctrine promulgated by the colonial writers on the Revolutionary side. There were two dominant notes in the contentions of the opponents of the British policy during the whole of the thirteen long years before the spring of 1776. The first was that the British Parliament had no constitutional right to tax the colonies; and the second, that it was the duty of the self-respecting colonists to resist the exercise of every unconstitutional act. Accompanying these assertions was the emphatic and oft-repeated declaration that nobody sought or was in favor of independence. As late as the time when the first Continental Congress adjourned in October, 1775, the idea of independence met with no favor from Washington; and Franklin, who was then the American agent in London, assured the members of the British Parliament that he had "never heard of anybody, drunk or sober, who favored independence."

In view of all these facts, what wonder is it that the Tories, or what may be called the British party in America, contained within its ranks many of the most intelligent and the most highly educated people of the colonies? In 1778 the legislature of Massachusetts banished and confiscated the property of three hundred and ten of the most prominent of the Tory leaders of that state. Who were they? In scanning the list of names, Professor Tyler significantly remarks that it reads "almost like the bead-roll of the oldest and noblest families concerned in the founding and up-building of New England civilization." Dr. George E. Ellis, some years ago, pointed out the fact that in that list of three hundred and ten persons more

than sixty were Harvard graduates. Nor was this exceptional. In the Middle States and in the South the Loyalist party contained a large representation of the graduates of Yale, Princeton, William and Mary, and Pennsylvania. Some of these were put to death, some were banished, and some were driven into hiding-places, whence, at the close of the war, they emerged only to be the targets of contempt and of all forms of abuse. A careful investigation of this phase of the contest will unquestionably lead every student to the conclusion that the ranks of the Tories contained a very considerable portion of the most thoughtful, the most intelligent, and the most refined of the colonial people.

That every effort should be made to destroy the power and the influence of these people while the war was going on was as natural as the attempt to make the cause successful. But, unfortunately, the severity of public opinion was not relaxed at the close of the war. Mr. Goldwin Smith has pointed out that there are special and exceptional reasons why the end of a civil war should always be followed by amnesty. But there was no amnesty at the close of the Revolutionary War. A single instance will serve as an example of the spirit that was shown. At the final evacuation of Charleston, after the treaty of peace had been signed, the departing British fleet took all the Tories it could carry. Those who, unhappily, were compelled to remain behind were subjected to the utmost indignities. "They were imprisoned, whipped, tarred and feathered, dragged through horse-ponds, and finally twenty-four of their number were hung upon a gallows in sight of the last of the retiring British." So strenuous was the public opinion of the patriots everywhere that even the protests of officers and other men of influence were in vain. General Greene declared that it was "an excess of intolerance to persecute men for opinions which twenty years before had been the

universal belief of every class of society;” and John Jay denounced the “injudicious punishment and unmanly revenge,” following the Revolution, as “without a parallel except in the annals of religious rage in the time of bigotry and blindness.”

The effect of the spirit so generally shown in all parts of the country was injurious in many ways. Mrs. Anne Grant, the vivacious and intelligent Scotch lady who lived for many years in America, and then wrote her interesting and valuable book, compares the loss of the colonies in expatriating the Loyalists after the Revolutionary War to the loss of the French in driving out the Huguenots after the Revocation; and Mr. Goldwin Smith, speaking of the fact that the expatriated Tories generally betook themselves, with all their rankling sense of injustice, to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Canadas, remarks that if a power hostile to the republic should ever be formed under European influence in the north of the continent, the Americans would owe such an event to their ancestors who refused amnesty to the vanquished in civil war.

There is another phase of the war to which attention has not perhaps been sufficiently called, namely, what might be termed fortuitous good fortune, — in Puritan phraseology, “special providence.” It is military commonplace to remark that the issue of a battle often turns upon a very trifling circumstance. Napoleon used to say that in war a grain of sand would sometimes turn the scale; and yet that great commander was a firm believer in the doctrine that providence fights on the side of the heaviest battalions. But in the Revolutionary War providence often seemed to prefer the other side. Several times nothing less than the Puritan’s “providential interposition” prevented a defeat, which might speedily have ended the contest. For instance, during the siege of Boston, although Tories and spies were every-

where, it was never revealed to the British that for several months the colonists had not ammunition enough for a single battle. If an assault upon the Americans had been made, it is difficult to see how the British could have failed of overwhelming success. So, too, after the battle of Long Island, when the capture of the entire American force seemed inevitable, the army was saved partly, no doubt, by the consummate skill of Washington in bringing the boats together, but partly, also, by a dense fog which enabled twelve thousand men, with all their guns and supplies, to cross the river without attracting the attention of the British pickets or the British fleet. When, a little later, in spite of Washington’s vigorous exhortations and the flat side of his heavy sword, American recruits gave way on the first fire of the British at Kipp’s Bay, the whole of his force in New York seemed to face inevitable annihilation. The British fleet guarded both shores of Manhattan Island, and the British army was above the Americans, opposite to what is now the East Thirty-Fourth Street Ferry. All that was needed to smother the American force, and apparently the American cause, was to march without delay across the island, and to hold the Americans with a large army in front and a naval force in the rear, as afterward Washington held Cornwallis at Yorktown. Howe’s army was more than twice as large as Washington’s; but the doom which the American commander with the flat and the edge of his sword could not prevent, the wit of Mrs. Murray, the resourceful mother of Lindley Murray, readily averted. Occupying the Murray country-seat, or mansion, as it was then called, on Murray Hill, she was directly in the line of the British march. The detention of the army for several hours by her tempting tea and other refreshments set before the officers enabled General Putnam, by a rapid movement up the west side of the island, to

take the American force out of the trap before it was inexorably closed.

A still more striking instance of kindred nature was the reason why General Howe made his fatal move toward Philadelphia in 1777, instead of sending half of his troops northward to act with Burgoyne. The British plan of campaign, which resulted in the capture of the northern army, was so well designed and so comprehensive in its nature as to cause the most serious apprehensions. The plan to attack the Hudson from three directions — from Montreal, from Oswego, and from New York — certainly gave every promise of success. It failed simply for the reason that there was not proper coöperation of the three forces. In the absence of Howe's coöperation with Burgoyne, the people of New England and New York so generously destroyed the supplies upon which the enemy depended, and turned out in such force, as to compel the invaders either to starve or to surrender. Moreover, St. Leger, even after the defeat of Herkimer at Oriskany, was scared away from the siege of Fort Stanwix by the false report of American successes. These several failures could hardly have occurred but for one very curious incident.

The war office in London, as is now well known, having designed the campaign, issued general orders for the three expeditions; but, in giving preliminary directions to Sir William Howe, the department ordered him to await detailed instructions. These instructions were duly made out, directing him to divide his force, and to leave in New York only men enough to defend the city against any attacks that might be made by Washington, while with about half of his army he was to march north for the purpose of uniting and coöperating with Burgoyne. The plan threatened to cut off New England from the rest of the colonies, and also to rescue the state of New York. It is not easy to see

how it could have failed if carried out as devised. But the final instructions to Howe did not arrive. His consequent inactivity made it possible for Schuyler at Albany, when he found that Burgoyne was likely to be taken care of, or at least was advancing so slowly through the woods to Whitehall as to cause no special anxiety, to send Arnold up the Mohawk to relieve Fort Stanwix and drive back the invading force under St. Leger. Arnold's success, it will be remembered, was so rapid and so complete as to enable him to return in time to play the leading part in the final entrapment of Burgoyne. Thus, so far as we can see, it was the delay of the anticipated orders of Howe that left Burgoyne to complete isolation and at the mercy of people who flocked to the standard of Gates.

But why did not these orders arrive? The reason was not discovered until afterward, when it was quite too late. It was found that the papers had been duly made out for the signature of the minister of war, Lord George Germain; but the punctilious fastidiousness of that officer was dissatisfied with the copy that had been prepared, and he ordered that a new and "fair" copy should be written out before he would sign it. When this copy was completed it was placed in the proper pigeon-hole to await the signature of the minister. Meantime, Lord George, having gone to his country-seat, was absent so long that on his return the order was not recalled to mind. After Howe, acting in accordance with the traitorous advice of General Charles Lee, had moved toward Philadelphia, and Burgoyne had surrendered, the order was rescued from its innocent pigeon-hole to mock the fastidiousness of the minister. Had the order been sent, who will undertake to say what its influence would have been on the fate of the Revolution?

One other example only will be offered. There is abundant reason to believe that the British government, as well as the

British officers, regarded the war as practically at an end, when, in the early winter of 1776, New Jersey had been cleared and Washington had been driven south of the Delaware. Howe had received his knighthood for the capture of New York, and Cornwallis, thinking his services no longer needed, had sent his portmanteau on board a ship, with the purpose of embarking immediately for home. That audacious recrossing of the Delaware on Christmas night, which caused Frederick the Great to put Washington into the rank of great commanders, broke up the New York festivities, and called for immediate punishment. When Cornwallis's army played the return move, the Americans were in unquestionable peril. With the broad Delaware and its floating ice in Washington's rear, and a British army twice the size of his own in front, it is not difficult to understand why Cornwallis thought he had at last, as he said, "bagged the old fox." If the British commander had attacked vigorously on the afternoon of his arrival, as Washington, Grant, Lee, or any other great general would have done, the chances seem to have been more than ten to one that Washington and his whole army would have been taken prisoners. But Cornwallis was so sure of his game that he made the most stupendous blunder of the war, and decided to refresh his men by a night's sleep. It was a blunder precisely like that which prevented General W. F. Smith from taking Petersburg in June of 1864; and it appears to have been simply this mistake that enabled Washington not only to draw his army out of extreme peril, but also to fall upon the enemy at Princeton early the next morning, and, by threatening the British stores throughout the state, to force Cornwallis back into New York, and so, at the end of the campaign, to take possession of the whole of New Jersey with the exception of two or three stations on the Hudson. When Cornwallis finally

surrendered at Yorktown, well might he express his admiration of the wonderful skill which had suddenly hurled an army four hundred miles with such accuracy and deadly effect, and then generously add, "But, after all, your excellency's achievements in New Jersey were such that nothing could surpass them."

One fact which, in the popular representations of the Revolutionary War, seems often either to have been overlooked or not to have been sufficiently emphasized, is the remarkable degeneration of Congress after the war had really begun. The first Continental Congress had brought together many of the very ablest men in the country. The colonies fully realized that questions of the utmost importance were to be considered, and they selected the best men as their representatives. With the possible exception of the Constitutional Convention, no other such body of men has ever yet come together in the history of the country. Its qualities went far to justify the remark of the elder Pitt to Franklin that it was "the most honorable assembly since the times of Greece and Rome."

But its successor was not of the same character. Moreover, for reasons which are not difficult to understand, a marked deterioration took place as time went on. As soon as the Declaration of Independence had been put forth, the people of the individual states began to think of organizing their own governments; and they naturally called into the service of constitution-making the ablest men they could command. To adopt thirteen new constitutions and to set thirteen new governments in motion made large drafts upon the available intelligence of the country.

Added to this depleting influence was the still further necessity of a strong representation in Europe. One has only to recall the names of those who were governors of states, and of those who were engaged in France, in Holland, and

in Spain, between 1776 and 1783, to understand that if these men had been in Congress they would have furnished a swaying and a staying power of incalculable value. Then, too, the army had drawn into its ranks large numbers of prominent men who otherwise would have been in Congress. Nor can we forget what may as well be called the disaffected element. Samuel Adams, as soon as he had succeeded in fairly launching the Revolution, was so energetic in the exercise of his doctrine of state sovereignty that he seems to have dreaded the power of the confederated states scarcely less than he dreaded that of George III.; and consequently he was an almost unceasing obstructionist to the cause of military efficiency. The fiery impatience of John Adams was as much in favor of the absurd and impossible policy of a "short and violent war" in the darkest period of the Revolution as was the impatience of Horace Greeley in 1862. Indeed, with the exception of Gouverneur Morris and John Jay, none of the members of Congress seem to have realized that the only practicable way of conducting the war to a successful close was the patient policy that was persistently followed by the commander-in-chief.

Now, a simple enumeration of these various facts is enough to show why it was that the second Continental Congress was so inferior to its great predecessor. When we look into its methods of dealing with the war, we ought not to be surprised to find that it was very far from being that unselfish body of intelligent patriots into which it seems to have been converted by the transforming and consecrating influence of time. On the contrary, it is not too much to say that one of the greatest difficulties that Washington had to contend with was the stupid, meddling, and obstructing inefficiency of those who sat at Philadelphia and at Yorktown for the supreme control of Continental affairs.

At some of the meetings of that Congress not more than a dozen members were present, and these were often men of small ability and dogged pertinacity. It was almost harder for Washington to persuade—that is, to conquer—Congress than it was to conquer the British. One who looks through the long and pathetic series of letters of the great commander, and studies them with the single purpose of understanding the relations of Congress to the struggle that was going on, is likely to be amazed not only at the wisdom and tact of Washington, but at the almost infinite stupidities and difficulties with which he had to contend. The embarrassments that arose from these relations were partly political, but they were also largely military. New England, though it had heartily supported Washington at the beginning, found its courage oozing out and becoming lukewarm soon after the theatre of active operations was transferred to New York. It is not altogether strange that, while Washington was being driven from the centre of operations and steadily forced out of New Jersey, the New Englanders should point at what they could do at Bennington and Saratoga when they were energetically commanded; or that the New England sentiment, led by John Adams, had, in consequence, some sympathy with the Conway Cabal.

Neither Bancroft nor Hildreth nor any one of the older historians has adequately described the strength and the nature of the prevailing dissatisfaction. It is only in the light of letters and other documents that have become available within the past twenty years that we are able fully to understand the spirit of the time. Dr. Mitchell shows that spirit perfectly when he puts into the Diary of Jack Gainor these words: "Most wonderful it is, as I read what he wrote to inefficient, blundering men, to see how calmly he states his own pitiful case, how entirely he controls a nature violent and

passionate beyond that of most men. He was scarcely in the saddle as commander before the body which set him there was filled with dissatisfaction." This expression of the novelist describes the situation better than do any of our historians, with the exception of John Fiske. It may be added that matters were brought to a favorable crisis only when Washington intimated that he might be driven to resignation, declaring, "It will be impossible for me to be of any further service, if such insuperable difficulties are thrown in my way."

Moreover, it was largely the short-sightedness as well as the energy of John Adams which led Congress to tolerate the policy of short enlistments. This policy Washington tried in every possible way to prevent, but his efforts were only partially successful. It was not till he failed in his appeals to Congress, and in his individual appeals to the governors of the various states, that he finally felt obliged to concentrate his views in the memorable Circular to States of October 18, 1780. What can be more instructive or suggestive than the following words? —

"We have frequently heard the behavior of the militia extolled upon one and another occasion by men who judge from the surface, by men who had particular views in misrepresenting, by visionary men whose credulity easily swelled every vague story in support of a favorite hypothesis. I solemnly declare I never was witness to a single instance that could countenance the opinion of militia or raw troops being fit for the real business of fighting. I have found them useful as light parties to skirmish in the woods, but incapable of making or sustaining a serious attack. This firmness is only acquired by habit of discipline and service. . . . We may expect everything from ours that militia is capable of, but we must not expect from them any services for which regulars alone are fit. The battle of Cam-

den is a melancholy comment upon this doctrine. The militia fled at the first fire, and left the Continental troops, surrounded on every side and overpowered by numbers, to combat for safety instead of victory."

Not only was Congress inefficient in securing a proper organization, but it was equally inefficient in dealing with supplies. Later investigations have shown that the sufferings at Valley Forge did not arise from a general inadequacy of food and raiment, but from the fact that the commissariat department was so woefully remiss in the distribution of supplies where they were needed. It soon came to be known that at the very moment when thousands of Washington's troops were freezing and starving for want of blankets and food an abundant supply was accessible not many miles away. The mischief had been done when Congress, in opposition to Washington's advice, reorganized the commissariat department in 1777. At that time Congress decided to divide responsibility, and in place of Colonel Joseph Trumbull, who had been the successful head of the department, it put two men with coequal authority to do his work, — the one to make the purchases, and the other to distribute the supplies. Then, too, as if for the purpose of insuring chaos, the subordinate officers were made accountable to Congress rather than to the heads of the department. Colonel Trumbull, who was retained in one of the places, was soon so disgusted with the inevitable results that he resigned. Is it strange that at one time the army was two days without meat, and three days without bread?

The quartermaster's department was scarcely better. It was afterward ascertained that at the very time when, as Washington wrote, twenty-eight hundred and ninety-eight men were "unfit for duty because they were barefoot and otherwise naked," "hogsheads of shoes,

stockings, and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams, or of money to pay the teamsters."

But even worse than all this, those who provided the supplies were tainted with speculation and fraud. The historical student, as he gives up the idea that the legislation of the time was supremely wise, must also, however reluctantly, abandon the idea that the Revolutionary period was an age of spotless political virtue. Again and again Washington pleaded with Congress and with the chief officers of the individual states. In appealing to President Reed, of Pennsylvania, on the 12th of December, 1778, to bring those whom he calls the "murderers of our cause" "to condign punishment," he unbridled his passion and sent these energetic words: "I would to God that one of the most atrocious in each state was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman." The situation seemed so desperate that, only six days later, he wrote to Benjamin Harrison, Speaker of the House of Delegates of Virginia, "As there can be no harm in a pious wish for the good of one's country, I shall offer it as mine that each state will not only choose, but compel their ablest men to attend Congress."

But Washington's prayer, for this once at least, was not answered. When, as time wore on, the French ministers arrived, they naturally had little difficulty in playing upon the credulity and simple-mindedness of the members. It is now well known that the policy of France in the alliance was twofold. She not only insisted that the colonies should not make peace until independence was recognized, but she was secretly determined that the colonies should not be so overwhelmingly successful as to endanger the interests of France and her allies by including the Canadas and the territories lying in the West and South. This latter phase of French

policy, revealed as it has been by the publication of the correspondence between the French government and their ministers in America, has made it certain that Gérard, Marbois, and Luzerne employed all those arts of dissimulation, as well as of flattery, which have been called the *mensonge politique*. The letters of Vergennes to the envoys contain frequent references to *donatifs*, and those of de Circourt to *secours temporaires en argent*. These expressions refer unmistakably to bribery. for Vergennes writes to Luzerne, "His Majesty further empowers you to continue the gifts which M. Gérard has given or promised, and of which he will surely have handed you a list." The list of persons here referred to, who were to be persuaded with money, has not been disclosed; but Durand tells us that Tom Paine, who was then the secretary of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and of course knew all its secrets, was engaged by the French minister, for a thousand dollars a year, "to inspire the people with sentiments favorable to France." No doubt the rascal earned his money, but who the other members were that were thus inspired we do not know. That such "inspiration," however, was used to a greater or less extent there can be no possible doubt. One of the biographers of John Jay relates that, some thirty years after the events here mentioned, Gouverneur Morris went over from Morrisania to visit his old friend Jay at Bedford. During their conversation Morris suddenly ejaculated through clouds of smoke, "Jay, what a set of damned scoundrels we had in that second Congress!" "Yes," said Jay, "that we had," and the venerable ex-Chief Justice knocked the ashes from his pipe.

But perhaps the most important of all the neglected phases of the Revolutionary struggle is the stupendous fact that Great Britain was prevented from prosecuting the war with vigor by complica-

tions in Europe. It would only partially express the truth to say that England fought the colonies with one hand tied behind her, or even to declare that it was only her left hand that was free. No adequate impression of the relations of the forces engaged can be obtained without keeping constantly in mind several all important facts that have too often been neglected.

It is necessary to remember that France had but recently been as bitterly humiliated by England as she was a century later by Germany. Those marvelous years of the domination of the elder Pitt had not only converted the Kingdom of England into the British Empire, but had accomplished this prodigious result mainly at the expense of France. It was from the French that India was taken by Clive and Po-cock, as Canada was taken by Wolfe and Saunders. Not only was France stripped of her magnificent colonial possessions in Africa, as well as in Asia and America, but she saw her navy everywhere defeated and dispersed, and her commerce completely destroyed. These events had occurred less than twenty years before the outbreak of the American war; and the natural consequence was that the hostile feelings of the people of France toward England from 1763 to 1778 were quite as intense as the feelings of the same people toward Germany during the fifteen years after the treaty of 1871. Everybody now knows that if, during that period, Germany had in any way become seriously involved with a foreign power, the French would have seized the opportunity to wipe out the humiliation that had overwhelmed them at Sedan and Paris. Of kindred nature had been the relations of England and France a hundred years before.

But even this was not all. The attitude of England in regard to the right of search had made her practically the enemy of every one of the European

powers. While for some years there was no outbreak, it was evident that nothing but the utmost circumspection could prevent a hostile alliance of the most formidable character. The fact that Catherine II. was prevented from a declaration of war only by the earnest advice of Frederick the Great shows that there was not a little danger of a general European conflagration. Moreover, the English entered upon the American war with a full knowledge of all this rankling hatred upon the part of France, and of the certainty that if at any time the French should see an opportunity to interfere with success they would not fail to do so, and in all probability would draw several of the other European nations after them.

Nor must it be supposed that France had been so completely and permanently crippled as no longer to be formidable. Indeed, the nation had recovered from the material disasters of 1759 nearly as rapidly as, more than a century later, she recovered from the disasters of 1871. But, as their strength grew, the French seemed to remember all the more vividly that their navy had been ruined, root and branch, and that whenever a French merchantman had ventured out of port it had been pounced upon by some watchful British cruiser. The "armed neutrality" of the Baltic powers had not yet been directed against the supremacy of the sea power of England, and consequently not a ship of any nation, suspected of transporting goods out of a French port or destined to it, was exempt from search and confiscation; nor could it be forgotten that it was to counteract this exercise of what seemed like omnipotence as well as omniscience that the family compact was made which bound Spain to declare war against England within a year after war was declared by France. It has not always been remembered by American historians that it was chiefly the discovery of this secret alliance by Pitt, and the opposition of

the headstrong young king to the measures by which the great minister proposed to thwart the alliance, that led to Pitt's downfall, and the substitution of Newcastle and Bute in his place.

Moreover, the situation was aggravated by certain other very irritating conditions. On the one hand, the needless failure of Byng to relieve Minorca, and the consequent fall of that important island into the hands of the French, was a source of such infinite chagrin to the English that it could not be wiped out by the mere execution of an admiral; while, on the other hand, the possession of Gibraltar by the British was so constant a humiliation to the Spanish that an offensive and defensive alliance between France and Spain was the inevitable consequence of the situation. These inflammatory elements were so menacing that Pitt, at one time, made the remarkable proposal to Spain to give up Gibraltar as the price of an alliance for the recovery of Minorca. The mere fact that such terms were offered is enough to show the gravity of the situation. At least, it may be said that if the answer of Spain had been different, either France would never have gone to the help of America, or in doing so she would have had Spain as an enemy rather than as an ally. But, whatever the course of France, the union of England and Spain might easily have turned the scale of the war; for, without the French alliance, it is impossible to see how the colonies could have escaped from being overwhelmed by England and Spain combined. Even if France were not prevented from the alliance, her fleet could not have stood against the united navies of England and Spain; the expedition of de Grasse would have been impossible, and the Yorktown campaign could not have occurred. Thus, it is easy to see that if Pitt's proposal had been accepted Eng-

land might not only have regained Minorca, but might also have retained the American colonies. Such a result would hardly have been a dear purchase even at the tremendous price of Gibraltar.

The main significance of all these conditions for our purpose is the fact that the English knew of the discoveries of Pitt; that they were fully aware that Spain and probably other European nations would be allied with France whenever the French government should see fit to go to the assistance of the revolting colonies. As is well known, the consummation of this twofold project would have occurred much earlier than it did but for the natural reluctance of Louis XVI. to assist organized opposition to royal authority. These conditions, moreover, explain why it was that while England had not less than two hundred thousand men under arms, on land and sea, not more than about twenty thousand of them could be spared for the war in America. They also explain why it was that England decided to resort to the unusual method of using a part of the vast wealth she had recently acquired by her commercial supremacy for the employment of mercenary troops from Germany.

From the letters and other papers that are now coming to us in authentic form and in rich abundance, we are learning more perfectly than ever before how it was that the Revolution was achieved. These revelations seem likely to teach us that from the beginning to the very end the Revolution was a far more desperate and a far more doubtful struggle than the historians have led us to believe. They teach us also that it was kept from the disaster that seemed again and again ready to overwhelm it, chiefly by that watchful wisdom of Washington which, to use Goethe's phrase, was as unhesitating and as unrelenting as the stars.

Charles Kendall Adams.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF SPANISH CHARACTER.

THERE is something enigmatical and peculiar in the make-up of the Spaniard, — *du je ne sais quoi*, as a Frenchman might express it. In trying to fathom Iberian ways of thought and feeling, we are frequently forced to fall back on the supposition of a recent writer, that “there is something Spanish in the Spaniard which causes him to behave in a Spanish manner.” I remember that when I visited Spain, a few years ago, I was somewhat disappointed in the appearance of the country itself, though it has all the beauty of line and color of a land for the most part devoid of turf and trees. I found, however, an ample compensation in the interest afforded by this intense idiosyncrasy of the national temperament. Abandoning the beaten paths of travel, I spent several months journeying over the Peninsula on foot, from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar. In this way, I was enabled to get beyond the French civilization of Madrid, and penetrate to the old Spanish civilization which still lingers in the villages and provincial towns. But even with these opportunities for observation I was often at a loss to formulate my impressions of the Spaniards. This arose partly from the strong Moorish and Oriental element which combines in them so strangely with European traits, partly from Spain itself being preëminently the land of puzzling anomalies. Both in the country and in the national character a shining virtue usually goes hand in hand with an egregious fault. In no like area in Europe, perhaps not in the world, do there exist such extremes of dryness and moisture, heat and cold, fertility and barrenness, such smiling landscapes and such dreary desolation. And contrasts such as we find between the arid steppes of Aragon and the huerta of Valencia, between the bleak uplands of Castile and the palm

groves of Elche, between the wind-blown wastes of La Mancha and the vega of Granada, are not without counterpart in the character of the inhabitants. What, for instance, can be affirmed of a Catalan which will also hold true of a native of Seville? I remember that a theatre audience at Madrid thought it the height of comic incongruity when a stage valet declared that he was a mixture of Galician and Andalusian. (“Yo soy una mezcla de Gallego y Andaluz.”) It is hard, indeed, to avoid a seeming abuse of paradox and antithesis in speaking of Spain, — “that singular country, which,” in the words of Ford, “hovers between Europe and Africa, between civilization and barbarism; that land of the green valley and barren mountain, of the boundless plain and broken sierra; those Elysian gardens of the vine, the olive, the orange, and the aloe; those trackless, vast, silent, uncultivated wastes, the heritage of the wild bee; . . . that original unchanged country, where indulgence and luxury contend with privation and poverty, where a want of all that is generous or merciful is blended with the most devoted heroic virtues, where ignorance and erudition stand in violent and striking contrast.”

We almost refuse to credit Madame d'Aulnoy's account of the mingled squalor and magnificence, barbarism and refinement, that existed at Madrid toward the end of the seventeenth century, when Spain, isolated from the rest of Europe, was still free to express her antithetical nature. Throughout nearly everything Spanish there runs this chiaroscuro, this intense play of light and shade. In the history of what other nation do we find such alternations of energy and inertia, such sudden vicissitudes of greatness and decay? On the one hand, Spanish religion in the sixteenth century culminated

in the Inquisition; and on the other, it attained to the purest spirituality and Christian charity in Santa Teresa, Fray Luis de Leon, and San Juan de la Cruz, the last of the great mystics, the splendid sunset glow of mediæval Catholicism. The brilliant literature of the Golden Age died away abruptly into platitude and insignificance. Among the masterpieces of this literature itself we pass with little interval from heights of mysticism and strains of lyric eloquence to the works of the picaresque writers, recounting the exploits of rogues and vagabonds. Spanish society, which until recently had no middle class, suggested to Cervantes the perfect antithesis of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and in Sancho Panza himself, the Spanish peasant of Cervantes' time and of to-day, there is the contrast between his shrewd mother wit and his ignorance and credulity. Spain has left almost entirely uncultivated that intermediary region of lucidity, good sense, and critical discrimination which France has made her special domain.

Perhaps the first requisite to getting a clear notion of the Spaniard is to realize in what respects he is *not* like the Frenchman. We should not allow ourselves to be misled by any supposed solidarity of the Latin races. In certain essential traits the Spanish differ from the French almost as much as the Hindus from the Chinese, and in somewhat the same manner. The chief thing that strikes one in French literature is the absence of what the Germans call *Innerlichkeit*, of inwardness, — the subordination of everything in man to his social qualities; among the Spaniards, on the other hand, there is vastly greater capacity for solitude and isolation. In France, reason, insufficiently quickened by the imagination, easily degenerates into dry rationalism; whereas in the land of Don Quixote the imagination tends to break away from the control of the senses and understanding, and is unwilling to accept the limitations of the real,

and then follows the inevitable disenchantment when the world turns out to be different in fact from what it had been painted in fancy. *Engaño* and *desengaño*, illusion and disillusion, eternal themes of Spanish poetry!

Intimately related to this intemperate imagination of the Spaniard is his pride, his power of self-idealization, his exalted notion of his personal dignity. He is capable of almost any sacrifice when appealed to in the name of his honor, — the peculiar form his self-respect assumes, — and of almost any violence and cruelty when he believes his honor to be offended. The Spanish classic theatre revolves almost entirely around this sentiment of honor, which is mediæval and Gothic, and the sentiment of jealousy, which is Oriental. It was by working upon his pride and sense of honor far more than upon his religious instinct that Rome induced the Spaniard to become her champion in her warfare against the modern spirit. He looked upon himself as the *caballero andante* who sallied forth to do heroic battle for Mother Church.

This self-absorption of the Spaniard has interfered with his acceptance of the new humanitarian ideal. Don Juan, in Molière's play, tells his valet to give alms to the beggar, not for the love of God, but for the love of humanity. In fact, since the time of Molière man has been substituting for the worship of God and for the old notion of individual salvation this cult of Humanity, this apotheosis of himself in his collective capacity. He has idealized his own future, and thus evolved the idea of progress. He has dwelt with minute interest on his own past, and has thus given rise to the historical spirit. He has ministered with ever increasing solicitude to his own convenience and comfort, and has sought to find in this world some equivalent for his vanished dream of paradise. The individual has so subordinated himself to this vast common work that he has almost lost the sense of his independent

value. "The individual," said M. Berthelot only the other day, "will count for less and less in the society of the future."

The Spaniard, however, refuses thus to identify the interests of his individual self with the interests of humanity. He is filled with that subtle egotism, engendered by mediæval religion, which neglected man's relation to nature and his fellows, and fixed his attention solely on the problem of his *personal* salvation. In the olden time, it was not uncommon for a pious Spaniard, on dying, to defraud his earthly creditors in order that he might pay masses for the welfare of his soul; and it was said of such a man that he had "made his soul his heir." The Spaniard remains thus self-centred. He has little capacity for trusting his fellow men, for coöperating with them and working disinterestedly to a common end; he is impatient of organization and discipline. And so, as some one has remarked, he is warlike without being military. We may add that he is overflowing with national pride without being really patriotic. He still has in his blood something of the wild desert instinct of the Arab, and the love of personal independence of the Goth. "You would rather suspect," says an old English author, speaking of the Spaniards, "that they did but live together for fear of wolves." As a public servant the Spaniard is likely to take for his motto, "*Après moi le déluge*," or, as the proverb puts it, "*El ultimo mono se ahoga*" (The last monkey gets drowned).

In the Spaniard's indifference to bodily comfort and material refinements we find traces of the Oriental and mediæval contempt for the body.

"Le corps, cette guenille, est-il d'une importance,

D'un prix à mériter seulement qu'on y pense ?"

However, those happy days of Spanish abstemiousness which Juan Valera describes have passed, never to return; that

golden era before the advent of French cookery, when all classes, from grandee to muleteer, partook with equal relish of the national mixture of garlic and red peppers; when window-glass was still a rarity in the Peninsula; when, if a tenth part of the inhabitants of Madrid had taken it into their heads to bathe, there would have been no water left to drink, or to cook those *garbanzos* (chick-peas) so essential in the Spanish dietary. But in spite of the spread of modern luxury, which Señor Valera looks upon with ascetic distrust, the Spaniards still remain in the mass the most temperate people in Europe.

The cruelty of the Spaniard — or rather, his callousness, his recklessness of his own life and of the lives of others — is another mediæval and Oriental survival; and then, too, there underlies the Spanish temperament I know not what vein of primitive Iberian savagery. Madame d'Aulnoy relates that on a certain day of the year it was customary for court gallants to run along one of the main streets of Madrid, lashing furiously their bare shoulders; and when one of these penitents passed the lady of his choice among the spectators, he bespattered her with his blood, as a special mark of his favor. Insensibility to the suffering of animals, though general in Spain, is not any greater, so far as my own observation goes, than in the other Latin countries. Possibly, mediæval religion, in so exalting man above other creatures, in refusing to recognize his relations to the rest of nature, tended to increase this lack of sympathy with brute creation. The Spanish peasant belabors his ass for the same reason that Malebranche kicked his dog, — because he has not learned to see in it a being organized to feel pain in the same way as himself.

Closely akin, also, to the Spaniard's mediæval and aristocratic attitude toward life is his curious lack of practical sense and mechanical skill. "The good

qualities of the Spaniards," writes Mr. Butler Clarke, "alike with their defects, have an old world flavor that renders their possessors unfit to excel in an inartistic, commercial, democratic, and skeptical age." Juan Valera admits this practical awkwardness and inefficiency of the Spaniard, but exclaims, "Sublime incapacity!" and discovers in it a mark of his "mystic, ecstatic, and transcendental nature." The Spaniard, then, finds it hard to light a kerosene lamp without breaking the chimney, much as Emerson made his friends uneasy when he began to handle a gun. Unfortunately, nature knows how to revenge herself cruelly on those who affect to treat her with seraphic disdain, and on those who, like the Spaniards, see in a lack of prudence and economy a proof of aristocratic detachment. "Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête." After centuries of mortal tension, man has finally given over trying to look upon himself as a pure spirit. (Indeed, in the case of M. Zola and his school, he has tried to look upon himself as a pure animal.) He has been gradually learning to honor his senses and to live on friendly terms with nature. The Spaniard, however, has refused to adjust himself to the laws of time and space. He is unwilling to recognize that the most sublime enterprises usually go amiss from the neglect of the homeliest details. He has failed to develop those faculties of observation and analysis by which man, since the Renaissance, has been laying hold upon the world of matter with an ever firmer grasp. The splendid sonorities of the Spanish language serve in its poetry as a substitute for the exact rendering of nature, and take the place of a precise mastery of facts in the speech of the orator in Cortes. The Spaniard is reluctant to mar the poetry of existence by an excessive accuracy. Steamboats are advertised in Spanish newspapers to start at such and such an hour *more or less* (*mas ó menos*). Procrastination is the national vice. As

I walked along the alameda at Saragossa, shortly after arriving in Spain, the words I caught constantly rising above the hum of voices were, "mañana, mañana por la mañana, mañana" (to-morrow, to-morrow morning, to-morrow). "In Spain," says Ford, "everything is put off until to-morrow — except bankruptcy." "A thing in Spain is begun late, and never finished," runs a native proverb (*En España se empieza tarde, y se acaba nunca*); and again, "Spanish succor arrives late or never" (*Socorro de España ó tarde ó nunca*).

Along with this Oriental disregard for the value of time there is a dash of Oriental fatalism. I remember once talking the matter over with an old peasant, as we walked together over the pass of Despeñaperros into Andalusia. "In this accursed world," he ended by saying, "a man who is born a cuarto" (a copper coin) "is not going to turn out a peseta" (a coin of silver). A curious comparison might be made between this true Eastern fatalism of the Spaniard, the fatalism of predestination, and that fatalism of evolution which seems to be gaining ground with us.

Another Oriental and mediæval trait in the Spaniard is his lack of curiosity. "Quien sabe?" (Who knows?) is the formula of his intellectual indifference, just as "No se puede" (It is impossible) is the formula of his fatalism. The modern world is coming more and more to seek its salvation in the development of the reason and intelligence; and from this point of view Renan is consistent in exalting "curiosity" above all other virtues. Christianity, on the other hand, may justly be suspected of having insufficiently recognized from the start the rôle of the intellect, and at times has inclined to show a special tenderness toward ignorance. Pascal was but true to the tradition of the Christian mystics when he branded the whole process of modern scientific inquiry as a form of concupiscence, — *libido sciendi*, the lust of know-

ing. When he felt the rise within him of the new power of the reason which threatened the integrity of his mediæval faith, he exclaimed in self-admonishment, "You must use holy water and hear masses, and that will lead you to believe naturally and will *make you stupid*." Spain, for several centuries back, has applied with great success this panacea of Pascal for any undue activity of the reason. The abject ignorance into which she has fallen is the result, then, partly of Christian obscurantism, and in part of Oriental incuriousness.

Which is worse, after all, some of us may be prompted to ask in passing, this incuriousness of the Spaniard, or that eager inquisitiveness of his antipode the American, which leads him to saturate his soul in all the infinite futility of his daily newspaper? Spain may at least owe to her ignorance some of that wisdom of little children so highly prized by Christianity. "There is more simplicity, kindness, and naïveté in Spain than in the rest of Europe," writes Wilhelm von Humboldt to Goethe. Other Western countries are showing signs at present of intellectual overtraining. The impression we get from a typical Parisian Frenchman of to-day is that the whole energy of the man's personality has gone to feed the critical intellect, at the expense both of what is below and of what is above the intellect, — of the body and the soul. The critical intellect of the Spaniard has been so stunted and atrophied by centuries of disuse that he has lost the very sense of his deficiency. Education is as truly the last object of his concern as it is the first of the American.

Juan Valera, who has analyzed with great acuteness the causes of Spanish decadence, says that Spain's head was turned in the sixteenth century by her sudden accession to world-wide dominion, coinciding as it did with her triumph, after seven centuries of conflict, over the Moors. She became filled with a fanatical faith in herself, with a "delirium

of pride," and since then has hugged with desperate tenacity, as embodying absolute and immutable truth, those mediæval forms to which she ascribed her greatness. In the meanwhile, the rest of the world has been quietly changing from a mediæval to a Greek view of culture. It has been discovering that growth is not in one, but in a multitude of directions, and that the nation no less than the individual is greatest which can take up and harmonize in itself the largest number of opposing qualities. France, indeed, has been almost fatally crippled by her attempt to carry into modern times the principle of mediæval exclusiveness. Sainte-Beuve traces to the persecution of the Jansenists and the expulsion of the Huguenots a loss of balance in the French national character. It was perhaps no idle fancy that led the Parisian Nefftzer to exclaim, as he heard the boom of the German guns about the city in the siege of 1870, "We are paying for Saint Bartholomew's Day!" The history of Spain bears still more tragic witness to the truth of Emerson's saying that exclusiveness excludes itself. Nearly all her skill in finance, manufacture, and agriculture departed from her with the banishment of the Jews and Moriscos; and the Inquisition shut that intellectual element from her life which was needed as a corrective of her over-ardent imagination and narrow intensity.

However, modern ideas have fairly got a footing in Spain during the past forty years, and new and old have been arrayed against each other with a truly Iberian vividness of contrast. This battle between mediæval and modern is the favorite topic of recent Spanish literature. It has been treated, often with great power, by novelists like Galdós, Alarcón, and Valera, and has inspired the work of poets like Núñez de Arce and Campoamor. It is curious, this spectacle of a nation hesitating between contradictory ideals. Spain looks doubtfully on

our scientific and industrial civilization, and in the very act of accepting it feels that she is perhaps entering the path of perdition. She does not share our exuberant optimism, and has misgivings about our idea of progress. She cannot, like other Western nations, throw herself with fierce energy upon the task of winning dominion over matter, and forget,

"In action's dizzying eddy whirl'd,
The something that infects the world."

She is haunted at times by the Eastern sense of the unreality of life. It is no mere chance that the title of the most famous play of Spain's greatest dramatist is *La Vida es Sueño*, Life is a Dream. This note, which is heard only occasionally in English, and notably in Shakespeare, recurs constantly in Spanish from the Couplets of Manrique to Espronceda. Wisdom, often for the Spaniard as always for the Oriental, reveals herself as some strange process of solitary illumination, comparable to the awakening from a dream. "The mysterious virgin," she calls herself in Espronceda's poem, "on whom man bestows his last affections, and in whom all science becomes mute."

"Soy la virgen misteriosa
De los últimos amores," etc.

Whereas Bacon, speaking for the West, says that the way of knowledge is one that no man can travel alone.

We might augur more hopefully of Spain's attempt to enter upon the path of modern progress if she had been more happily inspired in the choice of a model. Wilhelm von Humboldt, one of the few philosophical observers of Spain, remarks that her greatest misfortune is her geographical position. All her ideas come to her through France, and France is above all dangerous to her. In that ideal cosmopolitanism of which Goethe dreamed, each country was to broaden itself by a wise assimilation of the excellencies of other nationalities. The actual cosmopolitanism which has arisen during the present century has perhaps

resulted in an interchange of vices rather than of virtues. I have sometimes been tempted to see a symbol of this cosmopolitanism in a certain square at Florence whose fine old native architecture has given way to a cheap imitation of the Parisian boulevard; and over the front of one of these modern structures appear in flaming letters the words "*Gambrius Halle*"!

In theory, Spain should have sent hundreds of her young men to German universities and to English and American technical schools, in order that they might thus acquire the scientific method of the Teuton and the practical and executive instinct of the Anglo-Saxon. She should have fostered among her sons an interest in commerce, in manufacture, and above all in agriculture; they should have been encouraged to go forth and reclaim the waste tracts of their native land, plant forests, and heal that long-standing feud between man and nature which in Spain is written on the very face of the landscape.

Instead of this, she has turned for her exemplar to France, to the ideal, infinitely seductive and infinitely false, embodied in Paris. She has been guided in this choice by her incurably aristocratic instinct. It is estimated that in the days of Spanish greatness only three million out of a population of nine million consented to work; and Spain still remains a nation of aristocrats. Every true Castilian still aspires to be a *caballero*, or horseman; the Spaniard is unwilling to come down from his horse and put his shoulder to the work of modern civilization. I find in an old English author the following judgment on Spain, which has lost little of its truth: "The ground is uncultivated partly through the paucity and partly through the pride of the people, who breed themselves up to bigger thoughts than they are born to, and scorn to be that which we call ploughmen and peasants. . . . And if you take men of that nation, before they have spoiled

themselves, either by getting some great office at home or else by much walking abroad, to seek some employment or fortune there, you shall find them for the most part to be of noble and courteous and quiet minds, in the very natural constitution thereof. Whereas, if you show them a new and sweeter way of life, either at home or abroad, it intoxicates them so with the vanities and vices of the world that they are many of them quickly wont to suck the venom in, and become the very worst of men. So that naturally I hold them good; and that by accident and infection they grow easily to be stark naught."

The Spaniards, then, have sucked in the venom of the Parisian boulevard, and have raised up in their capital a showy façade of borrowed elegance to which nothing in the country corresponds. I know of no more startling contrast, even in Spain, than to pass suddenly from some gray, poverty-stricken village of Old Castile into the factitious glare and glitter of the Fuente Castellana at Madrid. The highest ambition of thousands of young Spanish provincials is to swagger about in close-fitting frock coats, and seek for political preferment, any meaner occupation being unworthy of such noble hidalgos. Government places are few compared with the number of applicants; they are ill paid and of uncertain tenure, and the officeholder has little choice except to steal or starve. The vicious traditions of the old absolutism have thus united with the new frivolity to produce in the modern Spanish official that harmonious blending of corruption and incompetency with which we are familiar.

However, we must remember how little these *afrancesados*, these café-haunting, Frenchified Spaniards of Madrid really represent the nation. In Spain, even more than in France and Italy, the germs of promise for the future are to be sought anywhere rather than in the upper classes. Even among the upper

classes, if we are to judge from recent literature, there are those who do not accept the French ideal of *l'homme moyen sensuel*, who would have the Spanish character come under certain modern influences, without therefore sacrificing its own native gravity and religious seriousness. It is encouraging to note in many of the Spanish books published of late years something of that robustness and virility wherein lies the natural superiority of the Spaniard over the other Latins. Spain has as yet no decadent writers, no Zola and no Gabriele d'Annunzio.

To speak, then, of the lower classes, there is a singular agreement among those who have really mingled with them as to their natural possibilities for good. "I have found in Spain," says Borrow, "amongst much that is lamentable and reprehensible, much that is noble and to be admired, much stern, heroic virtue, much savage and horrible crime; of low, vulgar vice very little, at least amongst the great body of the Spanish nation. . . . There is still valor in Asturia, generosity in Aragon, probity in Old Castile." But how far will these old world virtues of the Spanish peasantry be able to withstand the contact with nineteenth-century civilization? Will not the profound poetry of their simple instinctive life fade away at its touch, and the racy originality of their native ways be smothered under its smug uniformity? Will they be able, in short, to make the difficult passage from the mediæval to the modern habit of mind without falling into anarchy and confusion? More than any other land, Spain came under the control of that Jesuitical Catholicism issued from the Council of Trent which has poisoned the very life-blood of the Latin races; which, rather than lose its hold upon the minds of men, has consented through its casuists to sanction self-indulgence; which has retarded by every means in its power the development of those virtues of self-reliance

and self-control that more than any others measure a man's advancement in the modern spirit; and now that the Spaniards are escaping from the artificial restraint of their religion they are left, passionate and impulsive children, to meet the responsibilities of nineteenth-century life. From my observation of the common people, I should say that already the power of the priesthood is broken, that respect for the institution of monarchy is undermined, and that there is a rapid drift toward republicanism joined to a profound distrust of the present rulers. The *desengaño*, or rude disillusion, they are likely to experience before the end of the present struggle may result in some fierce outburst, boding disaster to the political jobbers at Madrid. Yet no prudent man would risk a prophecy about Peninsular politics; for Spain is *le pays de l'imprévu*, the land of the unexpected, where the logical and obvious thing is least likely to happen; and that is perhaps one of the reasons why she still retains her hold on the man of imagination.

Whatever comes to pass, we may be sure that Spain will not modify immediately the mental habits of centuries of spiritual and political absolutism. In attempting to escape from the past, she will no doubt shift from the fanatical belief in a religious creed to the fanatical belief in revolutionary formulæ, and perhaps pass through all the other lamenta-

ble phases of Latin-country radicalism. Yet if space allowed I could give reasons for the belief that there are more elements of real republicanism in Spain than in France or Italy. This remark, as well as nearly everything else I have said, I mean to apply especially to the Castiles, Aragon, and the northwestern provinces, the real backbone of the Peninsula.

In any case, those who have a firsthand knowledge of Spain will be loath to place her on that list of "dying nations" to which Lord Salisbury recently referred. She is still rich in virtues which the world at present can ill afford to lose. It remains to be seen whether she can rid herself of the impediments which are rendering these virtues ineffectual. Will she be able to expel the Jesuit poison from her blood? Will she learn to found her self-respect on conscience, instead of on the mediæval sentiment of honor, and come to rely on action, the religion of the modern man, rather than on Maria Santissima? Chief question of all, will she succeed in taming her Gotho-Bedouin instincts, and become capable of the degree of orderly coöperation necessary for good government? Alas! the Spaniards themselves relate that the Virgin once granted various boons to Spain, at the prayer of Santiago, but refused the boon of good government, lest then the angels forsake heaven, and prefer Spain to paradise.

Irving Babbitt.

MY FRIEND AH-CHY.

I FIRST met him at a port on "the river," — by which shorter but satisfactorily definite title all China residents designate the great Yangtze Kiang.

The importance of that magnificent natural highway few of those who have not lived in China realize. Flowing

thousands of miles through province after province, it bears on its rushing current hundreds of thousands of tons of produce yearly, in every conceivable kind of craft, — from the stately river steamers, which remind one of those which ply on the Hudson, the ocean-going tea clip-

pers, the coastwise lorchas, and junks of every size, down to the tiny sampans; and every boat bears upon either side a painted eye, for as any Chinaman will tell you, "Suppose no got eye, how fashion can see; and suppose no can see, how fashion can walkee?" Some day the river will be written of as it deserves, and the description of its wonderful gorges and rapids, its varied beautiful scenery, its yearly rising and falling, will be as interesting as instructive. In summer it often reaches a height of forty feet above its winter level, inundating cities and large tracts of land along its banks. It flows through the finest tea-growing country, and all the porcelain which is used in the empire is distributed over its waters. It is ever changing, ever interesting, and always picturesque, — seeming to me a necessary background for my friend Ah-Chy, as he was a citizen of one of the river ports.

Meeting Ah-Chy first as the compradore of one of the largest tea merchants, who was our neighbor and friend, we had many opportunities of acquaintance with him. Tall, handsome, erect, between forty and fifty years of age, with the most wonderful command of pidgin English¹ it was ever my good fortune to listen to, he was a delight to encounter; and our interest in collecting porcelain brought us so often into our neighbor's go-down to inspect fresh installments that we encountered him frequently. He had taken a lower literary degree, I believe, and was eligible for official position and promotion.

We were a very small foreign community, — foreign in China means any nationality not Chinese, — fourteen all told; yet a very cosmopolitan little circle, including English, French, Russian, American, Scotch, Danish, and German representatives; and for a time I found

myself in one of the most enviable, delightful positions in the world, — that of being the only lady in the port.

On the occasion of a great review of Chinese troops gathered from many parts of the province, and the consequent congregating of its highest officials who were the inspecting dignitaries, it came about that we were bidden to a dinner given at the residence of China's large Mercantile Marine Company to meet these provincial magnates. The dinner was served entirely in foreign style, doubtless because of the wish to honor the foreign officials present, and to the great delight of the one lady she was included in the invitation. Perhaps her presence was added to make it seem entirely foreign to the Chinese participants.

As I entered the drawing-room all the gentlemen rose, and in response to my inclination — intended to be very courteous — toward each of the gorgeously appareled Chinese, and my murmured "Ta-yen hao," each in turn raised his hands slowly to his face, the right clasped over the left, while I heard in reply, "Tai Tai hao." I had quite forgotten to ask, as I had fully purposed, what was the proper salutation to make on being introduced to such high and mighty personages; but suddenly remembering that I had always heard my husband addressed as "Ta-yen," and knowing it to be a Chinese official title, I boldly made my little endeavor to be polite, and was afterward told, to my great relief, that I could not have done better.

The Chinese were indeed magnificently robed. From the official hat (which, according to their code of manners, it is discourteous to remove), with flaring black velvet rim, in some cases crowned with a beautiful pink coral bead an inch in diameter, from under which peacock feathers hung down over the back to the

¹ "Pidgin" is a corruption of the word "business," and "pidgin English" is the queer jargon of broken English arranged according to the Chinese idiom, which, ever since its intro-

duction at Macao as the medium of intercourse between foreigners and Chinese, has formed the language in which the greater part of the domestic and commercial relations are carried on.

coat collar; the satin coats, with medallions embroidered in every hue, or perhaps only in shades of blue, and dark soft sable linings, a short coat over a long one of different color; down to the high black satin boots with their wooden white-covered soles, they were each well worth study and admiration. They were stately, decorous, polite, without even the shadow of a smile on their faces, which might have looked expressionless except for the brightness and intelligence of their eyes.

Not so the foreign officials present, who, as they bowed in response to my greeting, smiled almost audibly in very evident enjoyment of the scene. It was the first time some of the Chinese gentlemen had been brought face to face with a foreign lady; and to have that experience at an official dinner, to see her in full evening toilette, *décolleté*, must have been a terrible shock to their ideas of what was *convenable*.

When dinner was announced by the long-coated Chinese butler, the official highest in rank rose, bowed before me, and offered me his arm. Rising, I took it, or tried to take it; for I occupied myself all the way from the drawing-room to the dining-room, through a hall unusually long,—and we went very slowly,—in trying to find out with the tips of my gloved fingers whether or not there was any arm inside the wide, satin, sable-lined sleeve. That there were several layers of silk under-jacket sleeves, besides, I made sure, and as I neared the dining-table I had just arrived at what I thought was solid enough to be an arm. How I longed to give it just a little hard pinch to find out if I were correct! But even if I had pinched it suddenly and viciously, looking up into the face of my magnificent escort meanwhile, to find out if he had felt it in the least, I am sure he would have made no sign whatever. He would not have believed the evidence of his own senses if they had endeavored to tell him that

a woman, and that woman a foreigner, was trying to pierce the mantle of his dignity. Fortunately, my very little understood duty as the wife of a foreign official kept me from playing any such prank, but it was a terrible temptation.

The deftness and aptitude with which the Chinese used the new and utterly unaccustomed knives, forks, and spoons, in lieu of their universally useful chopsticks, without showing that they were closely watching what ought to be done with them, was perfectly wonderful. They simply waited a second or two after they were served with a course, and, glancing apparently quite casually round the table, proceeded to use whatever the foreigners did and in exactly the same manner. It was fascinating to watch all these details, and I found that I had to keep myself well in hand, for fear that, in my interest and amazement, I should be detected observing them, and should show that I had less politeness than these quiet, keen-eyed, imitative representatives of one of the oldest and most ceremonious civilizations.

The dinner-table was beautifully decorated with flowers and leaves laid on the white table-cloth in many different designs, surrounding the quaintly shaped dishes of fruit and sweetmeats. The variety of ways in which a Chinese butler can adorn a table is endless and marvelous, and was always a pleasure and surprise to me in my own home. In China, no hostess needs to oversee the arrangements for a dinner-party, but can walk in with her guests as free from care or anxiety as any of them, without even having looked beforehand to see that everything is in order. Each table napkin is folded in a distinctive shape, sometimes imitating a swan or a bird, with a colored paper eye stuck on either side of the rather queer-looking head, while a button-hole bouquet is tucked in at the top, ready for the guest to appropriate as he sits down. The carving and serving are done entirely from the sideboard, and

there are as many men to wait at table as there are guests, for each guest brings his own servant. The butler of the host looks after the opening and serving of the wine, deputing the carving meanwhile to some other butler he can trust. I think it shows the prevailing honesty of the servants who are thus gathered together at every dinner-party (and they are many; I can well remember dining out eleven consecutive evenings) that I never heard of a case of theft. All the domestics of the household where the dinner-party was in progress were busy in the dining-room, pantry, or kitchen, the rest of the house being quite unoccupied; and as we never locked up any of our personal belongings, it would have been easy enough for a servant to slip away and help himself to anything he might fancy.

Chinese butlers have, too, a strange system of give and take, which twenty-five years ago used to prevail much more extensively than it does now; in fact, it was then universal. At the first large dinner-party to which I was invited — I went as a bride — I found myself eating with my own brand-new knives, forks, and spoons. I stared at them very hard, but there could be no mistake, for there was the fresh monogram. I was dreadfully distressed, but did not dare to say anything. When I reached home I told my husband rather tremblingly, for I was quite sure they had been stolen. To my amazement, he only laughed and said, "Oh, you will get quite used to it very soon; and when you have too many guests, you will find that instead of asking you to get more supplies the butler will just get your neighbors', and always make up the deficiency." And so it proved. I can well remember, once when my husband had asked eight in to dinner only half an hour before the usual time (one for each of the delicious first spring snipe he had just shot), that there appeared later a splendid roast leg of mutton as one of our courses. Now I knew that we had no mutton, for ear-

lier in the day the cook had been bewailing the non-arrival of the Shanghai steamer by which it always came. Turning to the gentleman on my left, I asked, "Did your steamer come from Shanghai to-day?"

"Yes. Why?"

I looked down to the other end of the table, where my husband was carving the unexpected treasure trove with very evident enjoyment. "Well, ours did not," said I, "and yet" —

He caught sight of the mutton. "Oh, I suppose that is mine," he laughed. "No doubt yours will come to-morrow, and probably be much better; so I shall be the gainer this time, and shall enjoy it all the more."

The cooks kept very strict accounts among themselves, I am sure, and we never suffered by these exchanges, while it was unspeakably comforting to know that at any time, if occasion arose, we could feel quite sure of having our neighbor's dinner, cooked in his kitchen and handed over the wall, provided only we remembered to invite him.

Away in a northern port, a party of bachelors were once enjoying themselves in a happy, hearty fashion round the dinner-table; and among them was a fresh arrival from Scotland, whose means of smiling were so capacious that really, when he laughed, which he did almost continuously, there was ever present the old danger of the upper part of his head becoming an island. There was also a gentleman who had spent much time in the interior, and whose knowledge of Chinese was both profound and varied. While conversation and laughter abounded, he chanced to overhear a remark made by one of the "boys" who was waiting at table; and, while pretending not to listen, he soon found out that every foreigner present was being spoken of by a nickname which referred to his personal appearance.

When the servants had retired, and the foreigners were enjoying their coffee

and cigars, the sinologue told the others what he had overheard, and mentioned as many of the sobriquets as he could remember. The young Scotchman's was not among them, so he proceeded, next day, to find out from his own "boy" what it was. When he got him into the room, he locked the door, stood with his back to it, and told the badly scared servant he would not let him out until he confessed. By dint of coaxing and threats he finally induced the poor frightened Chinaman to blurt out that it was "codfish mouth." The entire appropriateness of the nickname overcame him, and he shouted with laughter, making the fitness still more apparent. One of the funniest parts of it all was to watch the faces of his friends when he told them the story, which he did many times and often. Their sense of politeness would make them struggle bravely not to laugh; but when, having reached the climax, he bestowed upon them the full comprehensiveness of his smile, it was absolutely impossible not to join in the hearty laughter which he always led with contagious good humor.

I have often wondered since in how many other ways we foreigners were ridiculed by our quiet, demure-looking domestics. But I must get back to my official dinner, even at the risk of being made fun of.

Beside me at table, to my great delight, I found Ah-Chy, and my husband nearly opposite. After dinner had begun, one of the Chinese magnates at my husband's side began telling him an adventure of the previous evening, when he had accompanied home one of his colleagues who had imbibed too freely of champagne. While he was describing the struggles and antics of his unsteady friend, I looked up, caught my husband's eye, and laughed heartily. The official stared, turned, and asked quickly in Chinese (he could neither speak nor understand one word of English), "Does your honorable wife understand Chinese?"

When my husband answered in the affirmative, the poor man was painfully distressed and shocked, because he thought he had been telling an indiscreet story. He was unnecessarily penitent, making humble apologies and explanations, protesting that he had no idea whatever that I understood his language even a little, else he would never have transgressed in such a manner. He was with difficulty persuaded that I was in reality very much amused, and not in the least shocked; which in turn must have upset his ideas, and probably started him wondering as to the emancipation (he would have called it something very different) of foreign women.

Ah-Chy had been enjoying it all, meantime, in several ways, and after we had talked on many matters of local interest I suddenly said to him, "How many piecee wife you just now have catchee [got], Ah-Chy?"

"Just now? Oh, just now have catchee seven piecee, before time have catchee eight piecee, one piecee have makee finish, so just now have catchee seven piecee."

"Makee finish, what thing you talkee? I no savey what thing belong makee finish."

"Oh, makee finish belong all same you talkee makee die, one piecee makee die, all same makee finish."

"What side you number one [first] wife, Ah-Chy?"

"Oh, he belong Kwangtung side, you savey, he no likee stop this side, so he makee stop Kwangtung, you plenty savey China fashion no belong all same foreign fashion number one wife any time wantee stop he own home." (There is only one gender in pidgin English; everything is masculine.)

After a little I turned and said laughingly, "Ah-Chy, talkee my [tell me], what piecee wife you likee more better just now?"

He threw his head back with a hearty laugh, and with a twinkle in his eyes

said, "Well, I think I likee number five piecee more better just now. He belong good-look-see [pretty] and plenty young."

"You belong all same Bluebeard with your eight piecee wife, Ah-Chy."

"Who man you talkee? Who belong Bluebeard?"

"Oh, he belong one piecee man, live long time ago, and he have catchee eight piecee wife, and by and by he no likee, so he cuttee all he heads off."

"I no belong all same Bluebeard!" he cried. "What for because I talkee you one piecee wife have makee finish, you talkee my belong all same Bluebeard? I no likee you talkee my so fashion."

I appeased him after a time with many assurances that I had only been telling an old fairy tale; but, to my intense surprise and amusement, he went next day into my husband's office to ask him, "What for your Tai Tai have talkee my belong all same Bluebeard?" On my husband's also assuring him that I was only joking with him, he went away content, for he also dearly loved a joke.

The dinner was a matter of so many courses that I have forgotten all about them, as just such dinners of great length and variety were our universal custom, beginning at eight o'clock in the evening, and often lasting two or more hours. During the long time we sat at table Ah-Chy was ever ready to amuse me by talking on any and every subject. At times it was wholly impossible for me to master the torrent of words in their queer pidgin English setting, and then I would laugh and say, "Oh, man, man [slower], please, Ah-Chy." At which he would stop, look rather astonished for an instant, smile, and answer, "Oh, I savey, you no savey all I talkee," and go on again as rapidly as before. The solemn gorgeous official on the other side vindicated his idea of what was due to his dignity by treating me with studied though chilling courtesy. He occasionally handed me a dish of sweetmeats

within his reach, between the courses, as the only acknowledgment of my inferior (because feminine) existence.

My vis-à-vis of the bibulous story was at first very circumspect in his further remarks; but I noticed that after he had himself partaken of several glasses of the ever tempting champagne (the only foreign wine the Chinese are universally very fond of) he forgot his late embarrassment, and only now and then regarded me suddenly with a rather frightened look, as if he had just remembered me, and ought to be careful. The look passed quickly away, but was upsetting to my gravity, and I found myself almost laughing aloud every time. It was easy to see that he was a genial soul, and he seemed thoroughly to enjoy the chance of talking so unreservedly with a foreigner who understood him well enough to be able to give back joke for joke in his own language.

Some time afterward, my curiosity — which was then a source of great distress to my family and friends, and which now I wish I had gratified a thousand times more — led me to desire to see the interior of a Chinese pawnshop. The great tall buildings here and there all over the city, raising their blank walls high above the two-storied uniformity of the vast acreage of the other houses, had a sort of fascination for me.

Ah-Chy came to my aid. His brother owned a large pawnshop in the city, and he volunteered to escort me thither. I suspect Ah-Chy had had a hand in establishing his brother in pawnbroking, and had himself a large interest in the concern; for in China as elsewhere this is said to be an exceedingly lucrative business. However that may be, it happened that one day my husband and I got into our sedan chairs, each with four bearers, and preceded by Ah-Chy, also in a chair, were soon swinging along through the narrow, crowded, wonderfully picturesque streets of the native city. I was always glad of an opportunity to make

an expedition into these strange regions, but I was always a little afraid, and made it a rule to have my chair go in advance of my husband's; for the coolies went so quickly, and the crowd was so dense, that his chair could easily turn a corner ahead, and in less time than it takes to tell it I might find myself alone on the streets, many miles from home, and without the faintest idea how to get back. The natives never got accustomed to the sight of a foreign lady, and any shop we entered was sure to be soon besieged by an eager crowd, jostling one another good-naturedly to get a better view of the stranger.

Oh, those streets, those streets! How can they be described so that one who has never seen them can even imagine what they are like? The highways of Egypt (Cairo, for instance) have more picturesque coloring, because of the gorgeousness and variety of the head-dresses and clothing of the wearers, gathered together as they are from every nation under the sun. But Chinese streets are unique. The shops, all wide open to the street, with their endless variety of wares spread in full view, are hung on both sides with multitudinous signs of every length and color, brilliant with gold, green, or red lettering. There are evil smells of awful intensity; and the tremendous tide of human life is forever flowing through. Tinkers of every kind abound, each plying his craft at the door of the shop which has supplied him with something to mend. Here is a carnival of repairing,—cobbling shoes, mending broken porcelain and glass, riveting umbrellas. There are women mending and patching garments for so many cash each, then moving on with their little bamboo stools in search of more work; barbers busy shaving or shampooing customers, or dressing their hair; men with cook-shops slung on their shoulders from a bamboo, one end weighted with the little earthen charcoal stove, the other with the stock in hand, — probably cakes to fry in

evil-smelling castor oil; children of all sizes playing in seeming unconsciousness of the din around them; beggars in every stage of filth and tatters. There are Buddhist priests with shaven heads and dirty yellow robes, and the ever present, ever empty gourd held out for alms; dogs of every mongrel type; coolies emptying into buckets, by means of long-handled bamboo ladles, the drainage from the huge kangas sunk in the ground at street corners; presently they swing the buckets over their shoulders and stride away, utterly indifferent to the stench they trail behind; and as if to supplement the coolies' task, pigs go grunting along, performing their office of scavengers. All these and more are crowded together in streets only wide enough to allow two sedan chairs to pass each other.

When an official goes abroad in his chair, he usually has a coolie who runs ahead — *run* he must, for the chair-bearers keep up a wonderfully fast gait — and shouts at the top of his voice, "Chia Quang Ah!" which means, I believe, "Give light, give light," and is the polite form of saying, "Make way, there." I only hope it is more courteous than it sounds, but it certainly makes the pedestrians scuttle into the open shops to get out of the way. So heralded, we brushed through the narrow streets on our visit to the pawnshop. When we entered the huge building I was almost appalled at its size, and amazed at the order and cleanliness of its vast interior. On the long rows of shelves, running up to a great height, with little passageways between, there were thousands upon thousands of bundles, each carefully wrapped up, the little tag with its number hanging in full view from the end. The intense silence and the dim light made it so eerie that I was glad to get out into the sunlight again and hear Ah-Chy's cheery flow of pidgin English.

I have been told that at the beginning of summer the wealthy Chinese all pawn their furs, of which they have an enor-

mous number and variety; redeeming them when the cold weather returns. Out of these pawnshops come a great many of the curios which foreigners find at the shops in the native cities. They are pledged very often by decaying Chinese families, and never redeemed; after a certain length of time — I have forgotten just how long Ah-Chy said it was — the pawnbroker is allowed to sell them.

When summer came, Ah-Chy frequently urged us to visit him at his house on an island in the lake near the city; and little knowing the pleasant things in store for us, we started one hot afternoon with some foreign gentlemen friends to see his summer home. As we stepped out of our boat we found ourselves on what seemed to be enchanted ground. No description can do justice to the beauty of the little island. We walked up by tiny circuitous paths from the marble steps where the waves twinkled against the white stone. At every turn there were delightful surprises: a miniature landscape with tiny lakes, little rivulets and waterfalls, the daintiest of fairy bridges, toy summer-houses perched in nooks on artificial mountains scarcely twelve inches high; and out of every crevice peeped delicate maidenhair ferns, tiny shrubs, and wee wild flowers. It made an exquisite animated willow-pattern plate scene, and oh, so beautiful! On every side were these artificial landscapes, blended so ingeniously with the natural beauties that it was often impossible to tell where the one ended and the other began. Here was an ever-green shrub trained on a wire frame to represent a deer, life-size, with head and horns of colored clay, looking strangely queer as they poked out of the body of living green; there were men and women of the same growing shrub, in native costume, life-size, with heads and hands placed in the proper position, and looking, it must be confessed, exceedingly grotesque. Dotted here and there were porcelain barrel-shaped garden-

seats of every hue, and immense bowls, beautifully decorated, full of water, in which swam the lovely little gold and silver fish of which the Chinese are so fond.

With so many claims to our admiration on every hand, we went slowly up to the house on the highest part of the island. We were delighted to find that from one balcony we could look straight down into the lake below, and also away to the magnificent range of mountains beyond. From that side there was nothing whatever to remind us of the great toiling city which lay just behind us, and the view was exceedingly grand.

At the invitation of our courteous, smiling host we entered the house. Everything was in the most orthodox Chinese style; all the furniture, most elaborate in design, very stiffly arranged. After admiring the many beautiful bronzes, cloisonné porcelains, embroideries, lanterns, etc., we were taken into our host's bedroom, where there was a magnificent Ningpo canopied bedstead, carved and inlaid with ivory. The sides and foot were in the shape of an enormous circle, the corners filled in with open carved wood and ivory. The blankets were laid in long, straight, narrow folds at the foot of the bed, and the pillows and mat were of the finest woven cane.

After praising everything most enthusiastically, I turned suddenly to Ah-Chy and said, "This belong your room?"

"Yes. You thinkee belong number one handsome?"

"Yes, indeed; but what side your six piecee wife have got? I no can see any room this side belong your wife."

He drew himself up very quickly to his full height of over six feet (I am only five feet two inches), raised his arm, and, pointing to another pretty building of which we could just see the irregular skyline above the trees and shrubs, said in a tone of perfectly indescribable scorn, "Have got that side. Suppose my wantee, my sendee; talkee he come."

"Oh!" I gasped. Then, pretending to shake in my shoes with fear and consternation, I said, "I am plenty glad I no belong China wife, Ah-Chy. I no likee any man talkee my so fashion."

His face broke into a smile; he really had looked very angry as he answered me. Now, turning to me with the most courteous inclination, he paid me the prettiest compliment I have ever received: "Tai Tai, suppose my could catchee one piecee wife all same you, one piecee can do, and my all time likee he stop this side."

The repartee was so quick and so perfect that we were all taken by surprise, and my friends and husband greeted it with acclamation. Upon my laughing protest that I could never believe myself capable of equaling "eight piecee wife," he began, to my dismay, to enumerate my accomplishments, beginning with, "You makee number one music, makee ridee bobbey [frisky] pony," and, abetted by the encouragement and laughter of my friends, went on through a long list up to the climax, which he reached in saying, "You just now plenty young and have catchee two piecee boy." That appealed to him most, for his own two sons had died, and he had been obliged to adopt one, in order to insure a descendant who would worship at his grave and keep his memory green. It is the greatest misfortune and sorrow a Chinaman knows to be sonless, and I felt my heart deeply touched with pity for the man, in the midst of the badinage and fun in which we were all engaged.

Meantime, we had been sauntering through the rooms, and found ourselves again in the large cool salon overlooking the lake, where we rested and did ample justice to the champagne, crystallized fruits, and cakes awaiting us. Then the gentlemen lighted their cigars and I a cigarette, to the delight of our host, who congratulated me, saying, "Ah, Tai Tai, you can smokee all same China wife."

"Yes, but my no can smokee pipe, Ah-Chy."

"Maskee [no matter]. Cigarette more better look see. My think by an by China lady savey smokee allo same."

Before we left, Ah-Chy took us to see his dwarfed fir, a tiny but perfect tree, about nine inches high, which grew in a beautiful porcelain flower-pot, standing on a garden-seat, evidently in a place of honor, and showing evidence of the greatest care and attention. He told us it had been planted by his father on the day his son Ah-Chy was born, and it was easy to see that he held it in the greatest veneration. He added quite seriously that when he had been ill the little tree had drooped and pined, recovering always as he grew better, and that when he died it would die too. It certainly looked then as fresh and healthy in its tiny way as our host in his vigorous manhood, and we sincerely congratulated him upon its flourishing condition. He seemed much pleased and touched by our expressing the hope that it would be many a long year before there was any evidence that less fortunate days had come upon either of them. We strolled down to the lake by another exquisite pathway, and, after thanking our host for the pleasure of the afternoon, rowed away into the sunset, leaving him gazing after us with manifest kindness and good will.

Among the pleasant recollections of our leave-taking of the port are Ah-Chy's regrets that we were going away, and his warmly expressed hope that we might be ordered back again before long. Several years afterward, while we were stationed at a southern port, I was much astonished at seeing our usually very solemn-faced butler appear at the drawing-room door with a comical smile. It was instantly explained by the announcement, "Tai Tai, Ah-Chy have got" (is here); and in walked my old friend, looking just as well and happy as ever. I chaffed him about being tied to his

number one wife's apron-strings by at least one thread, in spite of the attractiveness of some of the "six piecee" away up the river. He laughed, and admitted having come south to see her, saying, "Must wantee come every two or three year, makee look see how fashion have got" (how she is). After a long talk over old times, in what seemed to me more rapid pidgin English than I had ever heard even him use, Ah-Chy bade me good-by, reiterating the hope

that we might be ordered back to our former home.

So out of my life passed my friend; and as I end this little sketch of him I am very conscious that I am loath to finish it. It seems like breaking one of the links which bind me to the old happy, interesting life of which he formed a part. Every remembrance of him is pleasant, courteous, and amusing, so that it is not surprising that I am sorry to take leave of my friend Ah-Chy.

Christina Ritchie.

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.

"I have seen wicked men and fools, a great many of each; and I believe they both get paid in the end, but the fools first." — ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I.

It was a strange crew for the fore-castle of an outward-bound, deep-water American ship. Mr. Jackson, the mate, — a gray-eyed giant, — looked in vain for the heavy foreign faces, the greasy canvas jackets and blanket trousers, he was accustomed to see. Not that these men seemed to be landsmen; each carried in his face and bearing the indefinable something by which sailors of all races may distinguish one another from fishermen, tugmen, and deck hands. They were all young men, and their intelligent faces — blemished more or less by marks of overnight dissipation — were as sunburned as those of the two mates who were taking their individual measures. Where a hand could be seen, it showed as brown and tarry as that of the ablest of able seamen. There were no chests among them, but the canvas clothes-bags were the genuine article, and they shouldered and handled them as only sailors can. Yet, aside from these externals, they gave no sign of be-

ing anything but well-paid, well-fed, self-respecting citizens, who would read the papers, discuss politics, raise families, and drink more than was proper on pay nights, to repent at church in the morning. The hands that were hidden were covered with well-fitting gloves, kid or dogskin. All had on white shirts and fashionable neckwear; their shoes were polished, their hats in style, and here and there, where an unbuttoned, silk-faced overcoat exposed the garment beneath, could be seen a gold watch-chain with tasty charm.

"Now, boys," said the shipping-master cheerily, as he unfolded the Articles on the capstan-head, "answer and step over to starboard as I call your names. Ready! Tosser Galvin."

"Here!" A man carried his bag across the deck.

"Bigpig Monahan."

Another, as large a man as the mate, answered and followed.

"Moccasy Gill."

"Good God!" muttered the mate as this man responded.

"Sinful Peck."

An undersized man with a cultivated blonde mustache lifted his hat politely to the first officer, disclosing a smooth, bald

head, and passed over, smiling sweetly. Whatever his character, his name belied his appearance; for his face was cherubic in its innocence.

"Say," interrupted the mate angrily, "what kind of a game is this, anyhow? Are these men sailors?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Jackson," answered the shipping-master hurriedly; "you'll find 'em all right. And, Sinful," he added, as he frowned reprovingly at the last man named, "don't you get gay till my receipt is signed and I'm clear of you."

Mr. Jackson wondered, but subsided, and, each name bringing forth a response, the reader called off Seldom Helward, Shiner O'Toole, Senator Sands, Jump Black, Yampaw Gallagher, Ghost O'Brien, Sorry Welch, Yorker Jimson, General Lannigan, Turkey Twain, Gunner Meagher, and Poop-Deck Cahill.

Then the astounded Mr. Jackson broke forth profanely. "I've been shipmates," he declared between oaths, "with freak names of all nations, but this gang beats me. Say, you," he called, "you with the cro'jack eye, there, — what's that name you go by? Who are you?" He spoke to the large man who had answered to "Bigpig Monahan," and who suffered from a slight distortion of one eye.

But, instead of civilly repeating his name, the sailor said curtly and coolly, "I'm the man that struck Billy Patterson."

Fully realizing that the mate who hesitates is lost, and earnestly resolved to rebuke this man as his insolence required, Mr. Jackson secured a belaying-pin, and had almost reached him when he found himself looking into the bore of a pistol held by the shipping-master.

"Now stop this," said the latter firmly, — "stop it right here, Mr. Jackson. After you've signed my receipt for 'em you can do as you like; but if you touch one of 'em 'fore you've signed, I'll have you up 'fore the commissioner. And you fellers," he said over his shoul-

der, "you keep still and be civil till I'm clear o' you. I've used you well, — got your berths and charged you nothin'. All I wanted was to get Cap'n Benson the right kind of a crew."

"Let's see that receipt," snarled the mate. "Put up that gun, too, or I'll show you one of my own. I'll tend to your good men when you get ashore." He glared at the quiescent Bigpig, and followed the shipping-master — who, however, still held his pistol ready — over to the rail, where the receipt was produced and signed.

"Away you go, now, — you and your gun," said the mate.

The shipping-master, with a good-by call to the crew, scrambled down the side to the waiting tug, which then gathered in its lines and steamed away.

Wrathful of soul, Mr. Jackson turned to the men. They had changed their position; they were now close to the fire-rail at the mainmast, surrounding Bigpig Monahan, who, with an injured expression, was shedding outer garments and voicing his opinion of Mr. Jackson. He had dropped a pair of starched cuffs over a belaying-pin and was rolling up his shirt-sleeves, and Mr. Jackson was just about to interrupt the discourse, when the second mate called his name. Turning, he beheld him beckoning violently from the cabin companionway, and joined him.

"Got your gun, Mr. Jackson?" asked the second officer anxiously, as he drew him within the door. "I've got mine. I can't make that crowd out; but they're lookin' for fight, — that's plain. When you were at the rail they were sayin', 'Soak him, Bigpig. Paste him, Bigpig. Put a head on him.' They might be a lot o' prize-fighters."

Mr. Becker, squat, broad, and hairy, was not afraid, — his duties forbade it; he was simply human and confronted with a new problem.

"Don't care a rap what they are," answered the mate. "We'll overhaul

their dunnage for whiskey and sheath-knives and turn them to. Come on; I'm heeled."

They stepped out and advanced to the capstan amidships, each with a hand in his trousers pocket.

"Pile those bags against the capstan here and go forrard!" ordered the mate in his most officer-like tone.

"Go to h—l," they answered — "What for — They're our bags, not yours — Who in h—l are you, anyhow — What are you — You talk like a p'liceman."

Before this irreverence could be replied to, Bigpig Monahan advanced.

"You're spoilin' for somethin', old horse," he said. "Put up your hands." He threw himself into an aggressive attitude, one big fist within six inches of Mr. Jackson's nose.

"Go forrard!" roared the officer, his gray eyes sparkling.

"We'll settle this, then we'll go forrard. There'll be fair play, — these men'll see to that; you'll only have me to handle. Put up."

Mr. Jackson did not "put up." He repeated his order, and was struck on the nose; not a hard blow, — a preliminary tap which started blood. He immediately drew his pistol and shot the man, who fell with a groan.

An expression of shock and horror overspread the face of every man in the crew, and they surged back, away from that murderous pistol. A momentary hesitancy followed; then horror gave way to furious rage, and carnage began. Coats were flung off, belaying-pins and capstan-bars seized. Inarticulate, half-uttered imprecations drowned the storm of abuse with which the mates justified the shot; and two distinct bands of men swayed and zigzagged about the deck, the centre of each an officer fighting according to his lights, — shooting as he could between blows of fists and clubs. Then the smoke of battle thinned, and two men with sore heads and bleeding

faces retreated hurriedly to the cabin, followed by snarling maledictions and threats.

It was hardly a victory for either side. The pistols were empty and the fight was taken out of the mates for a time, and on the deck lay three moaning men, while two others clung to the life-rail, draining blood from limp, hanging arms. But eleven sound and angry men were left, and the mates had more ammunition. They entered their rooms, mopped their faces with wet towels, reloaded their firearms, pocketed the remaining cartridges, and returned to the deck, the mate carrying a small ensign.

"We'll run it up to the main, Becker," he said thickly, — for he suffered, — ignoring in his excitement the etiquette of the quarter deck.

"Ay, ay," said the other, equally unmindful of his breeding. "Will we go for 'em again?" The problem had defined itself to Mr. Becker: these men would fight, but not shoot.

"No, no," answered the mate, "not unless they go for us and it's self-defense. They're not sailors; they don't know where they are."

So, while the uninjured men were assisting the wounded five into the fore-castle, the police flag was run up to the main truck, and the two mates retired to the poop-deck to wait and watch.

But either because the ship lay too far over on the Jersey flats for the flag to be noticed, or because harbor police share the fallibility of their shore brethren in being elsewhere when wanted, no shiny black steamer with blue-coated guard appeared to investigate the trouble, and it was well on toward noon before a tug left the beaten track to the eastward and steamed over to the ship. The officers took her lines as she came alongside, and two men climbed the side ladder, — one a Sandy Hook pilot, the other the captain of the ship.

Captain Benson, in manner and appearance, was as superior to the smooth-

shaven and manly-looking Mr. Jackson as the latter was to the misformed and hairy second mate. With his fashionably cut clothing, steady blue eye, and refined features, he would have been taken for an easy-going club man or educated army officer rather than the master of a working craft. Yet there was no lack of seamanly decision in the leap he made from the rail to the deck, or in the tone of his voice as he demanded, "What's the police flag up for, Mr. Jackson?"

"Mutiny, sir. They started in to lick us, and we've shot five."

"Lower that flag at once."

Mr. Becker obeyed this order; and as the flag fluttered down, the captain received an account of the crew's misdoing from the mate. He stepped into his cabin, and, returning with a double-barreled shot-gun, leaned it against the booby-hatch, and said quietly, "Call all hands aft who can come."

Mr. Jackson delivered the order in a roar, and the eleven men, who had been watching the newcomers from the fore-castle doors, straggled aft and clustered near the capstan, all of them hatless and coatless, shivering palpably in the keen December air. With no flinching of the eyes, they stared at the captain and the pilot.

"Now, men," said Captain Benson, "what's the matter with you?"

A red-haired, Roman-nosed man stepped out of the group. "Are you the captain here? There's matter enough," he answered defiantly. "We ship for a run down to Rio Janeiro and back in a big schooner, and here we're put aboard a square-rigged craft that we don't know anything about, and the steward says she's bound for Callao. And 'fore we're here ten minutes we're howled at and shot. Bigpig Monahan's got a hole in his shoulder big enough to shove his fist in, — thinks he's goin' to die. He's bleedin' — they're all bleedin' — like stuck pigs. Sorry Welch and

Turkey Twain 've got broken arms, and Jump Black and Ghost O'Brien got it in the legs and can't stand up. What kind o' work is this, anyhow?"

"That's perfectly right. You were shot for assaulting your officers. Do you call yourself able seamen, knowing nothing of square-rigged craft?"

"We're able seamen on the lakes. We can do our work in schooners."

Captain Benson's lips puckered, and he whistled softly. "The lakes!" said he. "What part of the lakes?"

"All o' them. We live in Oswego; we're all union men."

The captain took a turn or two along the deck, then faced them and said: "Men, I've been fooled as well as you. I would not have an Oswego sailor aboard my ship if I could help it, much less a whole crew of them. I've been on the lakes, and know the aggressive self-respect of your breed. Although I paid five dollars a man for you, I'd put you ashore and ship a new crew but for the fact that five wounded men going out of a ship will involve explanation that will delay my sailing and incur expense to my owners. However, I give you the choice, — to go to sea and learn your work under the officers, or go to jail as mutineers; for to protect my mates I must prosecute you all."

"S'pose we do neither?"

"You will probably be shot, to the last resisting man, either by us or the harbor police. You are up against the law."

They looked at one another with varying expressions on their faces; then one asked, "What about the bunks? There's no bedding."

"If you failed to bring your own, you will sleep on the bunk-boards."

"And that stinkin' swill the Chinaman's cookin' in the galley, — is that for us?"

"You will get the provisions provided by law, — no more; and you will eat in the fore-castle. Also, if you have neg-

lected to bring pots, pans, and spoons, you will eat without them. This is not a lake vessel, where sailors eat in the cabin, with knives and forks. Decide this matter quickly."

The captain began pacing the deck, and the listening pilot stepped forward and said kindly, "Take my advice, boys, and go along. You're in for it, if you don't."

They thanked him with their eyes for the sympathy, and conferred together for a few moments; then their spokesman called out, "We'll leave it to the fellers forrard, cap'n," and forward they trooped. In five minutes they were back, with resolution in their faces.

"We'll go, cap'n," their leader said. "Bigpig can't be moved without its killin' him, and says if he lives he'll follow your mate to hell, but he'll pay him back, and the others talk the same way; we'll stand by 'em,—we'll square up this day's work."

"Mr. Jackson," said the captain, "overhaul their dunnage, turn them to, and man the windlass."

And so, with a crippled crew of schooner sailors, the square-rigger *Almena* towed to sea,—smouldering rebellion in one end of her, the power of the law in the other, murder in the heart of every man on board.

II.

Five months later, the *Almena* lay at an outer mooring-buoy in Callao Roads, again ready for sea, but waiting. Beyond the faint land and sea breeze there had been no wind for several days, and Captain Benson had taken advantage of the delay to give a dinner to some captains with whom he had fraternized on shore. "I've a first-rate steward," he had told them, "and I've the best trained crew that ever went to sea. Come, all of you, and bring your first officers. I want to give you an object

lesson on the influence of matter over mind that you can't learn in the books."

So they came, at half past eleven, in their own ships' dingies, which were sent back with orders to return at nightfall,—six big-fisted, more or less fat captains, and six big-fisted, beetle-browed, and embarrassed first mates. As they climbed the gangway they were met by Captain Benson and led to the poop, the only dry and clean part of the ship; for the *Almena's* crew were holystoning the main deck. This operation consists of grinding off the oiled surface of the planks with sandstone, and the resulting slime of sand, oily wood pulp, and salt water made walking unpleasant, as well as being very hard on polished shoe leather. But in this filthy mess the men were on their knees, working the six-inch blocks of stone technically called "bibles" back and forth with about the speed and motion of an energetic woman over a wash-board. The mates also were working. With legs clad in long rubber boots, they filled buckets at the deck-pump and splashed water around where needed, occasionally throwing the whole bucketful at a doubtful spot on the deck to expose it to criticism. As the visitors lined up against the monkey-rail and looked down on the scene, Mr. Becker threw a bucketful,—as only a second mate can,—and a man who happened to be in the way was rolled over by the unexpected impact.

"Get out o' the way, there!" he bawled, eying the man sternly. "What are you gruntin' at? Water won't hurt you,—soap neither." He went to the pump for more water, and the man, gasping and choking slightly, crawled back to his holystone. It was Bigpig Monahan, hollow-eyed and thin, slow in his voluntary movements; without his look of injury, too,—as though he might have welcomed the momentary respite for his aching muscles.

Now and then, when the officers' backs were partly turned, a man would stop,

rise erect on his knees and bend backward. A man may work a holystone much longer and press it much harder on the deck for these casual stretchings of contracted tissue; but the two mates chose to ignore this physiological fact, and a moment later a little man, caught in the act by Mr. Jackson, was also rolled over — not by a bucket of water; by the boot of the mate, who uttered words suitable to the occasion and held his hand in his trousers pocket, while the little man, grinning with rage, resumed his work.

"There," said Captain Benson to his guests, "see that little devil? See him show his teeth? That is Sinful Peck. I've had him in irons with a broken head five times, and the log is full of him. I towed him over the stern running down the trades to take the cussedness out of him, and if he had n't been born for higher things he'd have been drowned."

"So this is your trained crew, is it, captain?" said a grizzled old skipper of the party. "What ails that fellow down in the scuppers?"

"Ran foul of the big end of a handspike," answered Captain Benson. "He'll carry his arm in splints all the way home, I think. His name is Gunner Meagher. Their names are unique, but they signed them and will answer to them. Look at that outlaw down there by the bitts: that is Poop-Deck Cahill. Looks like a prize-fighter, does n't he? But the steward tells me he was educated for the priesthood, and fell by the wayside. That one close to the hatch, with the red hair and hang-dog jib, is Seldom Helward. He was shot off the cro'jack yard. He fell into the lee clew of the cro'jack, so we pulled him in."

"What did he do, captain?" asked the grizzled skipper.

"Threw a marlinespike at the mate."

"Ought to ha' killed him on the yard. Are they all of a kind?"

"Every man, — schooner sailors from

the lakes. Not one knew the ropes or his place when we sailed. I've set more bones, mended more heads, and plugged more shot-holes this voyage than ever before, and my officers have grown perceptibly thinner. But little by little, man by man, we've broken them in. They're keeping a log, I learn; every time a man gets thumped they enter the tragedy and all sign their names. They're going to law." Captain Benson smiled dignifiedly at the outburst of laughter evoked by this, and the men below lifted their haggard, hopeless faces an instant and looked at the party with eyes that were furtive, catlike. They could not hear, but knew that they were being laughed at.

"They got a little law here," resumed the captain. "The consul put them all in the calaboose for fear they'd desert, and they complained that they were half starved when I took them out. To tell the truth, they did n't throw any grub overboard for a while. Nevertheless, a good four weeks' board-bill comes out of their wages. I don't think they'll have much due them at New York. The natives cleaned out the forecabin when they were in jail, and they'll have to draw heavily on my slop-chest."

"Captain," said another skipper of the party, "I'd pay that crew off. You ought to have let them run, or worked them out and saved their pay. Look at them, — look at the devils in their eyes. I notice your mates seldom turn their backs to them. Take my advice; get rid of them."

"What?" answered Captain Benson, with a smile. "Just when we have them under control and useful? Oh no. I'd only have to ship a crowd of beach-combers and half-breeds at double pay. I've taken those sixteen hellyons round the Horn, and I'll take them back. I'm proud of them. Just look at them," he added vivaciously; "docile and obedient, — down on their knees with bibles in their hands."

"And the name of the Lord on their lips," grunted the adviser; "but not in prayer, I'll bet you."

"Hardly," laughed Captain Benson. "Come below, gentlemen; dinner must be ready."

Dinner was not ready, but they seated themselves at the cabin table, and while waiting passed around a decanter of appetizing yellow fluid, and drank to a speedy and pleasant passage home for the *Almena* and further confusion to her misguided crew. Then they discussed the depravity of sailors, until the steward, assisted by the Chinese cook, appeared with the dinner. For lack of facilities the mild-faced and smiling steward could not serve the dinner in the style which it deserved. He would have liked, he explained, to bring it on in separate courses. But one and all disclaimed such frivolity. There was the dinner, and that was enough. And it was a splendid dinner; but, either because thirteen men had sat down to the table, or because the fates were unusually freakish, it was destined that not one man there should partake of it. On deck things had been happening; and just as the steward had placed the last smoking dish on the table, a wet, bedraggled, dirty little man, his clothing splashed with the slime of the deck, his eyes flaming green, his face expanded to a smile of ferocity, appeared in the forward doorway holding a cocked revolver which covered them all. Behind him in the passage were other men, equally unkempt, their eyes wide open with excitement and anticipation.

"Don't you move," yelled the little fellow, — "not a man! Keep yer hands out o' yer pockets — put 'em over yer heads — that's it — you too, cap'n."

They obeyed him (there was death in the green eyes and smile), all but one. Captain Benson sprang to his feet with a hand in his breast pocket.

"You scoundrels!" he cried as he drew forth a pistol. "Leave this" — The

speech was stopped by a report, — deafening in the closed-up space, — and Captain Benson fell heavily, his pistol rattling on the floor.

"Shoot me off a yard, will ye?" growled another voice through the smoke. In the after door were more men, the red-haired Seldom Helward in the van, holding a smoking pistol. "Get the gun, one o' you!" he called.

A man stepped past and picked up the captain's pistol, which he cocked.

"One by one," said Seldom, his voice rising to the pitch and timbre of a trumpet-blast, "you men walk out of the forward companion with your hands over your heads. Plug them, Sinful, if two move together, and shoot to kill."

Taken by surprise, the guests, resolute men though they were, obeyed the command. As each rose to his feet, he was first relieved of a bright revolver, which served to increase the moral front of the enemy, then led out to the booby-hatch, on which lay a newly broached coil of hambro-line and a pile of thole-pins from the locker within. Here he was searched again, for jack-knife or brass knuckles, bound with the hambro-line, gagged with a thole-pin, and marched forward — past the prostrate first officer, quiet and pale in the slime, and the agonized second officer, gagged and bound to the fife-rail — to the port forecastle, where he was locked in with the Chinese cook, who, similarly treated, had preceded. The mild-faced steward, weeping now, was sternly questioned, and allowed his freedom on promising not to "sing out" or make trouble. Captain Benson was examined, his injury was diagnosed as brain concussion from the glancing bullet, more or less serious, and he was dragged out to the scuppers and bound beside his unconscious first officer. Then, leaving them to live or die as their subconsciousness determined, the sixteen mutineers sacrilegiously reentered the cabin and devoured the dinner.

When you have cursed, kicked, and

beaten a slave for five months, it is always advisable to watch him for a few seconds after administering correction, to give him time to realize his condition; and when you have carried a revolver in your right-hand trousers pocket for five months, it is advisable occasionally to inspect the cloth of the pocket, to make sure that it is not wearing thin from the chafe of the muzzle. Mr. Jackson had ignored the first rule of conduct; Mr. Becker, the second. Mr. Jackson had kicked Sinful Peck once too often; but not knowing that it was once too often, had immediately turned his back, and received thereat the sharp corner of a bible on his bump of inhabitiveness, — which bump must have responded in its function; for Mr. Jackson showed no immediate desire to move from the place where he fell. Mr. Becker, on his way to the lazaret in the stern for a bucket of sand to assist in the holystoning, had reached the head of the poop steps when this occurred, and, turning at the sound of his superior's fall, bounded to the main deck without touching the steps, reaching for his pistol as he landed, only to pinion his fingers in a large hole in the pocket. Wildly he struggled to reclaim his weapon, down his trousers leg, but he could not reach it; his anxious face betrayed his predicament to the wakening men, and when he looked into Mr. Jackson's pistol, held by Sinful Peck, he submitted to being bound to the fife-rail and gagged with the end of the top-gallant sheet, a large rope which filled his mouth and hurt. Then the firearm was recovered, and the descent upon the dinner-party planned and carried out.

Without the vocal expression of emotion, the conduct of these men, after that good dinner, was somewhat similar to that of a kennel of hunting-dogs loosed after confinement on a fine day. They waltzed, boxed, wrestled, flung each other about the deck, threw handsprings and cartwheels, — those not too weak, — buffeted, kicked, and clubbed the suffer-

ing second mate, reviled and cursed the unconscious captain and chief mate, and when tired of this, as children and dogs of play, they turned to their captives for amusement. The second mate was taken from the fife-rail, with hands still bound, and led to the forecabin; the gags of all and the bonds of the cook were removed, and the forecabin dinner was brought from the galley. This the prisoners were invited to eat. There was a piece of salt beef, boiled a little longer than usual on account of the delay. It was black, brown, green, and iridescent in spots; it was slippery with ptomaines, filthy to the sight, stinking and nauseating. There were potatoes, a year old, shriveled before boiling, hard and soggy, black, blue, and bitter after the process. And there was the usual "weevily hard-tack" in the bread-barge.

Protest was useless. The unhappy captives surrounded that dinner, and, with hands behind their backs and disgust in their faces, masticated and swallowed the morsels which the Chinese cook put to their mouths, while their feelings were further outraged by the hilarity of the men at their backs, and their appetites occasionally jogged into activity by the impact on their heads of a tarry fist or pistol-butt. At last a portly captain began vomiting, and this being contagious the meal ended; for even the stomachs of the sailors were affected.

There were cool heads among that crowd of mutineers, — men who thought of consequences: Poop-Deck Cahill, square-faced and resolute, but thoughtful of eye and refined of speech; Seldom Helward, — who had shot the captain, — a man whose fiery hair, arching eyebrows, Roman nose, and explosive language indicated the daredevil, but whose intelligent though humorous eye gave certain signs of repressive study and thought; and Bigpig Monahan, already described. These three men went into executive session under the break of the poop, to the conclusion that the con-

sul who had jailed them for nothing would probably hang them for this; and, calling the rest to the conference as a committee of the whole, they outlined and put to vote a proposition to make sail and go to sea, leaving the fate of their captives for later consideration, — which was adopted unanimously and with much profanity, the central thought of the latter being an intention to “make ’em finish the holystoning for the fun they had laughing at us.” Then Bigpig Monahan sneaked below and induced the steward to toss through the storeroom deadlight every bottle of wine and liquor which the ship carried.

Six second mates on six American ships watched doubtfully as sails were dropped and yards mastheaded on board the *Almena*, and at last sent six dingies, which could only muster around the mooring-buoy, where a wastefully slipped shot of anchor-chain told that all was not right. But by the time the matter was reported ashore, the *Almena*, having caught the newly arrived southerly wind of the coast, was hull down at sea.

Four days later, one of her boats, containing twelve sore-headed men, with faces disfigured and clothing ruined — particularly about the knees of the trousers — by oily wood pulp, came wearily into the roadstead from the open sea, past the shipping and up to the landing at the custom-house docks. From here the twelve went to the American Consulate and entered bitter complaint of inhuman treatment at the hands of sixteen mutinous sailors on board the *Almena*, — treatment so cruel that they had welcomed being turned adrift in an open boat; whereat the consul, deploring the absence of man-of-war or steamer to send in pursuit, took their individual affidavits; and these he sent to San Francisco, from which point the account of the crime — described as piracy — spread to every newspaper in Christendom.

III.

A northeast gale off Hatteras: immense gray combers, five to the mile, charging shoreward, occasionally breaking, again lifting their heads too high in the effort, truncated as by a knife, and the liquid apex shattered to spray; an expanse of leaden sky showing between the rain-squalls, across which dull background rushed the darker scud and storm-clouds; a passenger steamer rolling helplessly in the trough, and a square-rigged vessel, hove to on the port tack, two miles to windward of the steamer and drifting south toward the storm-centre. This is the picture that the sea-birds saw at daybreak on a September morning; and could the sea-birds have spoken, they might have told that the square-rigged craft carried a navigator who had learned that a whirling fury of storm-centre was less to be feared than the deadly Diamond Shoals — the outlying guard of Cape Hatteras — toward which that steamer was drifting, broadside on.

Square-faced and thoughtful of eye, clad in yellow oilskins and sou’wester, he stood by the after companionway, intently examining through a pair of glasses the wallowing steamer to leeward, barely distinguishable in the half-light and driving spindrift. At the wheel stood a little man, who sheltered a cheerful face under the lee of a big coat collar and occasionally peeped out at the navigator.

“What d’ye make of him, Poop-Deck?” he asked.

“He’s in trouble, Sinful; there goes his ensign — American — union down.”

From a flag-locker within the companionway Poop-Deck drew out the stars and stripes, which he ran up to the monkey-gaff. Then he looked again.

“Down goes his ensign — up goes the code pennant. He wants to signal. Come up here, boys!” he shouted.

As six men who had been pacing the main deck climbed the poop ladder, he bent on the corresponding code signal to the other part of the halyards and ran it up, while the ensign fluttered down. "Go down, one of you," he said, "and get the signal-book and shipping-list. He'll show his number next. Get ours ready, — R. L. F. T."

One of the sailors sprang below for the books named, the others hooked together the flags forming the ship's number, and Poop-Deck resumed the glasses.

"Q. T. F. N.!" he exclaimed. "Look it up."

The books had arrived, and while one man lowered and hoisted again the code signal — which was also the answering pennant — the others pored over the shipping-list.

"Steamer Aldebaran, of New York," they said.

The pennant came down, and the ship's number went up to the gaff.

"H. V.!" called Poop-Deck, as he scanned two flags now flying from the steamer's truck. "What does that say?"

"Damaged rudder — cannot steer," they answered.

"Pull down the number and show the answering pennant. Let's see that signal-book." Poop-Deck turned the leaves, studied a page for a moment, then said, "Run up H. V. R. That says, 'What do you want?' and it's the nearest thing to it."

These flags took the place of the pennant, and Poop-Deck again watched; noting first the steamer's answering signal, then the letters K. R. N.

"What does K. R. N. say?" he asked.

They turned the leaves, and answered, "I can tow you."

"Tow us!" exclaimed three or four together. "We're all right. We don't want a tow. How can he tow us when he can't steer?"

"He wants to tow us so that he *can* steer, you blasted fools," said Poop-

Deck. "He can go where he likes with a big drag on his stern."

"That's so. Where's he bound?"

"Did n't say; but he'll fetch up on the shoals soon, if we don't help."

"Towline's down the fore-peak," said one. "Could n't get it up in an hour," remarked another. "Yes, we can," rejoined a third. Then, all speaking at once, and each raising his voice to its limit, they argued excitedly: "Can't be done — Coil it on the fore-castle — Yes, we can — Too much sea — Run down to windward — Line ud part, anyhow — Float a barrel — Shut up — I tell you we can — Call the watch — Seldom, yer daft — Need n't get a boat over — Hell ye can — Call the boys — All hands with heavin'-lines — Can't back a topsail in this — Go lay down — Soak yer head, Seldom — Hush — Dry up — Nothin' you can't do — Go to hell — I tell you, by God, we can — Do as I say, and we'll get a line to him or get his."

The affirmative speaker, who had also uttered the last declaration, was Seldom Helward. "Put me in command!" he yelled excitedly. "Do what I tell you and we'll make fast to him!"

"No captains here," growled one, while the rest eyed Seldom reprovingly.

"Well, there ought to be. You're all rattled, and don't know any more than to let thousands o' dollars in salvage slip by you."

"Salvage?"

"Yes, salvage. Big boat — full o' passengers and valuable cargo — shoals to looward of him — can't steer. You poor fools, what ails you?"

"Foller Seldom!" vociferated the little man at the wheel. "Foller Seldom and ye'll wear stripes!"

"Shut up, Sinful. Strike the bell. Call the watch, — it's near seven bells."

The uproarious howl with which sailors call the watch below was delivered down the cabin stairs, and soon eight other men came up, grumbling at the premature wakening, while two more

came out of the forecabin and joined one who, during the signaling, had remained forward. Seldom Helward's proposition was discussed noisily in joint session on the poop, and finally accepted.

"We put you in charge, Seldom," said Bigpig Monahan sternly, "against the rule, 'cause we think you've got some good scheme in your head. But if you have n't, — if you make a mess of things just to have a little fun bossin' us, — you'll hear from us. Go ahead, now, you're cap'n."

Seldom climbed to the top of the after house, looked to windward, then to leeward at the rolling steamer, and called out, "I want more beef at the wheel. Bigpig, take it; and you, Turkey, stand by with him. Get away from there, Sinful. Give her the upper main-topsail; the rest of you, and Poop-Deck, you stand by the signal halyards. Ask him if he's got a towline ready."

Protesting angrily at the slight put upon him, Sinful Peck relinquished the wheel and accompanied the others to the main deck. Two men went aloft to loose the topsail, while Poop-Deck examined the signal-book.

"K. S. G. says, 'Have a towline ready.' That ought to do," he said.

"Run it up," ordered the newly installed captain, "and watch his answer."

Up went the signal, and as the men on the main deck were manning the topsail halyards Poop-Deck made out the answer, — V. K. C.

"That means, 'All right,' Seldom," he said, after examining the book.

"Good enough; but we'll get our line ready, too. Get down and help 'em masthead the yard; then take 'em forward and coil the towline abaft the windlass. Get out all the heavin'-lines, too."

Poop-Deck obeyed, and while the main-topsail yard slowly arose to place Seldom himself ran up the answering pennant, and then a repetition of the steamer's last message, "All right."

This was the final signal displayed. It was lowered, and for a half-hour Seldom waited until the others had lifted a nine-inch hawser from the fore-peak and coiled it down. Then came his next orders in a continuous roar: —

"Three hands aft to the spanker sheet — stand by to slack off and haul in. Man braces for wearing ship, the rest o' you. Hard up the wheel. Check in starboard main and cro'jack braces. Shiver the topsail. Slack off that spanker."

His orders were obeyed. The ship paid off, staggered a little in the trough under the right-angle pressure of the gale, swung still farther, and steadied down to a long, rolling motion, dead before the wind, heading for the stern of the steamer. Yards were squared in, the spanker hauled aft, staysail trimmed to port, and all hands waited while the ship charged down the two miles of distance. "Handles like a yacht," muttered Seldom, as, with brow wrinkled and keen eye flashing above his hooked nose, he conned the steering from his place near the mizzenmast.

Three men separated themselves from the rest and came aft. One was tall, broad-shouldered, and smooth-shaven, with a palpable limp; another, short, broad, and hairy, showed a lamentable absence of front teeth; and the third, a blue-eyed man, slight and graceful of movement, carried his arm in splints and sling.

"I wish to protest," said this man as they climbed the poop steps. "I am captain here under the law. I protest against this insanity. No boat can live in such a sea. No help can be given that steamer."

"I bear witness to the protest," said the tall man.

The short, hairy man might also have spoken, but had no time.

"Get off the poop!" yelled Seldom. "Go forrard where you belong!" He stood close to the bucket-rack around the

skylight. Seizing bucket after bucket, he launched them at his visitors, with the result that the big man was tumbled down the poop steps head first, while the other two followed, right side up, but hurriedly, and bearing some sore spots. Then the rest of the men set upon them, much as a pack of dogs might worry strange cats, and kicked and buffeted them forward.

There was not much time for amusement of this sort. Yards were braced to port, for the ship was careering down toward the steamer at a ten-knot rate. Soon black dots on her rail resolved into passengers waving hats and handkerchiefs, and black dots on the boat-deck into sailors standing by the end of a hawser which led up from the bitts below on the fantail. The ship came down until it might have seemed that Seldom's intention was to ram the steamer. But not so; when a scant two lengths separated the two craft, he called out, "Hard down! Light up the staysail sheet and stand by the fore braces!"

Around came the ship on the crest of a sea, sank into the hollow behind, shipped a few dozen tons of water from the next comber, and lay fairly steady with her bows meeting the seas and the huge steamer not a half-length away on the lee quarter. The fore topmast staysail was flattened, and Seldom closely scrutinized the drift and heave of the ship.

"How's your wheel, Bigpig?" he asked.

"Hard down."

"Put it up a little; keep her in the trough."

He noted the effect on the ship of this change; then, as though satisfied, roared out, "Let your fore braces hang forrard there! Stand by heavin'-lines fore and aft! Stand by to go ahead on that steamer when we have your line!" The last injunction, delivered through his hands, went down the wind like a thunder-clap, and the officers on the steamer's bridge,

vainly trying to make themselves heard against the gale, started perceptibly at the impact of sound, and one of them went to the engine-room speaking-tube.

Breast to breast the two vessels lifted and fell. At certain moments, it seemed that the ship was to be dropped bodily on the deck of the steamer; at others, her crew looked up a hundred-foot slope to where the other craft was poised at the crest. Then the steamer would drop, and the next sea would heave the ship toward her. But it was noticeable that every bound brought the ship nearer, and also farther ahead; for the sails were doing their work.

"Kick ahead on board the steamer!" thundered Seldom from his eminence. "Go ahead! Start the wagon — or say your prayers, you blasted idiots!"

The engines were already turning. But it takes time to overcome three thousand tons of inertia, and before the steamer had forged ahead six feet the ship had lifted high above her and descended her black side with a grinding crash of wood against iron. Fore and main channels on the ship were carried away, leaving all lee rigging slack and useless; lower braces caught in the steamer's davit cleats and snapped; but the sails, held by the weather braces, remained full, and the yards did not swing. The two craft separated with a roll, and came together again with more scraping and snapping of rigging. Passengers left the rail, dived indoors, and took refuge on the opposite side, where falling blocks and spars might not reach them. Another leap toward the steamer resulted in the ship's main topgallantmast falling in a zigzag whirl, as the snapping gear aloft impeded it, and, dropping athwart the steamer's funnel, neatly sent the royal yard with sail attached down the iron cylinder, where it soon blazed and assisted the artificial draft in the stoke-hold. Next came the fore topgallantmast, which smashed a couple of boats; then, as the round

black stern of the steamer scraped the lee bow of the ship, jib-guys parted and the jib-boom itself went, snapping at the bowsprit-cap, with the last bite the ship made at the steamer she was helping. But all through this riot of destruction — while passengers screamed and prayed, while officers shouted and swore on the steamer, and Seldom Helward, bellowing insanely, danced up and down on the ship's house, and the hail of wood and iron from aloft threatened their heads — men were passing the towline.

It was a seven-inch steel hawser with a manila tail, which they had taken to the fore topsail sheet bitts before the jib-boom had gone. Panting from their exertions, they watched it lift from the water as the steamer ahead paid out with a taut strain; then, though the crippled spars were in danger of falling and really needed their first attention, they ignored the fact and hurried aft as one man to attend to Seldom.

Encouraged by the objurgations of Bigpig and his assistant, who were steering now after the steamer, they called their late commander down from the house and deposed him in a concert of profane ridicule and abuse, to which he replied in kind. He was struck in the face by the small fist of Sinful Peck, and immediately knocked the little man down. Then he was knocked down himself by a larger fist, and, fighting bravely and viciously, became the object of fist-blows and kicks, until, in one of his whirling staggers along the deck, he passed close to a short, broad, hairy man, who, yielding to the excitement of the moment, added a blow to Seldom's punishment. It was an unfortunate mistake; for he took Seldom's place, and the rain of fists and boots descended on him until he fell unconscious. Mr. Helward himself delivered the last quieting blow, and then stood over him with a lurid grin on his bleeding face.

"Got to put down mutiny though the heavens fall," he said painfully.

"Right you are, Seldom," answered one. "Here, Jackson, Benson, drag him forrard; and, Seldom," he added reprovingly, "don't you ever try it again. Want to be captain, hey? You can't; you don't know enough. You could n't command my wheelbarrow. Here's three days' work to clear up the muss you've made."

But in this he spoke more, and less, than the truth. The steamer, going slowly and steering with a bridle from the towline to each quarter, kept the ship's canvas full until her crew had steadied the yards and furled it. Then, an uncanny appearance of the sea to leeward and a blackening of the sky to windward indicated a too close proximity to the shoals, and probable increase of wind and sea. The steamer waited no longer. With a preliminary blast of her whistle, she hung the weight of the ship on the starboard bridle, gave power to her engines, and rounded to, very slowly, head to sea, while the men on the ship, who had been carrying the end of their hawser up the fore topmast rigging, dropped it and came down hurriedly.

Released from the wind pressure on her strong side, which had somewhat steadied her, the ship now rolled more than she had done in the trough; and with every starboard roll were ominous creakings and grindings aloft. At last came a heavier lurch, and both crippled topmasts fell, taking with them the mizzen topgallantmast. Luckily, no one was hurt, and the men disgustedly cut the wreck adrift, stayed the fore and main masts with the hawser, and, resigning themselves to a large subtraction from their salvage, went to a late breakfast — a savory meal of fried ham and potatoes, hot cakes and coffee, served to sixteen in the cabin, and an unsavory mess of hard-tack hash, with an infusion of burnt bread-crust, peas, beans, and leather, handed, but not served, to three in the forecabin.

Three days later, with Sandy Hook

lighthouse showing through the haze ahead, and nothing left of the gale but a rolling ground-swell, the steamer slowed down, so that a pilot boat's dingey could put a man aboard each craft; and the one who climbed the ship's side was the pilot who had taken her to sea, outward bound, and sympathized with her crew. They surrounded him on the poop and asked for news, while the three men forward looked aft hungrily, as though they would have joined the meeting, but dared not. Instead of giving news the pilot asked questions, which the men answered.

"I knew you'd taken charge, boys," he said at last; "the whole world knows it, and every man-of-war on the Pacific stations is looking for you. But they're looking out there. What brings you round here, dismasted, towing into New York?"

"That's where the ship's bound, New York. We took her out; we bring her home. We don't want her; don't belong to us. We're law-abidin' men."

"Law-abiding men?" asked the amazed pilot.

"You bet. We're goin' to prosecute those dogs of ours forrard to the last limit of the law. We'll show 'em they can't starve and hammer and shoot American citizens just 'cause they've got guns in their pockets."

The pilot looked forward, answered a nod, and asked, "Who's captain?"

"Nobody!" they roared. "Had enough o' captains — This ship's an unlimited democracy — Everybody's just as good as the next man — All but the dogs; they sleep on the bunk-boards, do as they're told, and eat salt mule and dunderfunk, same as we did goin' out."

"Did they navigate for you? Did no one have charge of things?"

"Poop-Deck, here, picked up navigation, and we let him off steerin' and standin' lookout. Then Seldom wanted to be captain just once, and we let him — well, look at our spars."

The pilot looked. Then the men ex-

plained the meeting with the steamer and Seldom's misdoing, and requested information about the salvage laws.

"Boys," said the pilot, "I'm sorry for you. I saw the start of this voyage, and you appear to be decent men. You'll get no salvage; you'll get no wages. You are mutineers and pirates, with no standing in court. Any salvage which the *Almena* has earned will go to her owners, and to the three men whom you deprived of command. What you can get — the maximum, though I can't say how hard the judge will lay it on — is ten years in state's prison and a fine of two thousand dollars each. We'll have to stop at quarantine. Take my advice: if you get a chance, lower a boat and skip."

They laughed at the advice. They had only repressed inhuman brutality.

An hour later the pilot pointed to the *Almena's* number flying from the steamer's truck. "He's telling on you, boys," he said. "He knew you when you helped him, and used you, of course. Your reputation is international and bad. See that signal-station ashore there? You'll find a police boat at quarantine."

He was but partly right. Not only a police boat, but an outward-bound man-of-war and an incoming revenue cutter escorted the ship to quarantine, where the towline was cast off and an anchor dropped. Then, in the persons of a scandalized health officer, a naval captain, a revenue marine lieutenant, and a purple-faced sergeant of the steamboat squad, the power of the law was rehabilitated on the *Almena's* quarter deck, and the strong hand of the law closed down on her unruly crew. With blank faces, they discarded, to shirts, trousers, and boots, the slop-chest clothing which belonged to the triumphant Captain Benson, and descended the side to the police boat, which immediately steamed away. Then a chuckling trio entered the ship's cabin and ordered the steward to bring them something to eat.

Now, there is no record, either in the reports for that year of the police department, or from any official babbling, or from later yarns spun by the sixteen prisoners, of what really occurred on the deck of that steamer while she was going up the bay. Newspapers of the time gave generous space to speculations written up on the facts discovered by reporters; but nothing was ever proven. The facts were few. A tug met the steamer in the Narrows about a quarter to twelve that morning, and her captain, on being questioned, declared that all seemed well with her. The prisoners were grouped forward, guarded by eight officers and a sergeant. A little after twelve, a Battery boatman observed her coming, and hid him around to the police dock to have a look at the murderous pirates he had heard about, only to see her heading up the North River, past the Battery. A watchman on the elevator docks at Sixty-Third Street observed her charging up the river a little later in the afternoon, wondered why, and spoke of it. The captain of the *Mary Powel*, bound up, reported catching her abreast of Yonkers. He had whistled as he passed, and, though no one was in sight, the salute was politely answered. At some time during the night, residents of Sing Sing were wakened by a sound of steam blowing off somewhere on the river; and in the morning, a couple of fishermen, going out to their pond-nets in the early dawn, found the police boat grounded on the shoals. On boarding her they had released a pinioned, gagged,

and hungry captain in the pilot-house, and an engineer, a fireman, and two deck hands, similarly limited, in the lamp-room. They pried open the nailed doors of the dining-room staircase, and liberated a purple-faced sergeant and eight furious policemen, who chased their deliverers into their skiff, and spoke sternly to the working force.

Among the theories advanced was one by the editor of a paper in a small Lake Ontario town, to the effect that it made little difference to a lake sailor whether he shipped as captain, mate, engineer, sailor, or fireman, and that the officers of the New York Harbor Patrol had only underestimated the calibre of the men in their charge, leaving them unguarded while they went to dinner. But his paper and town were small and far away, he could not possibly know anything of the subject, and his opinion obtained little credence.

Years later, he attended as guest a meeting and dinner of the Shipmasters and Pilots' Association of Cleveland, Ohio, when a resolution was adopted to petition the city for a harbor police service. Captain Monahan, Captain Helward, Captain Peck, and Captain Cahill, having spoken and voted in the negative, left their seats on the adoption of the proposition, reached a clear spot on the floor, shook hands silently, and then, forming a ring, danced around in a circle, the tails of their coats standing out in horizontal rigidity, until reproved by the chair.

And the editor knew why.

Morgan Robertson.

DRIFTWOOD.

THE storm was over. Dawn came with a clear sky and no wind. Though a white-streaked, leaping sea still dashed and thundered upon the encircling reef, the water inside was flat and noiseless save for a gentle plashing at its edge. When, with tropic haste, the sun rose and proclaimed the day, the ocean seemed to have forgotten its anger. Beyond the boiling reef it had become a merry dancing sea of sapphires and diamonds, deep blue and sparkling white; inside the barrier it lay a placid zone of cobalt, which gradually turned to green as it neared the shore and the yellow sand showed through it. But on the island the palms were bent and tattered; the foliage of the undergrowth was shriveled and blackened as by a frost; and all along the strand there ran a dark, irregular line of sea-wreck.

A few yards above high-water mark, face downward at the foot of a giant palm, lay a man. One arm rested under his forehead; the other was stretched out before him. Upon the latter a full-rigged ship had been tattooed. His head and feet were bare, and his torn clothes were still wet.

The sun climbed, the heat increased, the frightened birds in the thickets took courage and began to call again, but the man did not move; for he was spent by his struggle with the sea.

Later, a gaudy lowrie shrieking overhead roused him, and he sat up, staring about him with wild, frightened eyes. Then, slowly, painfully, he rose, and limping down to the water, he stood, swaying unsteadily, with one hand shading his weak eyes, and looked anxiously seaward.

Now that the tide was out, he could see the swart, jagged crest of the reef upon which the ship had struck. A flock of sea-birds circled and screamed above it

in one place, but except the birds, the rocks, and the sea there was nothing.

The man sat down heavily, and covered his face with his hands. Again he lifted his head, and gazed sightlessly at the far-away horizon. After a little while a wandering crab caught his attention. He watched it stupidly for a moment; then suddenly pounced upon it, pulled off its claws, and carried it above the tide-mark. Now that the instinct of self-preservation was stirred in him, he began to search for food. Instead of striking into the forest, as a landsman would have done, he clung tenaciously to the one thing he knew and called his friend,—the sea. The tangled underbrush, the shadowy glades, the mysterious noises of the forest, all caused him apprehension; but on the shore, with the sound of the ocean in his ears and the invigorating smell of seaweed in his nostrils, he felt more confidence.

Some rock-oysters, chipped laboriously from the stones uncovered by the tide, appeased his hunger. Water he found in the hollows of the higher rocks. Though the salt spray had mingled with the rain and made it brackish, it contented him.

Strengthened and encouraged by his meal, he washed the sand from his black hair and beard, cleansed his torn hands and feet, and, manlike, began to plan. He would see what material he had at hand, what wreckage had been washed up, and would search for his shipmates who had taken to the boats. It could not be possible that he alone out of all the ship's company had reached the island,—he who had been the last to leave the ship. No, surely he was not alone! Cheered by this new thought, he started hopefully along the beach, turning to the right, with a sailor's way of doing things "with the sun."

The masses of fresh kelp which marked the limit of the sea's late flood were mixed with sponge growths, coral, polyps, shells, sea-fans, and dead fish. The shore was littered with strange things wrenched from the ocean-bed. Sometimes the man stopped and looked at these things curiously, and once he put a lustrous cowrie in his pocket.

As he walked on and on, however, such objects ceased to interest him; for he was seeking wreckage and his fellow men, and he found neither. At every point that cut off his view he would say, "I shall see them when I round that," and he would put forth all his strength to reach it; but each time he stood at the turn and opened a new prospect, disappointment awaited him.

The day wore on, and he became very weary. His limping gait grew slower and slower. His head dropped on his chest. A wide bay, without a cheering sign, had to be skirted before he could reach the next cape; and he felt that he could not go much farther.

Presently, a long white object lay at his feet, and with a cry of joy he opened his half-shut eyes. It was an oar. He looked eagerly round for the boat to which it belonged; but no boat was to be seen, neither was there a footprint nor any trace that one had landed there.

"Capsized!" he muttered despondently, and shouldering the oar he limped on.

He had gone but a short distance, however, when he stopped again. This time it was before a "fancy" ship's bucket. The wood was white, the hoops were blue, and the rope handle was an elaborate piece of sailor handiwork. As he turned it over thoughtfully with his foot, he started; for he saw that the name painted upon it was not the name of his ship, but that of another vessel. Then he dropped the oar, and found that it too was branded with the strange name.

"D-r-u-i-d, Druid," he said. "My God! Then there were two wrecks!" After a pause he continued: "And only

one man saved! Ha! ha! ha! What a joke! Ha! ha!" and he broke into shouts of hoarse laughter.

Suddenly his unnatural merriment ended; for far down the beach, near to the water's edge, there was a dark something that moved. Though at the moment it was still, the man could have sworn that he had seen it stir, and was instantly filled with a vague fear. Rigid and breathless, he stood and watched the thing. It moved again. Then, cautiously, with mingled feelings of curiosity, fear, and hope, the man approached it. At one moment it looked like a roll of seaweed, at another a seal, and at yet another a human body. As he got nearer, he saw that a rocking motion was given to the thing by an occasional wave that ran up higher than its fellows, and that the thing itself was a woman.

Forgetting his weariness and pain, the man ran; then stopped, looking down with dismay at the piteous heap before him. The woman lay on her side in a little bed which the weight of her body and the incoming waves had made in the sand; her face and hands were pallid, her lips were set, and her long brown hair was spread upon the beach like a delicate seaweed. About her waist two life-belts had been securely lashed, and from her neck there hung by a silken string a small chamois bag.

As the man bent over her he was filled with pity, and tears rolled down his cheeks, — tears that were partly for her, and partly for his lonely self. Why, oh why, had she not lived? He touched her cold hands and face, placed his ear to her mouth, but could detect no life. On a sudden a new hope sprang within him, and, growing strong with it, he lifted the woman in his arms and staggered up the beach, where he laid her down in the warm sand, out of the reach of the sea.

Quickly loosing the life-belts from about her waist, he found to his delight that she was still warm. Though she was apparently drowned, life was not ex-

tinnet, and, with a sailor's knowledge, he began at once to practice the methods used to produce artificial breathing. He worked with grim, deliberate perseverance, until she breathed naturally; then he restored warmth and circulation by stones which had lain in the sun and by rubbing. At last the woman opened her large blue eyes, and gazed wonderingly into the man's eager face. Then she closed them again and fell asleep. With a great joy in his heart the man rose, and went away to collect shellfish; for he knew now that the woman would not die.

After the castaways had lived upon rock-oysters and cocoanuts for two days the man made a fire-drill, and by dint of much labor produced fire, which he kept burning day and night. With a sharp stone he hewed out a rude spear for spearing fish, and a throwing-stick to kill the many tame birds that flew about the island. Turtle eggs he found in a cove near by, and in the forest an abundance of yams and plantains. When there was no longer any need of being anxious about food, he built the woman a little hut of boughs, so that she might be sheltered from the heavy rains and be alone.

The woman, however, grieved exceedingly, and would not be comforted. All day she sat in the shadow of the palms, staring at the sea. Though she tried to be brave before the man, he would often return from hunting or fishing to find her weeping bitterly.

Fearful that she would go mad or die, he tried to distract her by seeking her advice and help. He taught her to twist cocoa fibre into strings and ropes, to make a net from the same material; he stripped the life-belts of their canvas coverings, and asked her to make him a coat; he took her with him to the cove for turtle eggs and to the forest for fruit, making pretense always that he needed her assistance. And ever he spoke in strong, hopeful words of the future.

Some day, he told her, a ship would come and carry them away from their island prison. So cheery, so full of faith was he that she came to believe him; whereupon her grief abated and her courage came back.

One day he came to her and said, "On the other side of the island I have found a better place to live than this. There is plenty of good water and fruit, and a high cliff from which to keep a lookout; and a signal-fire lighted on the cliff could be seen for thirty miles. Shall we go?"

The woman's eyes brightened, and she said, "Yes! yes! Let us go at once."

When they reached the new place, and the woman saw the cliff, the crystal rivulet that went singing across the yellow sand to the sea, and the wealth of gay, perfume-laden flowers that decked the slope, she cried, "Oh, how beautiful!" For the first time since she had been upon the island she smiled.

As soon as they were settled in their new camp the man began to build a huge bonfire on the bald summit of the cliff. As all the wood had to be carried from below, and as he had neither axe nor knife to aid him, the task was a long and hard one. He laid alternate layers of dry wood and green branches, so that the fire, when lighted, should send up a column of black smoke. It took him three weeks to raise the pile to the size he wanted, and during this time the woman helped him bundle the wood and cooked their simple meals.

When the great work was finished and ready for the torch, they went up and looked at it admiringly, and both were filled with eager hopefulness. They felt now that they were ready for the ship; that when she came they should be seen and saved.

Each morning and evening they climbed to their lookout, the man carrying a large bundle of sticks, the woman a small one; for it pleased them to increase the size of their beacon. Panting they would reach

the top, and, dropping their burdens, seat themselves in the cool breeze of the height, to scan the horizon and anticipate the coming of the ship. Sometimes they speculated upon her, — wondered from which direction she would come, whether she would be a steamer or a sailing vessel, and whither she would take them. The ship, indeed, was the one theme of their conversation, their one and only hope, their future.

Time went on, the weeks grew to months, but no vessel appeared. Such was their faith, however, that they did not cease to believe, nor stop adding fuel to their great unlighted beacon. In this common work and faith, in spite of daily disappointment, they drew closer together, and were strangely content. Plain food, physical labor, and an open-air life brought the color back to the woman's cheeks, gave health and vigor to both man and woman. Laughter came to their lips easily, gladness to their eyes; they sang as they worked, went hand in hand through the forest plucking flowers, and, as though by magic, became children again.

They deceived themselves into thinking that these things were born of sympathy and their mutual interest. Yet, notwithstanding this, there was one subject which they guiltily avoided, — the past. In the beginning the past had been their chief topic, but as the months went by they tacitly agreed to bury it.

The man, being an ingenious, handy fellow, made tools out of the iron hoops of the bucket he had found, and with them manufactured many things that they needed. Before the rainy season set in he built a stone house for the woman, which he made waterproof with a thatch of reeds; and for himself he hollowed out a little cave at the foot of the cliff. As soon as these things were accomplished he set to work making a bark canoe, for he wished to search the barrier reef for wreckage.

In everything they did, however, nei-

ther the man nor the woman forgot that their work was but a makeshift, — that it was merely to tide them over until they were rescued. Nor did they cease to climb the cliff morning and evening, nor to add continually to their monster signal, nor to plan for the coming of the ship.

And in all they undertook, all their plans and anticipations, they found a happiness which constantly brought them nearer and nearer together.

By the calendar which the man had scratched upon the smooth surface of a rock, the castaways had been imprisoned by the sea nearly five months before the awakening came. Then, one day, while he was gathering fruit, he looked out over the ocean and saw a great white vessel standing close in to the island. Thereupon he ran down quickly to the beach where the woman was, crying joyously, "The ship! The ship!"

When she saw it she laughed and cried by turns. For a moment they stood holding each other's hands very tightly, and looking rapturously at this the realization of their one hope.

Their ship had come at last!

Then the man plucked a burning brand from the camp-fire, and ran with all his speed up the winding pathway they had worn to the beacon. On the way he snatched a handful of dry grass, with which to kindle the blaze. Excited, breathless, and flushed, he impatiently shook himself clear of the view-destroying underbrush, and reached the hilltop. The vessel was then almost abreast of the cliff, and so near that he could look down and see people upon her deck.

Realizing that no time was to be lost, the man knelt hurriedly at the foot of the bonfire, thrust the dry grass beneath a mass of small dead wood, and began to blow the smoking firebrand into life. At the third puff, however, he stopped; his hands fell limply at his sides; his face became contorted, and he shrank back from the pile, shuddering. For at

that moment there came to him knowledge, and with it fear. He knew then that he loved the woman, and he knew that the lighting of the fire meant separation. Fearfully he laid the brand down; then rose and edged away from it as though it were a snake.

"I will not! I will not!" he muttered fiercely. "I will tell her the brand went out."

After a brief struggle, however, the man's better nature asserted itself, and he came back. With a trembling hand he again lifted the fire-stick. Once more the charcoal glowed; once more he was on the point of sending aloft the signal. But as he hesitated he heard quick steps behind him, and a sound, — half cry, half

sob. He turned, and saw that it was the woman.

Now, when the man and the woman looked into each other's eyes they understood all. With a smile upon her love-illuminated face, the woman lifted the fire-brand and threw it into the sea beneath them. Then the man opened his arms, and the woman came to them.

And there at the edge of the cliff, with their signal-fire behind them, these two, who had drifted so strangely together, stood and watched the ship sail away. A thin haze rolling up from the southward soon enveloped the vessel. She became a phantom shape, then a thin dark line, which grew fainter and fainter, and finally disappeared.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh.

THE TINKLING SIMLINS.

It was admitted that there was no other man around North Pass who could get together so good a force of berry-pickers as Abe Tweedy, — or Twiddy, as he was known by word of mouth. He went out into the wilds of Johnson County to engage them in April; imported them to the Floyd farm, near the pass, in May, when strawberries were beginning to ripen; and "bossed" them with forceful patience and suavity until the last blackberry was off the vines in August. The inhabitants of "old John-sing" were a lawless people in those days, but it was Tweedy's boast that in ten years there had been no "killings" in his gang, and scarcely ever a fight or a drawn knife, while the quarreling was only enough to give a little human interest to the long, hard seasons. Year after year the same families joined his force. Friendships or jealousies which had been interrupted during the winter began afresh along the strawberry rows, and ran their course from the bleak, chilly,

showery days when Tweedy kindled a bonfire on the edge of the field, so that his gang could warm its numbed hands and dry its dew-drenched clothing, to other days of perfect sunshine and delight; and on to others still, when the aroma of the raspberries hung like an overpowering incense in the quivering air, and Tweedy advised the pickers to put moist raspberry leaves in their hats and bonnets to keep off the sun.

It was the beginning of such a day of fainting heat, and Tweedy had made the rounds of the field with a water-bucket and a dipper. He passed over a little rise of ground, and found himself near a girl who had fairly buried her head in the waving branches of a tall raspberry bush, and was searching for the great, red, perfect berries which grow beneath the leaves.

"Fine warm day," he said, setting down the bucket, and taking off his hat to wipe his forehead. The girl did not seem to hear, so he stood a moment

looking at her. Her skirt was soaked to the waist with the heavy dew which shimmered on the leaves and berries, her sleeves were wet to the shoulders and clung about her strong round arms, and even the ruffle of her sunbonnet was limp from brushing against the vines. It was very early although it was so warm. The sun was low in the east, and its light fell in an almost level flood of gold across the tops of the vines, which were all staked and trained high, so that the field looked like a vineyard. Far away toward the horizon, the morning shadows were still lurking among the wild blue hills. It seemed a pity that the girl should be soaked with dew and have her head buried in a raspberry bush. Tweedy tried a new tone. "Look out you pick them berries clean, Cynthy Lence," he said.

She straightened herself, and pushed her bonnet back from a calm-looking face with moist curls flattened against the temples. "'Pears to me, when I stand on my haid in a bush, it's a sign I'm searchin' pretty close for 'em," she answered, freeing the curls with her hand.

Tweedy lifted the dripping dipper out of the bucket and held it toward her. "I knowed you would n't stop workin' long enough to take a drink 'less'n I faulted yore work," he said. "It ain't my place, as boss, to make a fuss about anybody's doin' too much; but jus' countin' myself as Abe Twiddy, I cain't sense why you drive yoreself so hard. If you want to show that you can pick two boxes to Buck Anderson's one, you done that long ago."

The girl had come a step toward him to take the dipper, but her hand dropped and she did not take it.

"Pshaw!" he said, holding it out further. She shook her head. "Pshaw!" he repeated, "you're the faithfulest worker I've got in this field; you don't need any boss, an' someway I cain't never count myself as anything but Abe Twiddy when I'm talkin' to you. . . . Stan'

still a minute; it's bound to be said. I cain't help seein' that you-uns is workin' yoreself so unmerciful jus' because Buck Anderson married that old Widder Tate instead of you. He's a heap sorrier about it 'n you be, an' she's run him right up agin the wall, too; he das n't lift a eyelash 'less'n she says, 'Eyelashes up!' like we used to play. It don't look to me like there's the stuff in him for a girl to keer so much about."

The girl was looking at him so steadily that he began to hesitate. "You see, Cynthy, I'm a mighty old acquaintance of yorn," he apologized. "I been bossin' you now since you was jus' big enough to stan' under the raspberry vines an' pull the berries off'n the low branches; they mos'ly went into yore mouth, too. Now don't it look like it was tol'able nateral I should take an interest?"

She smiled at him with a sparkle of resentment in her eyes. "Nobody's keepin' you from takin' an interest, if you want to," she said. "I don't keer."

All the rugged lines in Tweedy's face took a sudden downward turn. He was not used to finding himself of small account, and if any one who cared had been watching him, it would have been evident that he was not only perplexed, but pained. At last he picked up the water-bucket and started along the row, but, pausing, looked at the girl again. She had bent into the bush once more, and he went slowly away, feeling as if he had lost something there among the raspberry leaves.

The heat grew more oppressive as the day went on, and Tweedy noticed the listless, sullen spirit of his gang. The talk and laughter which usually passed between the rows died out, and only an angry mother raised her voice now and then to threaten a child, or Buck Anderson's wife (still known as "the Widow Tate") was heard railing at her husband. Tweedy himself was indefatigable in good works and in good cheer. He took the heavy hand-crates from the red-faced,

panting children who were carrying them to the shed, and, as he passed, he stopped to joke with the row of old women who were playing truant openly and smoking their pipes in the shadow of a tree. But his jokes fell back on him like those of an actor who is facing a stolid house. There was no air stirring, the weight of the atmosphere rested heavy on the field, and all the time he was thinking of Cynthia with her head hidden in the raspberry bush. Again and again he started to go to see if she still had it there; but talking to her seemed so useless that he did not go until the whole force worked its way over the knoll which had separated her from the others, and he caught sight of her only a few bushes beyond the place where she had been before. She was picking as slowly and wearily as any of the rest, and he hurried toward her, reproaching himself for having taunted her. After all, it was quite as much a pity for her to work slowly as to work swiftly on account of a man like Anderson, and he was ready to tell her so, when he noticed that Anderson and his wife were picking on the row next hers. Through all the season he had been quietly keeping them at a distance from her, but that morning she had come into the field so much earlier than any one else that she had already passed over the knoll when the others began, and so he had been careless in giving out the rows. Anderson's black head and thin shoulders were moving rapidly toward Cynthia, but his wife had come to a full stop, and was staring over the bushes at the girl, with a pair of cold blue eyes. Tweedy knew that the Widow Tate had more than once drawn a knife and attacked persons against whom she had a prejudice; and as she finally strode forward from one bush to another, he fancied he could see the swing of a knife in the limp folds of her gown; his thoughts followed her with foreboding, even while he called himself a fool, and took off his hat and fanned himself

as if fanning up a new idea. The widow seemed to have seen all she wished to see of Cynthia, however, and Tweedy drew a breath of relief as he saw her fill the last box in her hand-crate and start off toward the shed. Tweedy hurried away, too, suddenly realizing that he was not plain "Abe Twiddy," but a boss, and that this would be a good time to do a little bossing in the parts of the field at a distance from Cynthia; he called them "the far parts of the field."

Meanwhile, the pickers moved slowly along their rows, and the sun rose slowly higher and shot its rays at them with greater force. Cynthia could feel the sharp impact of the heat upon her head; she could feel, too, the strange piercing of an unseen steady gaze. Thinking the Widow Tate might still be looking at her, she tried to keep her own eyes doggedly upon her work; but at last she glanced up, and saw the widow's sunbonnet just passing out of sight on its way to the shed. It was Buck Anderson who was looking at her. She had not seen him so close at hand for nearly a year, and his haggard face startled her. It did not seem possible that this was the man with whom she had gayly "raced the field" last season; for though he might not have been a strong man then, he had been free and light-hearted. She had never seen a human soul in punishment before, and she took an involuntary step toward him, wonder and pity in her eyes.

Anderson glanced over his shoulder to be sure that his wife was out of sight, and then hurried toward her, shaking as if he had a chill.

"I've wanted a chance to talk to you," he began in a husky voice. "I pretty nigh died las' winter, an' I'll die this winter, so I can talk where a well man would be obleeged to keep his mouth shet. After I had axed you-uns, an' you would n't have me, Cynthia, I was plumb wild; I did n't keer what I did, an' I jus' got married out of devil-

ment, because I knowed folkses would say I'd throwed you-uns over to git the Widder Tate's wheat farm in the bottoms; an' I 'lowed it would spite you to have the name o' bein' cut out by the widder. I reckon she took me because she had seed how fast I could work, an' she allowed I'd make a right good hand on her farm an' hyar in the berry fields before wheat harvest; but she drove me too hard. I took a cold last winter" — He stopped with a sort of gasp from having said so much and spoken so rapidly. He seemed to have very little strength, and Cynthia noticed that he reeled slightly and put his hand to his head before he went on, while his eyes sought hers with a weak man's longing for compassion. "She drove me to work when I was n't fit," he began again, trying hard not to make each word an appeal. "I had had pneumony, an' goin' out like that I pretty nigh died."

Cynthia was struggling against the shock of the change in him. Her eyes roamed out across the field as she listened to his nervous, hurrying voice, and half consciously she noted how many of the pickers had stopped work to stare across the walls of shimmering green, and wonder what her old lover was saying to her while his wife was gone. They were all like Tweedy: they thought that she had been mourning for him. She was glad that it was she who had borne the humiliation of their sympathy instead of Anderson, yet she resented their inquisitive interest and their theories. It was not her fault that a man too slight for her to love had loved her, though perhaps, if she had been thinking less of other things, she might have seen that he cared for her, and have kept him from caring quite so much; but she had thought of nothing except to be the best and swiftest picker in Abe Tweedy's gang.

"What made you work when you was n't fit?" she asked.

Anderson shook his head. "You-uns

could n't onderstand it," he said wearily. "You-uns is one of the sort that jus' goes as they please, an' don't gee nor haw when folkses jerk the lines; but I'm mighty tender to the bit. I don't know how she did it, but she jus' slipped a curb into my mouth the first day, an' she's been a-gee-hawin' an' a-whippin' me up ever since. I 'lowed I would n't git the chance to say airy word to you-uns before I was drove onderground, an' I wanted to tell you that I only married for devilment, an' she's paid me out, — that's all."

He stopped, but his hollow, sorrowful eyes still lingered on the girl's face, and, for the first time in her life, her heart admitted the claim of his unanswered love. Even his weakness suddenly became sacred from the judgment of her strength. Her face grew full of sorrow for him, but though her lips moved once or twice, she could not find a word to say. The silence of the breathless morning was so deep that she could almost hear what two women were whispering together in a row near by.

"Oh," Anderson began again in his hoarse, eager voice, "you don't lay up no grudge agin me, do you? I did it for devilment, but I've been paid out a'ready; an' when I think I've got to go on an' live with her till I die, an' have her stand by me then an' shet my eyes, I reckon I'll have paid more than the little spite it was to you to have a man you did n't keer for throw hisse'f away."

Cynthia went a step closer to him, regardless of the sharp laugh with which the women ended their conference in the other row. Her heart seemed to beat itself against a barrier of wordlessness. "Buck," she said, "I'm mighty sorry for you, an' if I've ever laid up any grudge or keered a little, it ain't anything beside what you've been through; an' I'll say it before my Maker, it's all my fault. I — I wisht there was something I could do."

Anderson looked at her, wondering if all the feeling in her face could be for him; and when he saw it really was for him, a sob came up into his throat, and with a single broken word he went back to his row.

Just then Tweedy came along, his water-bucket swinging at his side. "What's the matter?" he asked Cynthia. "You've scarcely moved a foot since I was talkin' to you an hour ago."

She smiled a little, and there was still something tender in her eyes. "'Pears to me you-uns is mighty hard to please to-day, Mr. Twiddy," she replied. "A hour ago you was faultin' me 'cause I picked too fast."

"Well, you *was* pickin' too fast," he said, and his voice was testy; "thar's a gait betwixt runnin' yore head off an' standin' still."

He had never spoken like that to her before, and she looked at him with a startled face. "I was tryin' to please you-uns," she began, — "that is, in the first place. Jus' the las' few minutes I been talkin' to Buck Anderson."

"So I've heard an' seen," he said. "The word of it is clear acrost the field."

Her features hardened. "An' you come acrost to stop it?" she inquired.

"Well, bein' the boss, I naterally have to come this way once in a while," he returned evasively, stooping to pull off a red berry she had missed. It did not prove to be as ripe as he had thought. He jerked at it until it crumbled in his hand, and then laughed as he threw the pieces away. She watched him scornfully, but when he finally looked up at her, though his lips still laughed, his eyes were as frank and steady as her own. "I'm in an awkward place, Cynthia," he said. "I know you think I meddle too much, an' yet I'm bound to keep things as quiet an' peaceable as I can; an' somehow, I'm bound likewise to keep you from trouble, if I can. I know you call it yore own business if

you choose to pass a word with Buck, same as if he was any other man, an' so 't is; an' yet this whole field has got its eyes open a-watchin', so whatever the Widder Tate don't see, she'll hear. You don't know her the way I do. I room next 'em in the barracks, an' I hear her goin' for him nights. She's the illest-natured woman I ever met up with, an' if she gets a notion that you an' him is takin' notice again, thar'll be the devil to pay. I wisht you'd promise me, Cynthia, not to speak him airy other word."

The girl shut her lips. "If thar's the devil to pay, I reckon them that owes him'll have to do it. I ain't never had no dealin's with him," she said.

"But that's the trouble with the old boy, Cynthia," the foreman explained. "He jus' collects whar he has a mind to, without lookin' at his books. An' thar's another thing, — though it ain't easy for a man to name it to a honest girl that he's seed growin' up right out of the shadder of the vines, the way you have: even if the widder did n't jump on you with a knife some time when you was n't lookin', thar's nothin' like a fieldful of long-tongued berry-pickers to blacken a girl's name."

Cynthia set her hand-crate down very slowly under the bushes, and her hands fell by her sides. "Oh, Mr. Twiddy," she said, "do you think I keer? If they can make me black so easy, I'd ruther be made black an' have it done. I don't reckon such kind o' talk as theirn'll be heard at the jedgment seat more 'n the rattlin' of a dry ole las' year's simlin full o' seeds. You know what the Bible says about them that have not charity, — they are become as soundin' brass an' tinklin' simlins. What do I keer if all their round simlin heads bob up an' rattle together all acrost the field?"

"Sist!" whispered Tweedy. There was a murmur in the air as if a breeze had arisen to shake all the pickers'

tongues. Here and there heads leaned across rows to meet heads leaning from the other side. Some were turned to look at Cynthia and Tweedy, and at Anderson, who was walking in a queer dazed way beside his row, and picking scarce a berry. Others were looking with interest at the Widow Tate, as she marched heavily and slowly down the path from the shed.

Cynthia's lips curved disdainfully. "They had ought to thank me an' Buck," she said. "They ain't feelin' half so played out with the heat as they was a hour ago."

"Pore child!" Tweedy sighed, as if he were summing up all her waywardness and his pity for her. "You don't mind it very much now, an' you don't need to, 'cause it'll die out if it ain't fed; but cain't you pictur' how it ud be if it kep' on? I've had flies buzz about my head till I was nigh distracted, but I suppose you think it ud bemean you to take notice of a fly."

"I've heard 'em," Cynthia said. "They've kep' a-buzzin' in my ears jus' the way you-uns does, an' whenever I brushed 'em off they'd come right back. Mr. Twiddy, you-uns is so skeered o' people's tongues, don't you reckon yore gang'll be puttin' our names together if you spen' so much time bossin' me, when I'm knowed to be the best an' fastest picker in the field?"

Her tone stung Tweedy, and for a moment a glow of resentment tried to fight its way through the sunburn on his face; but as he stared at her, seeking for a retort, and yet uncertain whether to retort or to turn on his heel, something spoke to him out of the unchanging depths of his tenderness for her, and he understood the burning of injustice, the suffering, and the humiliation which held council behind her curving lips and brightened eyes. The anger died out of him, just as discord gives way to silence or to something sweeter, and he looked at the girl in a way that she could not

understand. And yet there was nothing he could say to her, and he turned away, leaving her wishing that he had spoken, so that her own words might not sound so clearly in her ears.

The ripe berries were gleaming conspicuously along the row where Buck Anderson had hurried forward without picking them, and Tweedy, in his official character, could not pass them by. He walked swiftly from bush to bush, sweeping off a berry here and there as he passed, until he had a handful of the red, fragrant, half-melting jewels with which to accuse Anderson's carelessness; but Anderson was nowhere to be seen. Tweedy went on, glancing between the bushes; for he expected to find Buck stooping somewhere out of sight, picking from the low branches. Along the row from the other end the Widow Tate was approaching; she was looking for Anderson, too, her hard eyes resting an instant on every bush, seeking for some stir among the leaves. Presently she hurried forward, calling loudly, "What's the matter with you? What you doin' down thar?"

Tweedy came up and found her standing beside Anderson, who had fallen between the bushes and lay in their shadow. Something of the green tint of the leaves was on his face, and he looked as if he were dead, but the widow did not kneel to touch him; she only bent, looking a little closer, and stirred him with her foot, repeating her questions.

Tweedy stooped, and passed a hand across his head and felt above his heart.

The widow straightened up and folded her arms. "He's only playin' off," she said. "He does hit when he gits tired o' work."

Several of the pickers had already gathered, and were elbowing one another around the two bushes which sheltered Anderson, but they waited for Tweedy to speak.

"I reckon it's sunstroke," Tweedy said. "We'll carry him straight to the

barracks, Mis' Anderson, an' put him in wet blankets. I don't know what the chances are, but I'm afeard" — He reached out for his water-bucket, and dashed its contents over Anderson's head and face.

"Oh, he'll git well," the woman said in her harsh voice, which was sometimes more cruel than her thought. "Hit takes a mighty little to git him down, an' a mighty lot to git him up; but he'll git well, an' I'll have him to nuss all through wheat harvest."

Cynthia had come up with the others, and when she saw Anderson the sunken blankness of his features appealed to all in her that was strongest and most gentle. After his wife had spoken there was a moment of silence, and then Cynthia leaned toward Tweedy and said very slowly and clearly, "Let me watch beside him, so he'll not wake up to be twitted with the trouble that he's made. I'll take keer of him if he lives, an' if he don't live I'll not begrudge the time it took me to shet his eyes."

So many people had heard her that Tweedy could not ignore what she had said. "Don't be foolish, Cynthy," he answered quietly, although he felt outraged by her folly. "Mis' Anderson ain't goin' to grudge nothin' to the pore feller, now he's down. If you want to help, run to the shed and tell Mr. Floyd to send a man on horseback after the doctor."

Cynthia beckoned to a boy, and sent him on the errand. Some of the men helped Tweedy to lift Anderson and carry him down the row; most of the pickers followed, and, with the green barriers on either hand to prevent straggling, the little procession started to leave the field. Cynthia fell into the line, but Anderson's wife stood at one side, like a spectator, her face and figure quite rigid except for the slow swelling of the veins upon her forehead. A report that she had stayed behind reached Tweedy, and he halted. "Come on, Mis' Anderson,

an' git things ready for him!" he called back, trying to make his tone ignore Cynthia's interference; and then, more sharply, as the woman did not stir, "Come on!"

She came on with long, cumbrous strides, overtaking the bearers just as they left the field. "You-uns need n't call *me*, Abe Twiddy," she said, stepping into the foreman's path and confronting him with a heavy, quivering face, — "you-uns need n't call me to come an' nuss a man that married me to be took keer of, when his pore trifflin' heart was bound up in Cynthy Lence. I've seed him stan' an' look at her acrost the rows. He would have took up with her soon or late, an' now that she's spoke like she did to spite me, I make her a free gift of him, alive or dead." She turned on Cynthia, who had come forward, with her head raised and her eyes sparkling, as if to accept the gift. "Oh, I know what's kep' you-uns from lookin' at him or speakin' to him all the season," she cried, — "you-uns has been afeard o' *me*; but now I take all these men an' women to witness that you need n't be afeard o' me no more. I'm goin' back to the bottoms to harvest my wheat, an' I make you-uns a free gift of him. Look at him, an' see if hit don't do you proud to git what you been seekin' fur so long."

Tweedy's eyes took fire. "Go," he said, — "go, Mis' Anderson, an' don't bring yore black heart acrost my path agin. You-uns has been tired o' yore bargain these months back, an' now yo're makin' a girl's quick speech the *excuse* for throwin' off what you don't want onto her, an' tryin' to put a slur onto her at the same time. I know yore kind. You git mad, an' then you make yore temper serve yore turn. Take yoreself out o' this field, but don't you let man, woman, or child hear you say that you gave yore husband to Cynthy Lence, or I'll see to it that yore tongue's stiffened so you cain't say it agin. I give you-uns, an' all you-uns that's listenin', to

understand that, alive or dead, Buck Anderson is lef' with me."

He started forward, leaving the woman glowering after him on the edge of the field. Some of the pickers stayed with her, talking in an eager group; the others followed more silently toward the barracks. Cynthia walked beside Tweedy. "I thank you-uns for closin' her mouth," she said, "but I want to take keer of Buck, jus' the same."

"You can't," said Tweedy shortly.

"But I want to," the girl insisted. "I—I owe it to him, Mr. Twiddy."

Tweedy had borne a great deal that day; the last shred of his patience was worn through, and his personal feeling was mingled in such an inextricable tangle with his duty that it seemed useless for him to try to tell what was the right thing to do, or to make a stand for doing it, even if he could decide. The girl was her own keeper, after all. "You know what yo're askin', an' what it means?" he said.

"I know that I 'm askin' to do the las' thing that one human can do for another, Mr. Twiddy," Cynthia answered, looking at him as if she had suddenly grown older than he. "You-uns knows that Buck Anderson ain't goin' to git well."

Tweedy was too human and too sorely tried to rise to what she asked of him. "We'll take him to his room, an' turn the widder's things out of it," he said gruffly, "an' you-uns can do as you please about sittin' thar an' keepin' watch."

"Thank you, Mr. Twiddy," the girl said, with a deference that was galling after she had made her point.

When they reached the long, many-roomed shed known as the barracks, Tweedy turned upon his troop of curious-eyed, pushing, busy-tongued retainers, almost as if he saw for the first time that they had left the field. "We don't want no crowdin' an' gabblin' here," he said sharply. "Me an' Cynthia is all that 's needed, an' out yonder

the berries are meltin' on the vines. Go back to yore rows an' work yore peartest till I come an' give you the news. If the Widder Tate is hangin' around, tell her to yoke up her oxen an' git. She'll find her plunderment lyin' here outside the door." He and the men who were helping him laid Anderson down on a straw pallet, and then he started off to the well for water to keep up the cold drenching which had been his first thought in the field; the others went with the retreating gang of pickers back to their work.

As Cynthia watched them go, and waited for Tweedy to come back with his unfailing, practical water-buckets, she seemed bitterly unneeded. Anderson might never return to consciousness; and even if he wakened, the mere absence of his wife would be more than he had hoped for as a final grace. The murmuring of voices died away as the pickers ambled out of her hearing, but she knew that, freed from Tweedy's presence and her own, every tongue was unbridled out there among the raspberries. In spite of Tweedy's championship there would be no more escape from comment than from the heat that was glimmering everywhere, — over the green fields and the dry ploughed ground, and far over the faint, quivering, shadowless hills. Even the few, like Tweedy, who would take her part against the others would be convinced that she had defied Anderson's wife from love of Anderson; and as she stood there waiting, she went down into that place of regret and futile rebellion where generous natures sometimes pay the price of their unselfishness, and the tears that start burning toward the eyelids freeze before they fall. Then Tweedy came hurrying from the well, and the fight for Anderson's useless life began.

The doctor came late and went quickly, leaving no encouragement behind him; and as all effort to revive Anderson grew into the conscientious formality with

which the living strive to detain the dying, even when their engagement with death is inevitable, Tweedy, in his turn, began to feel useless in the room. The persistence with which Cynthia knelt beside the unconscious man compelled Tweedy to defer to her, and he left her frequently, to go out and supervise the field. In one of his absences Cynthia heard a stir outside, and, glancing up, saw the Widow Tate and a few companions coming up the slope toward the barracks, trying to prod the inertia out of a pair of oxen who had been in pasture and were loath to change their way of life. Cynthia did not look again, but she was acutely conscious of every motion that was made and every word that was spoken while the oxen were yoked to a heavy lumber wagon, and the scanty and disordered furnishings outside the door were gathered up. A shadow darkened the doorway, and the girl knew that some one was standing there with arms akimbo, and looking at her. Other shadows came in silence; then there was a hoarse laugh, they all turned away, and Cynthia heard the widow clamber into her wagon and crack her whip like a man; the wagon-wheels began to creak, and finally to rattle, as the weight of the wagon urged the oxen into a rapid pace downhill.

Twilight fell at last like an absolution for the tortured spirit of the day. Even the voices of the pickers were hushed to a sort of peace, as they straggled in from work, and began to build little outdoor fires that sparkled brightly in front of the barracks, under the shadow of the trees. The women bent over the fires, cooking, and voice called to voice, asking or offering the commonplace services of life, but with unusual gentleness, as people speak when at any moment a guest may enter. Tweedy neither stayed long with Cynthia nor was long absent, but guarded her in every way and saw that she needed nothing. When twilight had changed to night, and the little evening

fires had all gone out, except here and there a coal that blinked like a red glow-worm in the dark, he stood beside her for a little while, looking down at her and at Anderson. The thought of himself had yielded utterly to a great compassion for the sad ending of their love. Anderson would die that night, and he could not bear that Cynthia should feel that even the kindest eyes were watching her, unless she wished it, when the final renunciation came.

"Do you want me to stay with you?" he asked, after a time. "If I don't stay, I'll be right next door, an' I'll hear if you even tap on the wall. I thought perhaps you'd rather be alone."

As the girl looked up at him, the lamp-light glistened upon teardrops in her eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Twiddy," she answered, — "you-uns is mighty kind. I'd rather be alone."

Tweedy hardly knew what he did. He stooped suddenly and kissed her forehead. "You pore child!" he whispered, and left the room.

During the long hours of the night Cynthia had the long years of her future for companionship. The white moonlight came in at the doorway, and crept toward Anderson, and finally retreated, fearing to intrude. Once or twice she heard Tweedy get up from his bed, and pace softly back and forth in his room, and with the knowledge that he was awake her longing for his companionship grew almost into a cry. Once she went to the door and looked out over the lonely raspberry field, where a thin white fog had settled under the moonlight; but the breath of it was cold, and she feared that Anderson might open his eyes and not find her, if his soul returned to ask for a farewell, before it went upon the way which it was seeking in the dark.

A change had come over him even in the moment she was gone. He breathed in sharper and more infrequent gasps, and the lines of death had sunk deeper in his face. She bent above him, watch-

ing with such intense sympathy that her own breathing seemed almost linked with his, as she waited for each throe, thinking that each would be the last. But with the tenacity of feebleness his life fought on and on. At last, quite unexpectedly to herself, Cynthia tapped upon the wall. Tweedy was with her in an instant; and when she reached out a trembling hand, he took it without a word, and they watched together while the gray light of morning gradually dispelled the moonlight, and on until full dawn, when Anderson died.

Cynthia knelt beside him for a little while, but she did not need to close his eyes, for they had not opened to look at her. It was as if, at the moment when he turned away from her in the field, he had known that he had all it was right for him to claim, and his heart had been too full to ask for more.

Tweedy stood apart and waited until she came to him. Then they went outside. There was no stir yet about the barracks, for the overworn pickers were sleeping beyond their usual time. The sun had not risen, but its clearly drawn rays spread like a crown above the eastern hills, and the sky was scintillant. Only the lower hills and the deep green valleys lay shadowless and still in the diffusion of brightness, like a child's features that are waiting solemnly for life to set its seal of character upon them.

Tweedy broke the silence in a low voice. "I spoke hard to you-uns yesterday, more'n once, Cynthy," he said, "but I want you to forgit it all, if you can. I was only wantin' to see you as happy as you had a chance to be; but now that I see how much deeper yore mis'ry was than I reckoned, thar ain't nothin' but sorrow for you in my heart — an' love."

The last word was spoken so gently, so much as an added tenderness, that it could not have pained or offended the

deepest sorrow, yet Cynthia was startled by it. She looked at him curiously. "You-uns does well to pity me," she said. "I don't keer what all the others says an' thinks, but I want you-uns to know the truth, 'cause you won't be on-charitable, even to Buck. I ain't never loved him. It was him loved me."

Tweedy passed his hand across his brow. "You-uns did it all for a man you did n't love," he exclaimed, — "you dared all them tongues?"

She nodded. "I — I owed it to him. Without knowin', I had led him on."

Tweedy looked off over the hushed, expectant earth. "My God," he said softly, "what would you do for the man you loved?"

The girl's breath came in an unexpected sob. "Oh, Mr. Twiddy," she faltered, "I might have to tell him so. He might n't know it for hisse'f."

Tweedy turned. Her face was tremulous, but consecrated by the love which she had hidden for so long; and as their eyes met they forgot that there was anything but love in all the world. The glory brightened in the east, and the air stirred like an awakening along the fields. One after another the sleepy pickers came out of the barracks, saw the two figures below them on the hillside, and whispered back and forth with brightening eyes.

At last Tweedy put her gently away from him. "I had ought to go an' call the gang, an' tell them that pore Buck is gone."

Cynthia glanced over her shoulder and laughed as she saw the pickers bending discreetly to kindle their morning fires. "The simlins has been watchin'," she said, "an' they'll be tinklin' peartly to-day. Do you keer?"

Tweedy shook his head. Before them sunshine and shadow flashed like a smile across the earth, as the sun rose over the distant hills.

Mary Tracy Earle.

THE COMMODORE.

I REMEMBER him as well as though I had seen him yesterday. There are some figures that memory does in silhouette, and that of my grandfather is one, — the lines all definite and clear, and standing out above the flotsam and jetsam of the human tide like some grand old figurehead. A tall man, a little stooped about the shoulders, with long, thin arms and legs which seemed to be without bones, so that he could tie them up and twist them about, and fling them out in a rattling old hornpipe, such as I have never seen performed by any one else, before or since.

His ship, the *Grampus*, was a full-rigged man-of-war, with more stays and halyards in her rigging than there were threads in the piece of Honiton lace which my grandmother wore on her head.

She lay at anchor, — the ship, I mean, although the same might be said of my grandmother; for in proportion to my grandfather's love for a roving life was her aversion to going abroad. Well, as I said, she lay at anchor off the Navy Yard, over which the Commodore was in command. Every day of his life — and he was an old man then — he went down to the dock, threw off his land togs, took a header into the water, and, with a splash and a yell, struck out with a bold stroke for his ship, a good two miles distant. He rode the waves like a cork and climbed the rigging like a cat, scrambling up the ship's side, over the rail, and never drawing breath till he had put betwixt fingers and toes every blessed spar and rope, from stem to stern, fo'castle to mizzentop.

Summer or winter, it was the same to him. My grandmother, who was a very aristocratic and proper personage, poor, dear lady, went to great pains to prepare a bathing-suit and bath-towel for these

aquatic exploits. One fine day the whole Navy Yard was startled to behold Hard Tack, my grandfather's great Newfoundland dog, going from pillar to post in a full suit of bed-ticking trimmed with scarlet braid, and with a towel wound around his head like the "turbaned Turk." After that, no lady could take her walk abroad until after the Commodore had completed his constitutional tub and donned his clothes.

Nothing more characteristic than those clothes could be imagined. They seem now to me very beautiful, but to my childish vision they were exceedingly queer, and something to be just a bit ashamed of. The finest and best quality of broadcloth was used in the manufacture of the garments which made him the central figure of our little community. Their color was the regulation navy blue. The trousers were bell-shaped, very wide at the ankles, and flapped when he walked, and they came up almost to his chin, under his waistcoat of yellow nankeen, with gilt buttons. The coat had long, full skirts, with lapels in front, over which rolled a wide linen collar with a flaring black silk tie. His headgear was a cap of cloth, like his clothes, which bulged out all around, and had a visor of patent leather. This came down well over his nose, which was Roman, and quite on a par with his chin as to firmness. The finishing touches to his attire were patent-leather pumps and a white silk handkerchief the size of a sail. These, and a fresh shave every morning, with a plentiful sprinkling of bay rum, made up the sum total of his extravagances. But I must not forget the carnations which all the year round he wore in his buttonhole, and which vied in color with the rosiness of his cheeks.

His eyes had the greenish gray-blue of

the sea, and his hair on either temple was soft and white as the crest of a wave. He carried under his arm a brass spyglass, which he delighted in leveling upon certain ladies who on sunny afternoons took coy promenades, under funny little parasols, on the parade-ground. He had one habit which my grandmother had tried in vain to break. This was to whittle. Wherever he went he carried an old black clasp-knife and a piece of pine wood. Clothes-pins were his predilection, and he could be tracked all over the Navy Yard, from one end to the other, by a trail of shavings; and as he whittled he hummed in a monotonous voice, which seemed to start somewhere under his cap and come down through his nose, *The Girl I left behind Me*. This was his favorite tune; I do not think he ever knew any other, and he could never quite master that, but after a few bars would run foul of *Days of Absence*, and get beached on *Oft in the Stilly Night*, two exhilarating ditties much affected by my grandmother. At this he would pull up taut, with a pucker and a long breath, back water, and go at it afresh, until he had launched his original theme successfully on waters which were not always confluent.

Everybody loved the Commodore, but I think the two human beings who were perhaps the most reckless in their admiration were myself and a wretched old hulk of a creature, whom my grandfather, for reasons best known to himself, called "Shuttlecock." No one knew him by any other name, and no one knew where he hailed from, except that the Commodore had picked him up somewhere during the war of 1812, and brought him home with him, — that is to say, as much as was left of the poor fellow after the battle of Lake Erie. Not only did my grandfather give to this remnant of humanity a living, but he bestowed upon him in addition a wooden leg, a glass eye, an ear-trumpet, and a piece of white plaster to cover the place

where his nose had been. For alas! Shuttlecock's nose had been blown off on the field of battle. His winter quarters were in a small, square house, built of stone, with neither doors nor windows. It had a chimney on top and an iron scuttle, and it was a blood-curdling sight to see old Shuttlecock, with a rope ladder twisted about his waist, crawling, in the dusk of winter, like a huge limpet over the gray walls, to drop mysteriously down through the roof. This rude dwelling was set where the beach was bleak and the waves rolled high. But when summer set in he betook himself to a fishing-cabin, which was simply a small one-roomed hut set on a raft, which my grandfather had brought up from Chesapeake Bay, and which, by his orders, had been anchored under the protection of the lee shore. Here old Shuttlecock fished, smoked his pipe, and sat and stewed in the hot sun from its rising to its setting. A more harmless, happy soul than he never breathed. My grandfather knew this, and I knew it too, and it little mattered to old Shuttlecock that he was an object of aversion and terror to everybody else for miles around, my grandmother included, who invariably explained him as a pensioner of her husband's. This made the Commodore angry, and he would hasten to correct the impression of patronage which her term implied. "Crony, sir, — Shuttlecock is my crony, sir, I beg you to understand; and if it is a question of pensioner, then the term should be applied to me, and not to him." No one ever knew what the service rendered my grandfather had been, but, whatever its nature, it had bound the two men together with bonds which no worldly consideration could break.

Mrs. Catherine Cull had been my mother's nurse, and now was mine. Every Saturday afternoon, when the weather allowed, my grandfather would take her and me, and Hard Tack the dog, and Plum Duff the tiger cat, and

a large white canvas bag in which he had put 'baccy and grog and fruit and all sorts of goodies. Then we would be tumbled into a rowboat, and the Commodore would pull us across the bay to Shuttlecock's cabin. Such ecstatic afternoons! The light in the old fellow's one eye, when he turned it on my grandfather, seemed to illuminate all the place. We made lemonade in a conch shell, and we ate strawberries out of little black and blue mussel shells, and we had bread and butter spread by Nurse Cull with the Commodore's knife when he was not whittling, and he and old Shuttlecock would drink their grog and spin their yarns, the wooden leg bobbing up and down the little cabin with a gentle hospitality which I have missed in many a grander host since then. Plum Duff on my grandfather's knee, and Hard Tack at his feet, looked on with superior approval.

My grandfather loved animals. I was a little shaver in long clothes when he came home from his three years' cruise along the African coast and through the Indian Ocean. But Nurse Cull would tell me how, when his lady went down to the dock to meet the Commodore, after their long separation, she was scandalized to behold a flaming macaw flapping its gaudy wings on top of his head, an ape perched on his shoulder, and in his arms a huge tiger cat, the subsequent Plum Duff. He had made the ship's gig which conveyed him to the shore a veritable Noah's ark. Now, as my grandmother could not abide animals, the sight did not add to the rapture of her welcome. What she would have done had she been aware that a ring-tailed lemur was sound asleep in his roomy coat-tail pocket, I do not dare to think. Matters went from bad to worse, till one day a baby basket, an elaborate affair with its quilted lining of rose-colored silk and lace and ribbon bows, which had been prepared against an expected event, disappeared. Not a trace

could be found of it, until some days later it leaked out, after the arrival of my little sister, that my grandfather had appropriated the basket for Plum Duff.

That, certainly, was bad enough, but wait until you hear what happened to the baby herself. Like the basket, she too disappeared, one fine day. She was just two months to a day when this occurred, and she came very near never being a day older. Nurse Cull, as was her custom, had left the little creature sound asleep under the mosquito-netting of her bassinet, after first preparing for her a decoction greatly in vogue at that time for babies. It was a wad made of bread and milk and brown sugar rubbed together and tied up in white cambric. Babies whose mouths closed upon this detestable mess were supposed to go to sleep without a whimper. The afternoon was hot and drowsy. Nurse Cull, I fancy, must have dropped off herself, in the next room, for she asserted, on the honor of an honest woman, that she heard no sound from the nursery, but that, at five o'clock, when she put down her sewing to take the baby up, she found the cradle empty. Then there was a hue and cry, not only up the street, but down the street. The man in the sentry-box, the marines on dress parade, the men in the brass band, everybody, men, women, and children, in the Yard, turned out in the hunt. My poor mother grew wild-eyed and wan as she went here, there, and everywhere, to return to the empty cradle. Her white face must have scared even my grandfather, when he came home from a long afternoon down the bay. "What is it, Polly, my girl?" he said. My mother could only wail out, "My baby, — oh, my baby!"

I did not tell you, I think, that on land the Commodore was one of the most absent-minded of men. But at sea no one ever caught him napping. A sudden rush of recollection at the sight of my mother sent the blood from his face,

until it was as white as her own. He jerked the timepiece from his fob pocket. It lacked fifteen minutes to the sunset gun. We all thought he had gone stark, staring mad when he ran down the stairs, three at a time, and out at the door, no hat on his head, his hair streaming, and tore down the road like one possessed. The men in the ship's boat which had fetched him ashore were well on their way back, but his whistle, loud and shrill, brought them to with a vengeance, and in a jiffy he had leaped into the stern sheets and was commanding the men to pull as they had never pulled before. "A twenty-dollar gold piece to every Jack Tar of you, if you get me within speaking distance of the ship before that" — shaking his fist in the face of the great dog-day sun which was fast sliding into the water — "goes down!" His voice, ringing out like a trumpet, was the only sound except that of the oars in the rowlocks. No one, not even my mother, knew exactly what terrible thing was impending, but every one surmised that it must have something to do with the missing baby. Under the sharp, strong strokes of the sailors the boat slid over the glassy sea as fast as a fish could swim. The Commodore's eyes glared at the great red ball rolling down toward the water's edge as though he would fix it stock-still in the sky.

We on the dock could see the gunner come on the ship's deck, his figure standing out black and grim against the crimson west. Clinging to my mother's hand, which trembled in mine, I looked back to the house to see that my grandmother stood in her open window, very pale and more proud than ever. I think she was the only one who knew that my grandfather was at the bottom of this excitement, as indeed he was of everything that ever caused a stir in our quiet lives. Nurse Cull caught the glass, which my mother had no strength to hold, and, looking through it, saw that the gunner carried his iron rammer, bag of powder,

and wad of cotton, — it being before the days of the percussion cap. The sun grew redder and bigger as it neared the heaving water-line. There was not the length of an oar between sea and sun when we could see my grandfather spring to his feet in the boat and roar something at the men who were pulling for dear life. The tone was so terrible that we could hear it even on shore. The sailors bent their backs till their noses were flattened on their knees and the ribbons on their caps stood out straight behind. And then, with a pull that lifted the boat clean out of the water, with a tremendous spurt, they brought it well up to the ship's side. Again did the Commodore thunder out something in that awful tone, this time to the man who was about to ram the charge into the black belly of the cannon, so that he let everything fall upon the deck. The great red disk of the sun was now drawing itself under the waves. But before it had quite disappeared my grandfather had cleared the bulwarks of the *Grampus* and snatched from the black mouth of the gun a something long and white and fluttering, — something which at a distance looked like a bolster-case, but which caused my poor mother to faint dead away.

A great crowd had gathered on the dock by this time, and oh, what a shout they sent up! "The baby! the baby! the baby is saved! Hurrah for the baby! With a three times three and a tiger for the baby!" This brought my mother to, and I remember how she laughed and cried and kissed me, and how all the women had their handkerchiefs out, and the men, too, as many as had them. Then across the water came the great boom of the sunset gun, — for the first time in its history just one minute after the sun had dipped below the horizon. This was the signal for the sky to unfurl itself like a rose, and, blown by some invisible wind, to disperse in little clouds, which floated rosy and pink in

the golden twilight. So that, in my childish fancy, quickened by Hans Andersen, I thought the good angels were scattering rose leaves upon the boat which was bringing my little sister back to us. She lay in my grandfather's arms, with her long white dress floating out in the breeze, and his cheek pressed against hers. Then, as the boat came dancing over the waves, the marine band struck up the Commodore's favorite tune, *The Girl I left behind Me*, and to its spirited measures and amid general rejoicing he landed his precious cargo.

After this little pleasantry on my grandfather's part, he did own up to the baby's abduction, but he would never acknowledge having forgotten her in the cannon's belly. He said that it was only a joke to shake us up out of our dumps and doldrums. But for all that he was very meek and well behaved up to the day of the baby's christening, and then he took umbrage at both my grandmother and my mother because they objected when he, as sponsor, sprang the name "*Grampussina*" upon my sister's unoffending head. Fortunately, the clergyman was deaf, and this gave my mother a chance to set matters straight. Having most effectually put both the women in the east by nor'east, as he expressed it, the Commodore went off in high dudgeon for a week's visit in New York.

The relations between my maternal grandparents were most certainly strained. I doubt if my grandmother said good-by to her husband, when he started out for New York, a considerable journey in those days. Young as I was, I marveled at this, because over and over again I had heard my mother tell what a romantic love-match theirs had been, and how the fashionable world of Baltimore was up in arms when the beautiful young heiress, *Cornelia MacTavish Dulaney Hopkins*, stole away from her father's house, in the dead of night, with a flowered bandbox and a dashing young officer, who had risen by

bravery from ship's cabin boy to lieutenant. I have told you what an aristocratic name was my grandmother's, but my grandfather, who had no use for the grandiloquent, always called her *Polly Hopkins*.

Well, he did not stop out his week in New York, but came back after the third day. It was in the afternoon of a scorching day in September, — not a breath on land or sea. My grandmother and I and the baby were sitting under the shade of a great butternut tree which grew on the lawn in front of the Commodore's house. At the sight of my grandfather coming up the pebbled walk with its high box border, my mother, dear soul, whose heart was too gentle to harbor a grudge, gave a little cry of joy, and ran to meet him, and to receive on her sweet face a sounding smack. But my grandmother, who thought kissing vulgar, turned away her cheek, so that the salutation meant for her fell on empty air. For all that, however, I think that in her heart she was as glad to have him home as we were, although she did ask him in an icy tone if he had brought any pets in the form of orang-outangs, elephants, boa constrictors, or lions from the menagerie of a certain Mr. Barnum, who at that time was causing the wonders of his show to burst upon the metropolis. Meanwhile I was busying myself with the spyglass, my grandfather lying on the grass with "*Grampussina*" — he insisted upon calling her that without benefit of clergy — crawling all over him.

"Hello!" I cried, after scanning the offering.

Something in my tone made my grandfather ask, "What's up, bub?"

"A flag, sir," said I.

"Where?"

"On old Shuttlecock's fishing-cabin."

"Well," exclaimed my grandmother, "I declare, the airs of that good-for-nothing old pauper, setting up his colors as if he were the Lord High Admiral!"

"It's a funny-looking flag," said I, ignoring this interpolation, with my eyes screwed up to the glass. "It hangs all limp, but I can see its color, and it's bright yellow."

This brought my grandfather up with a bound. He reached for the glass, and clapped it to his eyes.

"By Beelzebub's buttons, you're right, boy! It's the yellow jack, and old Shuttlecock's down with some infernal, devilish, damned disease. And," jumping to his feet, "I'm going to him."

This was a bombshell. My grandmother expostulated, my mother wept, and I put my nose up in the air and howled. All to no avail. Go he must, go he would, and go he did. We all rose and followed him into the house to the medicine closet, to help him pack the old canvas bag with such remedies as he selected from its shelves. In addition to these there was a large bottle of brandy, one of cherry bounce, a roll of red flannel, and a box of mustard. Hanging on the wall was an old-fashioned warming-pan of polished brass. My grandfather started off with this over his shoulder. But when my grandmother beheld him thus equipped, she declared he was insulting the family pride of the Dulaney's, and that her grandmother's heirloom should not be desecrated. Under ordinary conditions this would have thrown the Commodore into a towering rage, but now he only sighed, "Put the warming-pan back on the wall," and stood on the threshold of the door, gazing with a long, wistful look at my grandmother. But she went on fanning herself, and made no sign. So he turned and left the room.

My mother and I accompanied him down to the dock; he, on the way, giving us careful directions for the feeding of Hard Tack and Plum Duff, who both followed him to the water's edge. There were little knots of sailors and marines huddled together on the planks, speaking with horror of that yellow rag hanging limp in the humid air.

There were whispers of yellow fever, Asiatic cholera, and, dreadest of all, leprosy. The men were all scared to death. My grandfather knew this, and when the boat was lowered, and two stalwart fellows with blanched faces stepped forward to take their places at the oars, he ordered them back. "I am going alone," he said in a firm, low voice. He kissed my mother and me a long good-bye. "Bear up, my girl," he whispered. "It's only my duty I'm doing, and I should do for old Shuttlecock what he has done for me. If I never come back, take good care of your mother." And then he stooped and stroked the backs of his two faithful comrades, the cat and the dog.

We watched him, through our tears, setting out alone on that awful errand. Under the hot sun the sea lay dead as pulp. At each scoop of the oars might be seen on either side of the boat a yeasty streak, which gleamed livid for a second, like the belly of some skulking shark before it slunk away beneath the waveless waters.

The unspeakable depression which hung over the landscape was no match for that which had settled upon the house when we returned to it. We passed from room to room, each one more empty than the others, with the vital presence gone, perhaps forever. On the table in the hall lay the copy of Robinson Crusoe and the wax doll he had brought my sister and me from New York, together with a hamper of fruit from Fulton Market for my mother and grandmother. I choked at the sight. Then we went up to my grandmother's room. The door was shut and the key turned from the inside. In answer to my mother's voice she explained that she had gone to bed with a headache from the excessive heat; would my mother preside for her over the tea-table?

I held back my sobs till the wretched meal was over; but once alone in my little room, I flung myself down in a wild

passion of tears, such as only childhood knows. Then I undressed and crept into bed, to dream that a great hero was being buried. The marine band was playing the Dead March in Saul, I thought, and all the soldiers were marching with arms reversed, and the marines had crape bands on their arms, and the barracks were hung with long black streamers. So were Plum Duff and Hard Tack. The drums were muffled, and the flags were flying at half-mast, and the minute guns were booming, and in the distance I could hear the church chimes in the city ringing out across the water *Adeste Fideles*. Then, amid the tumult, there fell upon my ears a sound I had never heard before: my grandmother was crying to break her heart.

I awoke from my dream to hear the night-watch shouting, "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!" The moonlight flooded my room, and there, leaning over my bed, was the last person in the world whom I should have ever expected to find there, — my grandmother! I raised myself on my elbows and rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was not still dreaming. But no; there she was, her face all wet with tears. She had thrown a black lace veil over her head, across her arms she had a white camel's hair shawl, and in her hand she held nothing more nor less than the warming-pan of my great-great-grandmother Dulaney. I gaped at her, too astonished for words.

"Frank," she said in a broken voice, "would you mind getting up and dressing, and going down with me to the dock?" I could not have been more dumfounded had my grandmother then and there proposed our mounting the warming-pan and flying up to the moon. "I am sorry to disturb you, child, but I thought it might create comment if I were seen going across the yard so late at night, by myself."

Now, the sheer idea of my grandmother walking across the parade-ground at the dead of night, with no other pro-

tector than the family warming-pan, struck me as so preposterous that I almost laughed aloud. But I was soon in my clothes, and we started off on our nocturnal expedition. As my grandmother felt the warm, sweet-scented night on her cheek, she drew a long breath. I think, too, she softly sighed. I wondered if she thought of that other night, so many years ago, of which I had heard my mother tell.

"Frank," she asked, as we hurried across the empty parade-ground, "have you any idea what I am going to do?"

"Not the dimmest, grandmother," replied I stoutly, which was a deliberate lie.

"Well, my child, I will tell you: I am going to carry this over to your grandfather." In her agitation she brought the warming-pan down with a clang upon the paving-stones. It rang out like the tocsin of war, and I thought that we should surely have the whole barracks tumbling out about us. As it was, we startled the sentinel; but I was ready for him with the password, and he let us go unchallenged.

Fortunately for us, the streets were deserted. As we neared the dock, my grandmother again spoke.

"I am wondering, child," said she, "how we are to find a boat, at this late hour. I would have ordered one earlier in the day, but," with a slight hesitancy, "I only resolved to do this half an hour ago." Actually, she was proceeding on the impulse of the moment!

"Don't you worry about the boat, grandmother," I answered. "I have a beauty of my own. Grandad gave it to me on my last birthday, when I was ten years old. I have the key of the boat-house in my pocket. See!" I cried, holding it up in the moonlight.

Then, after a few minutes, a more serious question arose.

"Frank," said my grandmother, "do you think there will be any one on the dock to row me over? I am a little

nervous in trusting myself to a strange man whose habits I do not know."

"You leave that to me, grandmother," I called out to her over my shoulder, for I was now preceding her upon the dock. "I know a fellow who will go with you, and his habits are all right."

This seemed to reassure her, and without more ado I brought the boat around, and helped her down the steps and into the stern. She gave herself up to the novelty of the situation, having, however, before she embarked, drawn on a very fine pair of lavender kid gloves. No lady, born and bred, could think of going abroad with bare hands. I took the oars, and, righting the boat, got clear of the small craft bobbing up and down about the dock.

"And now, Frank," she asked, peering about in the moonlight, and resting her gloved hands on the gunwale of the boat, "where is the man you promised you would get to row me?"

I pulled steadily ahead for several lengths before I answered, smiling up at her as I leaned on my oars, "Here he is, grandmother."

The kid gloves became deprecatory.

"Oh, Frank, Frank, you have deceived me!" she cried. "You said you would get me a *man*."

"No, grandmother, I beg your pardon, I did not. I said 'a fellow.' I said, 'I know a fellow, and he will go with you, and he has no bad habits,' — which is true, is n't it?" I kept on rowing and talking with an audacious persistency which was too much for the lady in the stern.

"But I cannot allow you to run into such danger, child. You must let me out." She said this with a sudden return to her old air of authority. "You must stop the boat and let me out this instant, — I insist upon it!"

"But you will drown if I let you out here, unless you can use the warming-pan as a life-preserver."

"It is ridiculous," she gasped, "a

baby like you riding over his grandmother in this way. What will your grandfather say?"

"I do not know what he will say, but I do know what he would do, if I did not go with you."

"But your strength will give out, child, before we get halfway over," she urged in a mollified tone.

"Then we can rig up a mast and sail out of your shawl and the warming-pan, and trust to them to carry us over!"

This was too much for her, and she sank back resignedly on her cushions, conquered as much by the beauty of the night as by me; for the night *was* beautiful beyond words. The great harvest moon was overhead, and beneath its light the sea lay in a golden languor. Under the spell of its enchantment, youth knew the wisdom of age without its weariness, and age knew the freshness of youth without its folly. It made my grandmother young, and me old, so that, rocked on that golden tide, the hearts of the woman and child became one. For the first time in my life I loved my grandmother. All the grief and despair of the day had vanished; I was ecstatically happy, and so, I think, was she. It mattered little to either of us that the burnished pathway over which we were passing led up to the house of death, for we both knew that that which was dearer than life awaited us there. It was the unreal which held sway. I was a very young child to learn, as I did that night, that it is by the unreal that the soul is encouraged, and that he who would endure must be a dreamer.

"How young you look, dear grand-mamma," I said, resting on my oars and letting the boat drift, "and how beautiful, — just like the ivory miniature which grandad wears about his neck!"

"How odd, child!" she answered. "I was just about to tell you how old you seem to have grown, quite like a man, since we started out together."

Her face was tender in the golden light, and she trailed one hand, the gloves having been removed, in the water, as a girl would have done.

"Do I look like that picture?" she sighed. "I feel to-night just as I did when I had it painted to give your grandfather. That was a long time ago. I was only eighteen."

When she spoke again, it was to echo my own thoughts.

"I have been thinking, child," she said, "that your grandfather will not be at all surprised to see us. Everything to-night seems so natural to me, and just as it should be. And so, I am sure — yes, very sure — that when he sees us he will say that it is just what he thought we would do. I have no right to expect that he should think this of me," she continued sadly, "but I believe he knew all the time that I would come."

We were now quite close to old Shuttlecock's cabin. A red lantern swung under the yellow jack, which hung black in the shadow. My grandfather must have seen us a long way off, for he stood on the raft's edge, as if waiting for us. But there was no surprise on his face, only a great happiness. His eyes were riveted on my grandmother. After a little space of silence, she was the first to speak.

"Did you think I would come, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, Polly," he replied, "I was sure of it."

"Why?" she asked, and lowered her eyes.

"Because you love me," said my grandfather.

"No," she answered, "that was not the reason."

"Then, for God's sake, what was it?" he cried, catching his breath.

"Because you love me," she said, lifting her eyes, and reaching out her arms for him to take her from the boat.

But at this my grandfather drew back, and broke out in vehement self-denuncia-

tions. He had been weak and cowardly to allow us to approach so near this awful danger, and then he drew the most harrowing and alarming pictures as to what the consequences would be if we stayed a moment longer in that pestilential place.

Old Shuttlecock, it appeared, had been discovered by the Board of Health in a seemingly critical condition, and they had diagnosed the case as Asiatic cholera, and taken themselves off in great alarm.

"That is more than I shall do," declared my grandmother from the boat. "I have come to share the danger with you."

"But are you not afraid?" said he.

"I am afraid of nothing where you are," she replied.

"Not even death?" he asked.

"No," said she, again reaching out her arms to him.

"Then bring the boat alongside, bub."

I did so, and he caught my grandmother in his arms, and kissed her for dear life, I too coming in for my share. For at least five minutes my grandmother and I tasted all the joy of our beautiful act of self-abnegation, and during that time my grandfather made himself sure of something that many times in his life he had had to doubt. Now, both by word and by look, my grandmother gave him the assurance of her affection.

"And now," he said at last, "now it is my turn to make a confession. Old Shuttlecock is no more down with Asiatic cholera than I am. The Board of Health is all a lot of jackasses, who don't know when a man has had too much watermelon."

At this turn of affairs, which was truly a let-down for everybody but old Shuttlecock himself, who was blissfully sleeping off the effects of cherry bounce, my grandmother began to grow hysterical.

"Come," said the Commodore, "it is getting late; we must go home. I am

going back with you. But what in thunder is this?" For in jumping into the boat he had landed plump on the warming-pan, which in the excitement of the moment had been forgotten. "By all that's sacred, it's the warming-pan of the Dulaneys! Polly," he asked, pinning the camel's hair shawl about her shoulders, "tell me one thing more: did you bring that," with a look at the warming-pan, "to me?"

But my grandmother evaded his question.

After I was safe and sound in my

own little bed my grandfather came into my room.

"Bub," said he, "you're a brick; I am proud of you. But tell me one thing: what was your grandmother doing out on the high seas with her warming-pan?"

"She was fetchin' it to you, sir," I said.

"On your word of honor, bub?"

"Yes, on my word of honor," I rejoined.

"Well, women beat the Dutch!" he exclaimed. "Good-night, my boy."

Justine Ingersoll.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ASTRONOMER.

I.

I MADE my first trip abroad when the oldest transatlantic line was still the fashionable one; and when the passenger felt himself amply compensated for poor attendance, coarse food, and bad coffee by learning from the officers on the promenade deck how far the ships of the Cunard line were superior to all others in strength of hull, ability of captain, and discipline of crew. One day a ship of the North German Lloyd line was seen in the offing slowly gaining on us. A passenger called the captain's attention to the fact that we were being left behind. "Oh, they're very lightly built, them German ships; built to carry German dolls and such like cargo." Needless to say, the speaker was not Sir James Anderson, who won knighthood by the part he took in laying the Atlantic cable, but he was as perfect a type of the old-fashioned captain of the best class as I ever saw. His face looked as if the gentlest zephyr that had ever fanned it was an Atlantic hurricane, and yet beamed with Hibernian good humor and friendliness. He read prayers so

well on Sunday that a passenger assured him he was born to be a bishop. Only those readers who never sailed with Captain McMickan will need to be told his name.

In London one of the first men we met was Thomas Hughes, of Rugby fame, who made us feel how worthy he was of the love and esteem bestowed upon him by Americans. He was able to make our visit pleasant in more ways than one. Among the men I wanted to see was Mr. John Stuart Mill, to whom I was attracted not only by his fame as a philosopher and the interest with which I had read his books, but also because he was the author of an excellent pamphlet on the Union side during our civil war.

On expressing my desire to make Mr. Mill's acquaintance Mr. Hughes immediately offered to give me a note of introduction. Mill lived at Blackheath, which, although in an easterly direction down the Thames, is one of the prettiest suburbs of the great metropolis. His dwelling was a very modest one, entered through a passage of trellis-work in a little garden. He was by no means the grave and distinguished-looking man I

had expected to see. He was small in stature and rather spare, and did not seem to have markedly intellectual features. The cordiality of his greeting was more than I could have expected; and he was much pleased to know that his work in moulding English sentiment in our favor at the commencement of the civil war was so well remembered and so highly appreciated across the Atlantic.

As a philosopher, it must be conceded that Mr. Mill lived at an unfortunate time. While his vigor and independence of thought led him to break loose from the trammels of the traditional philosophy, modern scientific generalization had not yet reached a stage favorable to his becoming a leader in developing the new philosophy. Still, whatever may be the merits of his philosophic theories, it must be conceded that no work on scientific method has yet appeared worthy to displace his *System of Logic*.

A feature of London life that must strongly impress the scientific student from our country is the closeness of touch, socially as well as officially, between the literary and scientific classes on the one side and the governing classes on the other. Mr. Hughes invited us to make an evening call with him at the house of a cabinet minister, — I think it was Mr. Goschen, — where we should find a number of persons worth seeing. Among those gathered in this casual way were Mr. Gladstone, Dean Stanley, and our General Burnside, then grown quite gray. I had never before met General Burnside, but his published portraits were so characteristic that the man could scarcely have been mistaken. The only change was in the color of his beard. Then and later I found that a pleasant feature of these informal "at homes," so universal in London, is that one meets so many people he wants to see, and so few he does not want to see.

Ostensibly, the principal object of my journey was the observation of a total eclipse of the sun which was to be visi-

ble in the Mediterranean, in December, 1870. Of another vastly more important object I shall speak subsequently. In view of the interest then attaching to total eclipses of the sun, Congress had made a very liberal appropriation for observations, to be expended under the direction of Professor Peirce, superintendent of the Coast Survey. Peirce went over in person to take charge of the arrangements. He arrived in London with several members of his party a few days before we did, and about the same time came an independent party of my fellow astronomers from the Naval Observatory, consisting of Professors Hall, Harkness, and Eastman. The invasion of their country by such an army of American astronomers quite stirred up our English colleagues, who sorrowfully contrasted the liberality of our government with the parsimony of their own, which had, they said, declined to make any provision for the observations of the eclipse. Considering that it was visible on their own side of the Atlantic, they thought their government might take a lesson from ours. Of course we could not help them directly; and yet I suspect that our coming, or at least the coming of Peirce, really did help them a great deal. At any rate, it was a curious coincidence that no sooner did the American invasion occur than it was semi-officially discovered that no application of which her Majesty's government could take cognizance had been made by the scientific authorities for a grant of money with which to make preparations for observing the eclipse. That the scientific authorities were not long in catching so broad a hint as this goes without saying. A little more of the story came out a few days later in a very unexpected way.

In scientific England, the great social event of the year is the annual banquet of the Royal Society, held on St. Andrew's day, the date of the annual meeting of the society, and of the award of

its medals for distinguished work in science. At the banquet, the scientific outlook is discussed not only by members of the society, but by men high in political and social life. The medalists are toasted, if they are present; and their praises are sung, if, as is apt to be the case with foreigners, they are absent. First in rank is the Copley medal, founded by Sir Godfrey Copley, a contemporary of Newton. This medal has been awarded annually since 1731, and is now considered the highest honor that scientific England has to bestow. The recipient is selected with entire impartiality as to country, not for any special work published during the year, but in view of the general merit of all that he has done. Four times in its history the medal has crossed the Atlantic. The first three among us to receive it were Franklin in 1753, Agassiz in 1861, and Dana in 1877.¹ The long time that elapsed between the first and the second of these awards affords an illustration of the backwardness of scientific research in America during the greater part of the first century of our independence. The year of my visit the medal was awarded to Mr. Joule, the English physicist, for his work on the relation of heat and energy.

I was a guest at the banquet, which was the most brilliant function I had witnessed up to that time. The leaders in English science and learning sat around the table. Her Majesty's government was represented by Mr. Gladstone, the Premier, and Mr. Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrooke, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both replied to toasts. Mr. Lowe as a speaker was perhaps a little dull, but not so Mr. Gladstone. There was a charm about the way in which his talk seemed to display the inner man. It could not be said that he had either the dry humor of Mr.

Evarts or the wit of Mr. Depew; but these qualities were well replaced by the vivacity of his manner and the intellectuality of his face. He looked as if he had something interesting he wanted to tell you; and he proceeded to tell it in a very felicitous way as regarded both manner and language, but without anything that savored of eloquence. He was like Carl Schurz in talking as if he wanted to inform you, and not because he wanted you to see what a fine speaker he was. With this he impressed one as having a perfect command of his subject in all its bearings.

I did not for a moment suppose that the Premier of England could have taken any personal interest in the matter of the eclipse. Great, therefore, was my surprise when, in speaking of the relations of the government to science, he began to talk about the coming event. I quote a passage from memory, after twenty-seven years: "I had the pleasure of a visit, a few days since, from a very distinguished American professor, Professor Peirce of Harvard. In the course of the interview, the learned gentleman expressed his regret that her Majesty's government had declined to take any measures to promote observations of the coming eclipse of the sun by British astronomers. I replied that I was not aware that the government had declined to take such measures. Indeed, I went farther, and assured him that any application from our astronomers for aid in making these observations would receive respectful consideration." I felt that there might be room for some suspicion that this visit of Professor Peirce was a not unimportant factor in the changed position of affairs as regarded British observations of the eclipse.

Not only the scene I have described, but subsequent experience, has impressed me with the high appreciation in which the best scientific work is held by the leading countries of Europe, especially England and France, as if its prosecu-

¹ The fourth American recipient was Professor Newcomb. — THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

tion were something of national importance which men of the highest rank thought it an honor to take part in. A physicist like Sir William Thomson becomes a peer; a hereditary peer like Rayleigh devotes his life and talents to scientific investigation, becomes a university professor, and makes researches leading to the discovery of a new chemical element in the atmosphere. The Marquis of Salisbury, in an interval between two terms of service as Premier of England, presides over the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and delivers an address showing a wide and careful study of the generalizations of modern science. Nor is this intimate relation between intellectual and political work confined to the governing classes. An Englishman may get into Parliament by being an historian, a chemist, or an author, as readily as by being a party manager or a lawyer.

More than one American working in a field removed from the public eye may have had some reason to feel that his efforts were more highly appreciated abroad than at home. Mr. George W. Hill, who has made the little post-office of Nyack Turnpike known to mathematicians and astronomers the world over, is a very modest man. One of the hardest wrestles I ever had with an official superior was in trying to get a Secretary of the Navy to raise his salary to fourteen hundred dollars. A few years later he was one of a procession of distinguished men, headed by the Duke of Edinburgh, who received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Cambridge. In France, also, one great glory of the nation is felt to be the works of its scientific and learned men of the past and present. Membership of one of the five academies of the Institute of France is counted among the highest honors to which a Frenchman can aspire. Most remarkable, too, is the extent to which other considerations than that of merit are set aside in selecting

candidates for this honor. Quite recently a man was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences who was without either university or official position, and earned a modest subsistence as a collaborator of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. But he had found time to make investigations in mathematical astronomy of such merit that he was considered to have fairly earned this distinction, and the modesty of his social position did not lie in his way.

In England, the career of Professor Cayley affords an example of the spirit that impels a scientific worker of the highest class, and of the extent to which an enlightened community may honor him for what he is doing. One of the creators of modern mathematics, he never had any ambition beyond the prosecution of his favorite science. I first met him at a dinner of the Astronomical Society Club. As the guests were taking off their wraps and assembling in the anteroom, I noticed with some surprise that one whom I supposed to be an attendant was talking with them on easy terms. A moment later the supposed attendant was introduced as Professor Cayley. His garb set off the seeming haggardness of his keen features so effectively that I thought him either broken down in health or just recovering from some protracted illness. The unspoken words on my lips were, "Why Professor Cayley, what has happened to you?" Being now in the confessional, I must own that I did not, at the moment, recognize the marked intellectuality of a very striking face. As a representation of a mathematician in the throes of thought, I know nothing to equal his portrait by Dickenson, which now hangs in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, and is reproduced in the sixth volume of Cayley's collected works. His life was that of a man moved to investigation by an uncontrollable impulse; the only sort of man whose work is destined to be imperishable. Until forty

years of age he was by profession a conveyancer. His ability was such that he might have gained a fortune by practicing the highest branch of English law, if his energies had not been diverted in another direction. The spirit in which he pursued his work may be judged from an anecdote related by his friend and co-worker, Sylvester, who, in speaking of Cayley's even and placid temper, told me that he had never seen him ruffled but once. Entering his office one morning, intent on some new mathematical thought which he was discussing with Sylvester, he opened the letter-box in his door and found a bundle of papers relating to a law case which he was asked to take up. The interruption was too much. He flung the papers on the table with remarks more forcible than complimentary concerning the person who had distracted his attention at such an inopportune moment. In 1863 he was made a professor at Cambridge, where, no longer troubled with the intricacies of land-tenure, he published one investigation after another with ceaseless activity, to the end of his life.

Among my most interesting callers was Professor John C. Adams, celebrated as sharing with Leverrier the honor of having computed the position of the planet Neptune before its existence was otherwise known. The work of the two men was prosecuted at almost the same time; perhaps Adams was a little earlier in the field; but by an unfortunate chain of circumstances the work of the Frenchman was the first to attract public notice, and it was through Leverrier's initiative that the planet was discovered with the Berlin telescope. Adopting the principle that priority of publication should be the sole basis of credit, Arago had declared that no other name than that of Leverrier should even be mentioned in connection with the work. If repute was correct, Leverrier was not distinguished for those amiable qualities that commonly mark the man

of science and learning. His attitude toward Adams had always been hostile. Under these conditions chance afforded the latter a splendid opportunity of showing his superiority to all personal feeling. He was president of the Royal Astronomical Society when its annual medal was awarded to his French rival for his work in constructing new tables of the sun and planets. As such it was his duty to deliver the address setting forth the reasons for the award. He did this with a warmth of praise for Leverrier's works which could not have been exceeded had the two men been bosom friends.

Adams's intellect was one of the keenest I ever knew. The most difficult problems of mathematical astronomy and the most recondite principles that underlie the theory of the celestial motions were to him but child's play. His works place him among the first mathematical astronomers of the age, and yet they do not seem to do his ability entire justice. Indeed, for fifteen years previous to the time of my visit his published writings had been rather meagre. I asked a friend how it was that the published works of so able a man had not been more complete. "The fact is," said he, "Adams is rather a lazy sort of fellow who loves good dinners and bad puns." I saw a great deal of him subsequently, and, while I always found him good-humored and cheerful, thought our friend's characterization was a little overdrawn. But I believe he was justly credited with an elaborate witticism to the following effect: "In view of the fact that the only human being ever known to have been killed by a meteorite was a monk, we may concede that after four hundred years the Pope's bull against the comet has been justified by the discovery that comets are made up of meteorites."

Those readers who know on what imperfect data men's impressions are sometimes founded will not be surprised to

learn of my impression that an Englishman's politics could be inferred from his mental and social make-up. As all men are said to be born either Aristotelians or Platonists, so I supposed that all Englishmen were born Conservatives or Liberals.

The utterances of English journalists of the Conservative party about American affairs during and after our civil war had not impressed me with the idea that one so unfortunate as to be born for that party would either take much interest in meeting an American or be capable of taking an appreciative view of scientific progress. So confident was I of my theory that I remarked to a friend, with whom I had become somewhat intimate, that no one who knew Mr. Adams could have much doubt that he was a Liberal in politics.

An embarrassed smile spread over the friend's features. "You would not make that conclusion known to Mr. Adams, I hope," said he.

"But is he not a Liberal?"

"He is not only a Conservative, but declares himself 'a Tory of the Tories.'"

I afterward found that he fully justified his own description. At the university, he was one of the leading opponents of those measures which freed the academic degrees from religious tests. He had even gone so far as to object to Sylvester receiving his degree, this being on religious rather than on political grounds. But extreme conservatism in religion naturally leads to the same attitude in politics.

I had decided to observe the eclipse at Gibraltar. In order that my results, if I obtained any, might be utilized in the best way, it was necessary that the longitude of the station should be determined by telegraph. This had never been done for Gibraltar. How great the error of the supposed longitude might have been may be inferred from the fact that a few years later an American found the longitude of Lis-

bon on the Admiralty charts to be two miles in error. The first arrangements I had to make in England were directed to this end. Considering the relation of the world's great fortress to British maritime supremacy, it does seem as if there were something presumptuous in the coolness with which I went among the authorities to make arrangements for the enterprise. Nevertheless, the authorities permitted the work, with a cordiality which was of itself quite sufficient to remove any such impression, had it been entertained. The astronomers did, indeed, profess to feel it humiliating that the longitude of such a place as Gibraltar should have to be determined from Greenwich by an American. They did not say "by a foreigner," because they always protested against Americans looking upon themselves as such. Still, it would not be an English enterprise if an American carried it out. I suspect, however, that my proceedings were not looked upon with entire dissatisfaction even by the astronomers. They might prove as good a stimulant to their government in showing a little more enterprise in that direction as the arrival of our eclipse party did.

The longitude work naturally took me to the Royal Observatory which has made the little town of Greenwich so famous. It is situated some eight miles east from Charing Cross, on a hill in Greenwich Park, with a pleasant outlook toward the Thames. From my youth up I had been working with its observations, and there was no institution in the world which I had approached, or could approach, with the interest I felt in ascending the little hill on which the observatory is situated. When the Calabria was once free from her wharf in New York harbor, and on her way down the Narrows, the foremost thought was, "Off for Europe; we shall see Greenwich!" The day of my arrival in London I had written to Professor Airy, and received an answer the same even-

ing, inviting us to visit the observatory and spend an afternoon with him a day or two later.

I was shown around the observatory by an assistant, while my wife was entertained by Mrs. Airy and the daughters inside the dwelling. The family dined as soon as the day's work was over, about the middle of the afternoon. After the meal, we sat over a blazing fire and discussed our impressions of London.

"What place in London interested you most?"

"The first place I went to see was Cavendish Square."

"What was there in Cavendish Square to interest you?"

"When I was a little girl, my mother once gave me, as a birthday present, a small volume of poems. The first verse in the book was:—

'Little Ann and her mother were walking
one day
Through London's wide city so fair;
And business obliged them to go by the
way
That led them through Cavendish
Square.'"

To our astonishment the astronomer royal at once took up the thread:—

"And as they passed by the great house of a
lord,
A beautiful chariot there came,
To take some most elegant ladies abroad,
Who straightway got into the same,"

and went on to the end. I do not know which of the two was more surprised: Airy, to find an American woman who was interested in his favorite ballad, or she to find that he could repeat it by heart. The incident was the commencement of a family friendship which has outlived both the heads of the Airy family.

We may look back on Airy as the most commanding figure in the astronomy of our time. He owes this position not only to his early works in mathematical astronomy, but also to his ability

as an organizer. Before his time the working force of an observatory generally consisted of individual observers, each of whom worked to a greater or less extent in his own way. It is true that organization was not unknown in such institutions. Nominally, at least, the assistants in a national observatory were supposed to follow the instructions of a directing head. This was especially the case at Greenwich. Still, great dependence was placed upon the judgment and ability of the observer himself, who was generally expected to be a man well trained in his specialty, and able to carry on good work without much help. From Airy's point of view, it was seen that a large part of the work necessary to the attainment of the traditional end of the Royal Observatory was of a kind that almost any bright schoolboy could learn to do in a few weeks, and that in most of the remaining part plodding industry, properly directed, was more important than scientific training. He could himself work out all the mathematical formulæ and write all the instructions required to keep a small army of observers and computers employed, and could then train in his methods a few able lieutenants, who would see that all the details were properly executed. Under these lieutenants was a grade comprising men of sufficient technical education to enable them to learn how to point the telescope, record a transit, and perform the other technical operations necessary in an astronomical observation. A third grade was that of computers: ingenious youth, quick at figures, ready to work for a compensation which an American laborer would despise, yet well enough schooled to make simple calculations. Under the new system they needed to understand only the four rules of arithmetic; indeed, so far as possible Airy arranged his calculations in such a way that subtraction and division were rarely required. His boys had little more to do than add and multiply. Thus,

so far as the doing of work was concerned, he introduced the same sort of improvement that our times have witnessed in great manufacturing establishments, where labor is so organized that unskilled men bring about results that formerly demanded a high grade of technical ability. He introduced production on a large scale into astronomy.

At the time of my visit, it was much the fashion among astronomers elsewhere to speak slightly of the Greenwich system. The objections to it were, in substance, the same that have been made to the minute subdivision of labor. The intellect of the individual was stunted for the benefit of the work. The astronomer became a mere operative. Yet it must be admitted that the astronomical work done at Greenwich during the sixty years since Airy introduced his system has a value and an importance in its specialty that none done elsewhere can exceed. All future conclusions as to the laws of motion of the heavenly bodies must depend largely upon it.

The organization of his little army necessarily involved a corresponding change in the instruments they were to use. Before his time the trained astronomer worked with instruments of very delicate construction, so that skill in handling them was one of the requisites of an observer. Airy made them in the likeness of heavy machinery, which could suffer no injury from a blow of the head of a careless observer. Strong and simple, they rarely got out of order. It is said that an assistant who showed a visiting astronomer the transit circle sometimes hit it a good slap to show how solid it was; but this was not done on the present occasion. The little army had its weekly marching orders and made daily reports of progress to its commander, who was thus enabled to control the minutest detail of every movement.

In the course of the evening Airy gave me a lesson in method, which was

equally instructive and entertaining. In order to determine the longitude of Gibraltar, it was necessary that time signals should be sent by telegraph from the Royal Observatory. Our conversation naturally led us into a discussion of the general subject of such operations. I told him of the difficulties we had experienced in determining a telegraphic longitude, — that of the Harvard Observatory from Washington, for example, — because it was only after a great deal of talking and arranging on the evening of the observation that the various telegraph stations between the two points could have their connections successfully made at the same moment. At the appointed hour the Washington operator would be talking with the others, to know if they were ready, and so a general discussion about the arrangements might go on for half an hour before the connections were all reported good. If we had such trouble in a land line, how should we get a connection from London to the Gibraltar cable through lines in constant use?

"But," said Airy, "I never allow an operator who can speak with the instruments to take part in determining a telegraphic longitude."

"Then how can you get the connections all made from one end of the line to the other, at the same moment, if your operators cannot talk to one another?"

"Nothing is simpler. I set a moment, say eight o'clock Greenwich mean time, at which signals are to commence. Every intermediate office through which the signals are to pass is instructed to have its wires connected in both directions exactly at the given hour, and to leave them so connected for ten minutes, without asking any further instructions. At the end of the line the instruments must be prepared at the appointed hour to receive the signals. All I have to do here is to place my clock in the circuit and send on the signals for ten minutes, com-

mencing at eight o'clock. They are recorded at the other end of the line, without further trouble."

"But have you never met with a failure to understand the instructions?"

"No; they are too simple to be mistaken, once it is understood that no one has anything to do but make his connections at the designated moment, without asking whether any one else is ready."

Airy was noted not less for his ability as an organizer than for his methodical habits. The care with which he preserved every record led Sir William Rowan Hamilton to say that when Airy wiped his pen on a blotter, he fancied him as always taking a press copy of the mark. His machinery seemed to work perfectly, whether it was constructed of flesh or of brass. He could prepare instructions for the most complicated piece of work with such thorough provision against every accident and such completeness in every detail that the work would go on for years without further serious attention from him. The instruments which he designed half a century ago are mostly in use to this day, with scarcely an alteration.

Yet there is some reason to fear that Airy carried system a little too far to get the best results. Of late years his system has been greatly changed, even at Greenwich. It was always questionable whether so rigid a military routine could accomplish the best that was possible in astronomy; and Airy himself, during his later years, modified his plan by trying to secure trained scientific men as his assistants, giving them liberty to combine independent research, on their own account, with the work of the establishment. His successor has gone farther in the same direction, and is now gathering around him a corps of young university men, from whose ability much may be expected. Observations with the spectroscope have been pursued, and the observatory has taken a prominent part in the international work of making a pho-

tographic map of the heavens. Of special importance are the regular discussions of photographs of the sun, taken in order to determine the law of the variation of the spots. The advantage of the regular system which has been followed for more than fifty years is seen in the meteorological observations; these disprove some theories of the relation between the sun and the weather, in a way that no other set of meteorological records has done. While delicate determinations of the highest precision, such as those made at Pulkova, are not yet undertaken to any great extent, a regular even if slow improvement is going on in the general character of the observations and researches, which must bear fruit in due time.

One of the curious facts we learned at Greenwich was that astronomy was still supposed to be astrology by many in England. That a belief in astrology should survive was perhaps not remarkable, though I do not remember to have seen any evidence of it in this country. But applications received at the Royal Observatory, from time to time, showed a widespread belief among the masses that one of the functions of the astronomer royal was the casting of horoscopes.

We went to Edinburgh. Our first visit was to the observatory, then under the direction of Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, who was also an Egyptologist of repute, having made careful measurements of the Pyramids, and brought out some new facts regarding their construction. He was thus led to the conclusion that they bore marks of having been built by a people of more advanced civilization than was generally supposed, — so advanced, indeed, that we had not yet caught up to them in scientific investigation. These views were set forth with great fullness in his work on *The Antiquity of Intellectual Man*, as well as in other volumes describing his researches. He maintained that the builders of the Pyramids knew the distance of the sun

rather better than we did, and that the height of the great Pyramid had been so arranged that if it was multiplied by a thousand millions we should get this distance more exactly than we could measure it in these degenerate days. With him, to believe in the Pyramid was to believe this, and a great deal more about the civilization which it proved. So, when he asked me whether I believed in the Pyramid, I told him that I did not think I would depend wholly upon the Pyramid for the distance of the sun to be used in astronomy, but should want its indications at least confirmed by modern researches. The hint was sufficient, and I was not further pressed for views on this subject.

He introduced us to Lady Hamilton, widow of the celebrated philosopher, who still held court at Edinburgh. The daughter of the family was in repute as a metaphysician. This was interesting, because I had never before heard of a female metaphysician, although there were several cases of female mathematicians recorded in history. First among them was Donna Maria Agnesi, who wrote one of the best eighteenth-century books on the calculus, and had a special dispensation from the Pope to teach

mathematics at Bologna. We were therefore very glad to accept an invitation from Lady Hamilton to spend an evening with a few of her friends. Her rooms were fairly filled with books, the legacy of one of whom it was said that "not a thought had come down to us through the ages which he had not mastered and made his own." The few guests were mostly university people and philosophers. The most interesting of them was Professor Blackie, the Grecian scholar, who was the liveliest little man of sixty I ever saw; amusing us by singing German songs, and dancing about the room like a sprightly child among its playmates. I talked with Miss Hamilton about Mill, whose Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy was still fresh in men's minds. Of course she did not believe in this book, and said that Mill could not understand her father's philosophy. With all her intellect, she was a fine healthy-looking young lady, and it was a sad surprise, a few years later, to hear of her death. Madame Sophie Kovalevsky afterward appeared on the stage as the first female mathematician of our time, but it may be feared that the woman philosopher died with Miss Hamilton.

Simon Newcomb.

EDWARD BELLAMY.

THE first book of Edward Bellamy's which I read was Dr. Heidenhoff's Process, and I thought it one of the finest feats in the region of romance which I had known. It seemed to me all the greater because the author's imagination wrought in it on the level of average life, and built the fabric of its dream out of common clay. The simple people and their circumstance were treated as if they were persons whose pathetic story he had witnessed himself, and he

was merely telling it. He wove into the texture of their sufferings and their sorrows the magic thread of invention so aptly and skillfully that the reader felt nothing improbable in it. One even felt a sort of moral necessity for it, as if such a clue not only could be, but must be given for their escape. It became not merely probable, but imperative, that there should be some means of extirpating the memory which fixed a sin in lasting remorse, and of thus saving

the soul from the depravity of despair. When it finally appeared that there was no such means, one reader, at least, was inconsolable. Nothing from romance remains to me more poignant than the pang that this plain, sad tale imparted.

The art employed to accomplish its effect was the art which Bellamy had in degree so singular that one might call it supremely his. He does not so much transmute our every-day reality to the substance of romance as make the airy stuff of dreams one in quality with veritable experience. Every one remembers from *Looking Backward* the allegory which figures the pitiless prosperity of the present conditions as a coach drawn by slaves under the lash of those on its top, who have themselves no firm hold upon their places, and sometimes fall, and then, to save themselves from being ground under the wheels, spring to join the slaves at the traces. But it is not this, vivid and terrible as it is, which most wrings the heart; it is that moment of anguish at the close, when Julian West trembles with the nightmare fear that he has been only dreaming of the just and equal future, before he truly wakes and finds that it is real. That is quite as it would happen in life, and the power to make the reader feel this like something he has known himself is the distinctive virtue of that imagination which revived throughout Christendom the faith in a millennium.

A good deal has been said against the material character of the happiness which West's story promises men when they shall begin to do justice, and to share equally in the fruits of the toil which operates life; and I confess that this did not attract me. I should have preferred, if I had been chooser, to have the millennium much simpler, much more independent of modern inventions, modern conveniences, modern facilities. It seemed to me that in an ideal condition (the only condition finally worth having) we should get on without most of these

things, which are but sorry patches on the rags of our outworn civilization, or only toys to amuse our greed and vacancy. Æsthetically, I sympathized with those select spirits who were shocked that nothing better than the futile luxury of their own selfish lives could be imagined for the lives which overwork and underpay had forbidden all pleasures; I acquired considerable merit with myself by asking whether the hope of these formed the highest appeal to human nature. But I overlooked an important condition which the other critics overlooked; I did not reflect that such things were shown as merely added unto those who had first sought the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and that they were no longer vicious or even so foolish when they were harmlessly come by. I have since had to own that the joys I thought trivial and sordid did rightly, as they did most strenuously, appeal to the lives hitherto starved of them. In depicting them as the common reward of the common endeavor Edward Bellamy builded better than we knew, whether he knew better or not, and he builded from a thorough sense of that level of humanity which he was destined so potently to influence, — that American level which his book found in every Christian land.

I am not sure whether this sense was ever a full consciousness with him; very possibly it was not; but in any case it was the spring of all his work, from the earliest to the latest. Somehow, whether he *knew* or not, he unerringly *felt* how the average man would feel; and all the webs of fancy that he wove were essentially of one texture through this sympathy. His imagination was intensely democratic, it was inalienably plebeian, even, — that is to say, humane. It did not seek distinction of expression; it never put the simplest and plainest reader to shame by the assumption of those fine-gentleman airs which abash and dishearten more than the mere literary swell can think. He would use a phrase

or a word that was common to vulgarity, if it said what he meant; sometimes he sets one's teeth on edge, in his earlier stories, by his public school diction. But the nobility of the heart is never absent from his work; and he has always the distinction of self-forgetfulness in his art.

I have been interested, in recurring to his earlier work, to note how almost entirely the action passes in the American village atmosphere. It is like the greater part of his own life in this. He was not a man ignorant of other keeping. He was partly educated abroad, and he knew cities both in Europe and in America. He was a lawyer by profession, and he was sometime editor of a daily newspaper in a large town. But I remember how, in one of our meetings, he spoke with distrust and dislike of the environment of cities as unwholesome and distracting, if not demoralizing (very much to the effect of Tolstoy's philosophy in the matter), and in his short stories his types are village types. They are often such when he finds them in the city, but for much the greater part he finds them in the village; and they are always, therefore, distinctively American; for we are village people far more than we are country people or city people. In this as in everything else we are a medium race, and it was in his sense, if not in his knowledge of this fact, that Bellamy wrote so that there is never a word or a look to the reader implying that he and the writer are of a different sort of folk from the people in the story.

Looking Backward, with its material delights, its communized facilities and luxuries, could not appeal to people on lonely farms who scarcely knew of them, or to people in cities who were tired of them, so much as to that immense average of villagers, of small-town-dwellers, who had read much and seen something of them, and desired to have them. This average, whose intelligence forms the prosperity of our literature, and whose

virtue forms the strength of our nation, is the environment which Bellamy rarely travels out of in his airiest romance. He has its curiosity, its principles, its aspirations. He can tell what it wishes to know, what problem will hold it, what situation it can enter into, what mystery will fascinate it, and what noble pain it will bear. It is by far the widest field of American fiction; most of our finest artists work preferably in it, but he works in it to different effect from any other. He takes that life on its mystical side, and deals with types rather than with characters; for it is one of the prime conditions of the romancer that he shall do this. His people are less objectively than subjectively present; their import is greater in what happens to them than in what they are. But he never falsifies them or their circumstance. He ascertains them with a fidelity that seems almost helpless, almost ignorant of different people, different circumstance; you would think at times that he had never known, never seen, any others; but of course this is only the effect of his art.

When it comes to something else, however, it is still with the same fidelity that he keeps to the small-town average, the American average. He does not address himself more intelligently to the mystical side of this average in Dr. Heidenhoff's Process, or Miss Ludington's Sister, or any of his briefer romances, than to its ethical side in Equality. That book disappointed me, to be frank. I thought it artistically inferior to anything else he had done. I thought it was a mistake to have any story at all in it, or not to have vastly more. I felt that it was not enough to clothe the dry bones of its sociology with paper garments out of Looking Backward. Except for that one sublime moment when the workers of all sorts cry to the Lords of the Bread to take them and use them at their own price, there was no thrill or throb in the book. But I think now that any believer in its economics may

be well content to let them take their chance with the American average, here and elsewhere, in the form that the author has given them. He felt that average so wittingly that he could not have been wrong in approaching it with all that public school exegesis which wearies such dilettanti as myself.

Our average is practical as well as mystical; it is first the dust of the earth, and then it is a living soul; it likes great questions simply and familiarly presented, before it puts its faith in them and makes its faith a life. It likes to start to heaven from home, and in all this Bellamy was of it, voluntarily and involuntarily. I recall how, when we first met, he told me that he had come to think of our hopeless conditions suddenly, one day, in looking at his own children, and reflecting that he could not place them beyond the chance of want by any industry or forecast or providence; and that the status meant the same impossibility for others which it meant for him. I understood then that I was in the presence of a man too single, too sincere, to pretend that he had begun by thinking of others, and I trusted him the more for his confession of a selfish premise. He never went back to himself in his endeavor, but when he had once felt his power in the world, he dedicated his life to his work. He wore himself out in thinking and feeling about it, with a belief in the good time to come that penetrated his whole being and animated his whole purpose, but apparently with no manner of fanaticism. In fact, no one could see him, or look into his quiet, gentle face, so full of goodness, so full of common sense, without perceiving that he had reasoned to his hope for justice in the frame of things. He was indeed a most practical,

a most American man, without a touch of sentimentalism in his humanity. He believed that some now living should see his dream — the dream of Plato, the dream of the first Christians, the dream of Bacon, the dream of More — come true in a really civilized society; but he had the patience and courage which could support any delay.

These qualities were equal to the suffering and the death which came to him in the midst of his work, and cut him off from writing that *one more book* with which every author hopes to round his career. He suffered greatly, but he bore his suffering greatly; and as for his death, it is told that when, toward the last, those who loved him were loath to leave him at night alone, as he preferred to be left, he asked, "What can happen to me? I can only die."

I am glad that he lived to die at home in Chicopee, — in the village environment by which he interpreted the heart of the American nation, and knew how to move it more than any other American author who has lived. The theory of those who think differently is that he simply moved the popular fancy; and this may suffice to explain the state of some people, but it will not account for the love and honor in which his name is passionately held by the vast average, East and West. His fame is safe with them, and his faith is an animating force concerning whose effect at this time or some other time it would not be wise to prophesy. Whether his ethics will keep his æsthetics in remembrance I do not know; but I am sure that one cannot acquaint one's self with his merely artistic work, and not be sensible that in Edward Bellamy we were rich in a romantic imagination surpassed only by that of Hawthorne.

W. D. Howells.

AT NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

II.

My enjoyment of the country about the Bridge may be said to have begun with my settling down for a more leisurely stay. Hurry and discontent are poor helps to appreciation. That afternoon, the morning having been devoted to ornithological excitements, I strolled over to Mount Jefferson, and spent an hour in the observatory, where a delicious breeze was blowing. The "mountain" proved to be nothing more than a round grassy hilltop, — the highest point in a sheep-pasture, — but it offered, nevertheless, a wide and charming prospect: mountains near and far, a world of green hills, with here and there a level stretch, most restful to the eye, of the James River valley, — the great Valley of Virginia. Up from the surrounding field came the tinkle of sheep-bells, and down in one corner of it young men were slowly gathering, some in wagons, some on horseback, for a game of ball. There was to be a "match" that "evening," I had been told, between the Bridge nine (I am sorry not to remember its name) and the Buena Vistas. It turned out, however, so I learned the next day, that a supposed case of smallpox at Buena Vista had made such an interchange of athletic courtesies inexpedient for the time being, and the Bridge men were obliged to be content with a trial of skill among themselves, for which they chose up ("picked off") after the usual fashion, the two leaders deciding which should have the first choice by the old Yankee test of grasping a bat alternately, hand over hand, till one of them should be able to cover the end of it with his thumb. Such things were pleasant to hear of. I accepted them as of patriotic significance, tokens of national unity. My informant, by the way, was the same man, a young West

Virginian, who had told me where to look for Washington's initials on the wall of the bridge. My specialties appealed to him in a measure, and he confessed that he wished he were a botanist. He was always very fond of flowers. His side had been victorious in the ball game, he said, in answer to my inquiry. Some of the players must have come from a considerable distance, it seemed to me, as there was no sign of a village or even of a hamlet, so far as I had discovered, anywhere in the neighborhood. The Bridge is not in any township, but simply in Rockbridge County, after a Virginia custom quite foreign to all a New Englander's notions of geographical propriety.

The prospect from Mount Jefferson was beautiful, as I have said, but on my return I happened upon one that pleased me better. I had been down through Cedar Creek ravine, and had taken my own way out, up the right-hand slope through the woods, noting the flowers as I walked, especially the blue-eyed grass and the scarlet catchfly (battlefield pink), a marvelous bit of color, and was following the edge of the cliff toward the hotel, when, finding myself still with time to spare, I sat down to rest and be quiet. By accident I chose a spot where between ragged, homely cedars I looked straight down the glen — over a stretch of the brook far below — to the bridge, through which could be seen wooded hills backed by Thunder Mountain, long and massive, just now mostly in shadow, like the rest of the world, but having its lower slopes touched with an exquisite half-light, which produced a kind of prismatic effect upon the freshly green foliage. It was an enchanting spectacle and a delightful hour. Now my eye settled upon the ravine and the brook, now upon the arch of the bridge, now upon the

hills beyond. And now, as I continued to look, the particulars fell into place, — dropping in a sense out of sight, — and the scene became one. By and by the light increased upon the broad precipitous face of the mountain, softness and beauty inexpressible, while the remainder of the landscape lay in deep shadow.

I fell to wondering, at last, what it is that constitutes the peculiar attractiveness of a limited view — limited in breadth, not in depth — as compared with a panorama of half the horizon. The only answer I gave myself was that, for the supreme enjoyment of beauty, the eye must be at rest, satisfied, with no temptation to wander. We are finite creatures with infinite desires. The sight must go far, — to the rim of the world, or to some grand interposing object so remote as to be of itself a natural and satisfying limit of vision; and the eye must be held to that point, not by a distracting exercise of the will, but by the quieting constraint of circumstances.

Let my theorizing be true or false, I greatly enjoyed the picture; the deep, dark, wooded ravine, with the line of water running through it lengthwise, the magnificent stone arch, the low hills in the middle distance, and Thunder Mountain a background for the whole. The mountain, as has been said, was a long ridge, not a peak; and sharp as it looked from this point of view, it was very likely flat at the top. Like Lookout Mountain and Walden's Ridge, it might, for anything I knew, be roomy enough to hold one or two Massachusetts counties upon its summit. While I sat gazing at it the sun went down and left it of a deep sombre blue. Then, of a sudden, a small heron flew past, and a pileated woodpecker somewhere behind me set up a prolonged and lusty shout; and a few minutes later I was startled to see between me and the sunset sky a flock of six big herons flying slowly in single file, like so many pelicans. From their size they should have been *Ardea herodias*,

but in that light there was no telling of colors. It was a ghostly procession, so silent and unexpected, worthy of the place and of the hour. I was beginning to feel at home. A wood thrush sang for me as I continued my course to the hotel, and my spirit sang with him. "I'm glad I am alive," my pencil wrote of its own accord at the end of the day's jottings.

I woke the next morning to the lively music of a whippoorwill, — the same, I suppose, that had sung me to sleep the evening before. He performed that service faithfully as long as I remained at the Bridge, and always to my unmixed satisfaction. Whippoorwills are among my best birds, and of recent years I have had too little of them. Immediately after breakfast I must go again to the roadside wood, and then to Buck Hill, as a dog must go again to bark under a tree up which he has once driven a cat or a squirrel. But there is no duplicating of experiences. The birds — the flocks of travelers — were not there. Chats were calling *ceow, ceow*, with the true countryman's twang; and what was much better, a Swainson thrush was singing. Better still, a pair of blue yellow-backed warblers (the most abundant representatives of the family thus far) had begun the construction of a nest in a black walnut tree, suspending it from a rather large branch ("as big as my thumb") at a height of perhaps twenty feet. It was little more than a frame as yet, the light shining through it everywhere; and the bird, perhaps because of my presence, seemed in no haste about its completion. I saw her bring what looked like a piece of lichen and adjust it into place (though she carried it elsewhere first — with wonderful slyness!), but my patience gave out before she came back with a second one.

On Buck Hill, in the comparative absence of birds, I amused myself with a "dry land tarrapin," as my West Virginia acquaintance had called it (other-

wise known as a box turtle), a creature which I had seen several times in my wanderings, and had asked him about; a new species to me, of a peculiarly humpbacked appearance, and curious for its habit of shutting itself up in its case when disturbed, the anterior third of the lower shell being jointed for that purpose. A phlegmatic customer, it seemed to be; looking at me with dull, unspeculative eyes, and sometimes responding to a pretty violent nudge with only a partial closing of its lid. It is very fond of may apples (mandrake), I was told, and is really one of the "features" of the dry hill woods. I ran upon it continually.

A lazy afternoon jaunt over a lonely wood road, untried before, yielded little of mentionable interest except the sight of a blue grosbeak budding the upper branches of a tree in the manner of a purple finch or a rose-breast. I call him a blue grosbeak, as I called him at the time; but he went into my book that evening with a damnatory question mark attached to his name. He had been rather far away and pretty high; and the possibilities of error magnified themselves on second thought, till I said to myself, "Well, he may have been an indigo-bird, after all." Second thought is the mother of uncertainty; and uncertainties are poor things for a man's comfort. The seasons were met here; for even while I busied myself with the blue grosbeak (as he pretty surely was, for all my want of assurance) a crossbill flew over with loud calls.

In the same place I heard a tremendous hammering a little on one side of me, so vigorous a piece of work that I was persuaded the workman could be nobody but a pileated woodpecker. A long time I stood with my gaze fastened upon the tree from which the noise seemed to come. Would the fellow never show himself? Yes, he put his head out from behind a limb at last (what a fiery crest!), saw me on the in-

stant, and was gone like a flash. Then from a little distance he set up a resounding halloo. This was only the second time that birds of his kind had been seen hereabout, but the voice had been heard daily, and more than once I had noticed what I could have no doubt were nest-holes of their making. One of these, on Buck Hill, — freshly cut, if appearances went for anything, — I undertook to play the spy upon; but if the nest was indeed in use the birds were too wary for me, or I was very unfortunate in my choice of hours. Time was precious, and the secret seemed likely to cost more than it would bring, with so many other matters inviting my attention. Nest or no nest, I was glad to be within the frequent sound of that wild, ringing, long-drawn shout, a true voice of the wilderness; as if the Hebrew prophecy were fulfilled, and the mountains and the hills had found a tongue.

It was not until the sixth day that I went to Lincoln Heights, a place worth all the rest of the countryside, I soon came to think, with the single exception of Cedar Creek ravine. A winding wood road carried me thither (the distance may be two miles; but I have little idea what it is, though I covered it once or twice a day for the next four days), and might have been made — half made, just to my liking — for my private convenience. I believe I never met any one upon it, going or coming.

The glory of the spot is its trees; but with me, as things fell out, these took in the order of time a second place. My first admiration was not for them, admirable as they were, but for a few birds in the tops of them. In short, at my first approach to the Heights (there is no thought of climbing, but only the most gradual of ascents) I began to hear from the branches overhead, now here, now there, an occasional weak warbler's song that set my curiosity on edge. It was not the parula's (blue yellow-back's), but like it. What should it be, then,

except the cerulean's? By and by I caught a glimpse of a bird, clear white below, with a dark line across the breast; and yes, I saw what I was looking for, — though the bird flew to another branch the next moment, — black streaks along the sides of the body. There were at least eight or ten others like him in the treetops; and it was a neck-breaking half-hour that I passed in watching them, determined as I was to gain a view not only of the under parts, but of the back and wings. The labor and difficulty of the search were increased indefinitely by the confusing presence of numerous other warblers of various kinds in the same lofty branches, making it inevitable that many opera-glass shots should be wasted. It is no help to a man's equanimity at such a time to spend a priceless three minutes — any one of which may be the last — in getting the glass upon a tiny thing that flits incessantly from one leafy twig to another, only to find in the end that it is nothing but a myrtle warbler; a pretty creature, no doubt, but of no more consequence just now than an English sparrow. Today, however, the birds favored me; no untimely whim hurried them away to another wood, and patience had its reward. Little by little my purpose was accomplished and my mind cleared of all uncertainty. Then I took out my pencil to characterize the song while it was still in my ears, and still new. "Greatly like one of the more broken forms of the parula's," I wrote, a bird repeating it at that very instant by way of confirmation. "I can imagine a fairly sharp ear being deceived by it, especially in a place like this, where parulas have been singing from morning till night, until the listener has tired of them and become listless." This sentence the reader may keep in mind, if he will, to glance back upon for his amusement in the light of a subsequent experience which it will be my duty to relate before I am done with my story.

Between the migratory "transients" and the birds already at home, the place was pretty full of wings. A Swainson thrush sang, and from a bushy slope came a nasal thrush voice that should have been a veery's. I took chase at once, and caught a glimpse of a reddish-brown bird darting out of sight before me. Do my best, I could find nothing more of it. If it was a veery, as I suppose, it was the only one I saw in Virginia, where the species, from Dr. Rives's account of the matter, seems to be a rather uncommon migrant. Unhappily, I could not bring my scientific conscience to list it on so hurried a sight, even with the note as corroborative testimony. That, for aught I could positively assert, might have been a gray-cheek's, while the reddish color might with equal possibility have belonged to a wood thrush, clear as it had seemed at the moment that what I was looking at was the back of the bird itself, and not the back of its head. Doubt is credulous. All kinds of negatives are plausible to it, and once it has adopted one it will maintain it in the face of the five senses.

On the opposite side of the path, in the bushy angles of a Virginia fence, a hooded warbler showed himself, furtive and silent, — my only Bridge specimen, to my great surprise; and near him was a female black-throated blue, a queer-looking body, like nothing in particular, yet labeled past mistake, which I can never see without a kind of wonder. Among the treetop birds were Blackburnian warblers, black-throated greens and blues, chestnut-sides, red-starts, myrtle-birds, red-eyed and yellow-throated vireos, and indigo-birds. Many white-throated sparrows still lingered; singing flat, as usual, — the only birds I know of that find it impossible to hold the pitch. The defect has its favorable side; it makes their concerts amusing. I remember seeing a quiet gentleman thrown into fits of uncontrol-

lable laughter by the rehearsal of a spring flock, bird after bird starting the tune, and not one in ten of them keeping its whistle true to the conclusion of the measure. All these things, — though they may seem not many, — with the long rests and numerous side excursions that went with them, consumed the morning hours before I knew it, so that I was hardly at the end of the way before it was time to return for dinner.

For the afternoon nothing was to be thought of but another visit to the same place, — “the finest place I have seen yet, and the finest walk.” So I had put down the morning’s discovery. The cerulean warbler I found spoken of by Dr. Rives as “accidental or very rare;” in the light of which entry the dozen or so of specimens seen and heard during the forenoon acquired a fresh interest.

The second jaunt, because it *was* a second one, could be taken more at leisure; and as the birds gave me less employment, my eyes were more upon the trees. These, as I had felt before, were a wonder and a comfort; it was a benediction to walk under them, as if one were within the precincts of a holy place: oaks for the most part (of several kinds), with black walnut, shagbark, tulip, chestnut, and other species, set irregularly, or rather left standing irregularly, two or three deep, beside the road on either hand; a royal uphill avenue, which near the top became an open grove. Except in Florida, I had never seen a more magnificent growth. Some of the trees had grapevines and Virginia creeper clinging about them. Up one huge oak, with strange flaky bark, like a shagbark tree’s (a white oak, nevertheless, to judge from its half-grown leaves), a grapevine had mounted for a height of forty feet, as I estimated the distance, not making use of the bole, but of the limbs, seeming to leap from one to another, even when they were ten feet apart. It must have been of the tree’s age, I suppose, and had grown with its

growth. In the shadow of these giants, yet not overshadowed by them, were flowering dogwoods and redbuds. It is a pretty habit these two have of growing side by side, as if they knew the value of contrasted colors.

At a point on the edge of the grove I turned to enjoy the prospect southward: mountains everywhere, with the more pointed of the twin Peaks of Otter showing between two oaks that barely gave it room; all the mountains radiantly beautiful, with cloud shadows flecking their wooded slopes. Not a house was in sight; but in one place beyond the middle-distance hills a thin blue smoke was rising. There, doubtless, lay the valley of the James. Just before me, on the left of the open field, stood a peculiarly graceful dogwood, all in a glory of white, one fan-shaped branch above another, — a miracle of loveliness. The eye that saw it was satisfied with seeing. Beyond it a chat played the clown (knowing no better, even to-day), and a rose-breast began warbling. It seemed a tender story, — sweetness beyond words, and happiness without a shadow. From a second point, a little farther on, the entire southern horizon came into view, with both the Peaks of Otter visible; a truly enchanting picture, the sky full of sunlight and floating white clouds.

In a treetop behind me a cerulean warbler had been singing, but flew away as I turned about. My only sight of him was on the wing, a mere speck in the air. Afterward a parula gave out his tune, running the notes straight upward and snapping them off at the end in whiplash fashion, as much as to say, “Now see if you can tell the difference.” And then, just as I was ready to leave the grove, stepping along a footpath through a bramble patch, I descried almost at my feet a warbler, — a female by her look and demeanor, and a stranger; blue and white, with dark streakings along the sides. I lost her soon; but she had seemed to be looking for

nest materials, and of course I waited for her to return. This she presently did, and now I saw her strip bits of bark from plant stems till she had her bill full of short pieces. Carrying these, she disappeared in a bramble and grapevine thicket. I waited, but she did not come back. Then I stole into the place after her, and in a moment there she was before me; but without complaint or any symptom of perturbation she passed quietly along, and again I lost her. I kept my position till I was tired, and then went back to the wood and sat down; and in a few minutes — how it happened I could not tell — there she stood once more, wearing the same innocent, preoccupied air. This time I saw her fly down the slope and disappear in a clump of undergrowth. I followed, took a seat, waited, and continued to wait. All was in vain. That was the last of her. She had played her cards well, or perhaps I had played mine poorly; and finally I turned my steps homeward, where a comparison of my notes with Dr. Coues's description proved the bird to be, as I had believed, a female cerulean warbler. Her nest would probably be the first one of its kind ever found in Virginia.

On the way a male sang and showed himself. Now, too, I discovered for the first time that there were tupelo trees among the large oaks and walnuts; much smaller than they, and for that reason, it is to be supposed, not noticed in my three previous passages along the avenue. They are particular favorites of mine, and I made them sincere apologies. In another place was a patch of what I knew must be the fragrant sumach, something I had wished to see for many years: low, upright shrubs, yet resembling poison ivy so closely that for a minute I shrank from gathering a specimen, although I was certain beyond a peradventure that the plant was not poison ivy and could not be noxious to the touch; just as people in general,

through force of early instruction and example (miscalled instinct), shiver at the thought of handling a snake, though it be of some kind which they know to be as harmless as a kitten. While in chase of the cerulean, also, I had stumbled on several bunches of cancer-root (*Conopholis*), rising out of the dead leaves, a dozen or more of stems in each close bunch; queer, unwholesome-looking, yellowish things, reminding me of ears of rice-corn, so called. I had never seen the plant till the day before.

The next morning my course was beyond discussion or argument. I must go again to Lincoln Heights. The thought of the female cerulean warbler and her nest would not suffer me to do anything else. But for that matter, I should probably have taken the same path had I never seen her. The trees, the prospects, and the general birdiness of the place were of themselves an irresistible attraction. On the way I skirted a grove of small pines, standing between the road and the edge of Cedar Creek ravine: dull, scrubby trees, like pitch-pines, but less bright in color; of the same kind as those amid which, on Cameron Hill and Lookout Mountain, in Tennessee, there had been so notable a gathering of warblers the year before. *Pinus pungens*, Table Mountain pine, I suppose they were, though it must be acknowledged that I was never at the pains to settle the point. Here at Natural Bridge I had found all such woods deserted day after day, till I had ceased to think them worth looking into. Now, however, as I idled past, I caught the faint sibilant notes of a bird-song, and stopped to listen. Not a blackpoll's, I said to myself, but wonderfully near it. And then it flashed into my mind what a friend had told me a few years before. "When you hear a song that is like the blackpoll's, but different," he had said, "look the bird up. It will most likely be a Cape May." He was one of the lucky men (almost the only one of my acquaint-

ance) who had heard that rare warbler's voice. I turned aside, of course, and made a cautious entry among the pines. The bird continued its singing. Yes, it was like the blackpoll's, but with a *zip* rather than a *zee*. Nearer and nearer I crept, inch by inch. If the fellow were a Cape May, it would be carelessness inexcusable not to make sure of the fact. And soon I had my glass upon him, — in high plumage, red cheeks and all. He had not been disturbed in the least, and kept up his music till I had had my fill and could stay no longer, — all the while in low branches and in clear view. Few songs could be less interesting in themselves, but few could have been more welcome, — for the better part of twenty years I had been listening for it: about five notes, a little louder and more emphatic than the blackpoll's, it seemed to me, but still faint and, as I expressed it to myself, "next to nothing." The handsome creature — olive and bright yellow, boldly marked with black and white — remained the whole time in one tree, traveling over the limbs in a rather listless fashion, and singing almost incessantly. He was my hundredth Virginia bird, — as my list then stood, question marks included, — and the second one whose song I had heard for the first time on this vacation trip. The day had begun prosperously.

After such a stirring up, a man's ears are apt to be abnormally sensitive, not to say imaginative; then, if ever, he will hear wonders: for which reason, it may be, I had turned but a corner or two before I was stopped by another set of notes, a strain that I knew, or felt that I ought to know, but could not place a name upon at the moment. This bird, too, was run down without difficulty, and proved to be a magnolia warbler, — another yellow-rump, like the Cape May and the myrtle-bird. The song, unlike its owner, is but slightly marked, and to make matters worse, is heard by me only in the season of the bird's spring pas-

sage; but I laughed at myself for not recognizing it. I was still in a mood for discoveries, however, and within half an hour was again in eager chase, this time over a crazy zigzag fence into a dense thicket, all for a black-and-white creeper (my fiftieth specimen, perhaps, in the last fortnight), whose notes, as they came to me from a distance, sounded like a creeper's, to be sure, but with such a measure of difference as kept me on net- tles till the author of them was in sight. I felt like a fool, as the common expression is, but was having "a good time," notwithstanding.

Here were the first trailing blackberry blossoms. The season was making haste. "Come, children, it is the 7th of May," I seemed to hear the "bud-crowned spring" saying. The woods had burst into almost full leaf within a week. This morning, also, I found the first flowers of the *Dodecatheon*; three plants, each with only one bloom as yet; white, odd-looking, pointed, — like a stylographic pen, my profane clerical fancy suggested. American cowslip and shooting star the flower is called in the Manual. American cyclamen would hit it pretty well, I thought, its most striking peculiarity being the reflexed, cyclamenic carriage of the petals. I had been wondering what those broad root-leaves were, as I passed them here and there in the woods. The present was only my second sight of the blossom in a wild state, the first one having been on the battlefield of Chickamauga. It is matter for thankfulness, an enrichment of the memory, when a pretty flower is thus associated with a famous place.

Among the old trees on the Heights a cerulean warbler and a blue yellow-back were singing nearly in the same breath. If I did not become lastingly familiar with the distinction between the two songs, it was not to be the birds' fault. A second cerulean (or possibly the same one; it was impossible to be certain on that point, nor did it matter) was near

the grapevine tangle, and at the moment of my approach was holding a controversy with a creeper. He had reserved the spot, as it appeared, and was insisting upon his claim. My spirits rose. It was this clump of shrubbery that I had come to sit beside, on the chance of seeing again, and tracking to her nest, the female whose behavior had so excited my hopes the afternoon before. "Nest small and neat, in fork of a bough 20-50 feet from the ground:" so I had read in the Key, and henceforth knew what I was to look for. For a full hour I remained on guard. Twice the male cerulean chased some other bird about in a manner extremely suspicious; but he kept her (or him) so constantly on the move that I had no fair sight of her plumage. Beyond that my vigil went for nothing. I must try again. If a man cannot waste an hour once in a while, he had better not undertake the finding of birds' nests.

For the walk homeward I took a course of my own down the open face of the hill, climbing a fence or two (I could tell far in advance the safest places at which to get over—the soundest spots—by seeing the lumps of dry red clay left on the rails by the boots of previous travelers across lots), past prairie warblers and my first Natural Bridge bluebird, to the bottom of the valley. Then, finding myself ahead of time, I turned aside to see what might be in the woods of Buck Hill. There was little to mention: a blossom of the exquisite vernal fleur-de-lis, not before noticed here, and at the top two cerulean warblers in full song. I had begun by this time to believe that this rare Virginia species would turn out to be pretty common hereabout in appropriate places.

Partly to test the truth of this opinion I planned an afternoon trip to a more distant eminence, which, like Buck Hill and Lincoln Heights, was covered with a deciduous forest. In the valley woods a grouse was drumming—a pretty fre-

quent sound here—and Swainson thrushes were singing. These "New Hampshire thrushes," by the bye, are singers of the most generous sort, not only at home, but on their travels, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding. From May 5 to May 12—including the latter half of my stay at Natural Bridge, two days at Afton, and one day in the cemetery woods at Arlington—I have them marked as singing daily, and one day at the Bridge they were heard in four widely separate places.

The hill for which I had set out lay on the left of the road, and between me and it stood a row of negro cabins. As I came opposite them I suddenly caught from the hillside the notes of a Nashville warbler,—or so I believed. This was a bird not yet included in my Virginia list. I had puzzled over its absence—the country seeming in all respects adapted to it—till I consulted Dr. Rives, by whom it is set down as "rare." Even then, emboldened by more than one happy experience, I told myself that I ought to find it. It is common enough in New England; why should it skip Virginia? And here it was; only I must go through the formality of a visual inspection, especially as just now the song came from rather far away. I entered one of the houseyards,—nobody objecting except a dog,—climbed the rear fence, and posted up the steep, rocky hill, past a hummingbird sipping at a violet, and by and by lifted my glass upon the singer, which had been in voice all the while. By this time I was practically sure of its identity. In imagination I could already see its bright yellow breast. The name was as good as down in my book,—*Helminthophila ruficapilla*. But the glass, having no imagination, showed me a white breast with a dark line across it,—a cerulean warbler! Verily, an ear is a vain thing for safety. See your bird, I say, and take a second look; and then go back and look again. In another tree a

parula warbler was singing. About him, by good luck, I made no mistake. As for the other bird, even after I had seen his white breast, his tune — with which he was literally spilling over — continued to sound amazingly Nashvillian; though there are few warbler songs with which I should have supposed myself more thoroughly acquainted than with this same clearly characterized Nashville ditty, — a hurried measure followed by a still more hurried trill. Perhaps this particular cerulean had a note peculiarly his own. I should be glad to think so. Perhaps, on the other hand, the fault was all with the man who heard it; in which case the less said the better. In either event, my theory as to the cerulean's commonness was in a fair way to be verified. It was well I had that comfort.

Before I could get down the hill again I must stop to listen to a gnatcatcher's squeaky voice, and the next moment I saw the bird, and another with him. The second one proceeded immediately to a nest, — conspicuously displayed on an oak branch, — while her mate hovered about, squeaking in the most affectionate manner. Then away they flew in company, and after a long absence were back again for another turn at building. They were making a joy of their labor, the male especially; but it is true he made little else of it. With him I was at once taken captive, — so happy, so proud, and so devoted. A paragon of amorous behavior, I called him; having the French idea of "assistance," no doubt, but a lover in every movement. Never was the good old-fashioned phrase "waiting upon her" more prettily illustrated. Birds are imaginative creatures, says Richard Jefferies, and I believe it; and this fellow, I am sure, had endowed his spouse with all the graces of all the birds that ever were or ever will be. In other words, he was truly in love. The nest was already shingled throughout with bits of gray

lichen, laid on so skillfully that Father Time himself might have done it. That is the right way. Let the house look as if it were a growth, a something native to the spot, only less old than the ground it rests on. The gnatcatcher's nest is always a work of art. Gnatcatcher eggs could hardly be counted upon to hatch in any other.

As I passed up the road, on my way homeward, a flock of eight nighthawks were swimming overhead. Their genius runs, not to architecture, but to grace of aerial motion. They do not shoot like the swifts, nor skim and dart like the swallows, nor circle on level wings like the hawks, but have an easy, slow-seeming, wavering, gracefully "limping" flight, which is strictly their own. At the same time two buzzards met in mid-air, one going with the breeze, the other against it. I could have told the fact, without other knowledge of the wind's course, by the different carriage of the two pairs of wings. So "the bird trims her to the gale."

Having the cerulean warbler question still upon my mind, and seeing another hard-wood hill within easy reach, I turned my steps thither. Yes, I was hardly there before I heard a bird singing; but the reader may be sure I did not take my ear's word for it. This was the fourth hilltop I had visited to-day, and on every one the "rare" warbler (but it is well known to be abundant in West Virginia) had been found without so much as a five-minute search.

The next thing, of course, was to find the nest, and so establish the fact of the birds' breeding. For that I had one day left; and it may be said at once that I spent the greater share of the next forenoon in the vicinity of the grapevine thicket, before mentioned, on Lincoln Heights. A male cerulean was there, — I both heard and saw him, — but no female showed herself; and when at last my patience ran out, I gave up the point for good. She had been seen in the

diligent collection of building materials, and that, considered as evidence, was nearly the same as a discovery of the nest itself. With that I must be content. The comfortable way of finding birds' nests is to happen upon them. A regular hunt—a "dead set," as we call it—is apt to be a discouraging business.

My present attempt, it is true, was a quiet, inactive piece of work, little more than an idle waiting for the lady of the nest to "give herself away;" and even that was relieved by much looking at mountain prospects and frequent turns in the surrounding woods. Once a crossbill called and a cardinal whistled almost in the same breath,—a kind of northern and southern duet. Then a cuckoo and a dove fell to cooing on opposite sides of me; very different sounds, though in our poverty we designate them by the same word. The dove's voice is a thousand times more plaintive than the cuckoo's, and to hear it, no matter how near, might come from a mile away; as I have known the little ground dove to be "mourning" from a fig-tree at my elbow while I was endeavoring to sight it far down the field. The dove's note is the voice of the future or of the past, I am not certain which. A few rods from the spot where I had taken my station, a single deerberry bush (*Vaccinium stamineum*) was in profuse bloom, and made a really pretty show; loose sprays of white flaring blossoms all hanging downward, each with its cluster of long protruding stamens, till the bush, I thought, was like a miniature candelabrum of electric lights. As Thoreau might have said, for so homely a plant the deerberry is very handsome. Either from association or for some other reason, it wears always a certain common look. When we see an azalea shrub or even an apple tree in bloom, we seem to see the very object of its being. The flower calls for no ulterior result, though it may have one; its fruit is in itself. But a

blossoming blueberry bush, no matter of what kind, looks like a plant that was made to bear something edible, a plant whose end is use rather than beauty.

If the forenoon had been indolent, the noonday hour was more so. I descended the hill by a way different from any I had yet taken, and found myself at the foot in a public road running through a cultivated valley. The day was peculiarly comfortable, with a bright sun and a temperate breeze,—ideal weather for such inactivities as I was engaged in. Coming to an old cherry tree, I rested awhile in its shadow. A farmhouse was not far off, with apple trees before it, a barn across the way, and two or three men at work in the sloping ploughed field beyond. To one as lazy as I then was, it is almost a luxury to see other men hoeing or ploughing, so they be far enough off to become a part of the landscape. Near the barn stood a venerable weeping willow, huge of girth, a very patriarch, yet still green as youth itself. Here were good farm-loving birds, a pleasant society. A pair of house wrens came at once to look at the stranger, and one of them interested me by dusting itself in the road. Two kingbirds were about the apple trees (apple-tree flycatchers would be my name for them, if a name were in order), now sitting quiet for a brief space, now scaling the heavens, as if to see how nearly perpendicular a bird's flight could be made, and then tumbling about ecstasically with rapid vociferations, after the half-crazy manner of their kind. The kingbird is plentifully endowed not only with spirit, but with spirits. A goldfinch sang and twittered in the softest voice, and a catbird mewed. From a quince bush, a little farther off, a wild bobolinkian strain was repeated again and again,—an orchard oriole, I thought most likely. I went nearer (to the shade of a low cedar), and soon had him in sight,—a young male in yellow plumage, with a black throat-patch. The song was extremely

taking, and the more I heard it, the more it seemed to have the true bobolink ring. The quince bushes were in pale pink bloom, and the branches of a tall snowball tree in the unfenced front yard of the house fairly drooped under their load of white globular clusters. Just opposite was a sweet-brier bush, "the pastoral eglantine," half dead like others that I had noticed here, and like the whole tribe of its New England brothers and sisters. Here as in Massachusetts a blight was upon them; they were living with difficulty. It would be good, I thought, to see the sweet-brier once where it flourishes; where the beauty of the plant matches the beauty and sweetness of the rose it bears. Can it be that it is not quite hardy even in Virginia?

My seat under the snowball tree (to the coolness of which I had moved from under the cedar) had presently to be given up. The women of the house became aware of me, and out of a bashful regard for my own comfort I took the road again. Soon I passed a double house, with painted doors and two-sash windows! And in one of the windows were lace curtains! It was wonderful, — I was obliged to confess it, in spite of a deep-seated masculine prejudice against all such contrivances, — it was wonderful what an air of elegance they conferred, though the paint of the doors was to be considered, of course, in the same connection.

By this time the road was approaching the slope of Buck Hill, and high noon as it was, I must run up for another half-hour among the old trees at the top, — with no special result except to disturb a summer tanager, who fired off volley after volley of oburgatory expletives, and altogether seemed to be in a terrible state of mind. His excitement was all for nothing; unless — what was likely enough — it served to give him favor in the eyes of his mate, who may be presumed to have been somewhere within

hearing. Lovers, I believe, are supposed to welcome an opportunity to play the hero.

My last afternoon at the Bridge was devoted to a longish tramp into a new piece of country, where for an hour I had hopes of adding at least a name or two to my Virginia bird-list, which for twenty-four hours had been at a standstill. I came unexpectedly upon a mill, and what was of greater account, a millpond, — "a long, dirty pond," as my uncivil pencil describes it. Here were swallows, as might have been foreseen, but the most careful scrutiny revealed nothing beyond the two species already catalogued, — the barn swallow and the rough-wing. Here, too, in an apple orchard, were a Baltimore oriole gathering straws, a phoebe, a golden warbler, and several warbling vireos, the only ones so far noticed with the exception of a single bird at Pulaski. About the border of the pond were spotted sandpipers (no solitaires, to my disappointment) and two male song sparrows. This last species I saw but twice in Virginia, — along the bushy shore of the creek at Pulaski, and here beside this millpond. Wherever the song sparrow is scarce, it is likely to be restricted to the immediate neighborhood of water. Even in Massachusetts it is pretty evident that such places are its first choice. As I sometimes say, the song sparrow likes a swamp as well as the swamp sparrow; but the species being so exceedingly abundant, there are not swampy spots enough to go round, and the majority of the birds have to shift as they can, along bushy fence-rows and in pastures and scrublands.

The building interested me almost as much as the sandpipers and the sparrows. It was painted red, and served not only as a mill, but as a post-office ("Red Mills") and a "department store," with its sign, "Dry Goods, Groceries, &c." A tablet informed the passer-by that the mill had been "estab-

lished" in 1798, destroyed in 1881, and reopened in 1891; and on the same tablet, or another, was the motto, "Laborare est orare." I regretted not to meet the proprietor, but he was nowhere in sight, and I felt a scruple about intruding upon the time of a man who was at once postmaster, miller, farmer, storekeeper, and scholar. With that motto before me, — "Apologia pro vita sua," he might have called it, — such an intrusion would have seemed a sacrilege.

What I remember best about the whole establishment is the song of a blue-gray gnatcatcher, to which I stopped to listen under a low savin tree on a bluff above the mill. He was directly over my head, singing somewhat in the manner of a catbird, but I had almost to hold my breath to hear him. It was amazing that a bird's voice could be spun so fine. A mere shadow of a sound, I was ready to say. It was only by the happiest accident that I did not miss it altogether. Then, when the fellow had finished his music, he began squeaking in that peculiarly teasing manner of his, and kept it up till I was weary. The gnatcatcher is a creature by himself, a miniature bird, wonderfully slender, with a strangely long tail, which he carries jauntily and makes the most of on all occasions. But if he only knew it, his chief claim to distinction is his singing voice. If the humming-bird's is attenuated in the same proportion (and who can assert the contrary?), he may be the finest vocalist in the world, and we none the wiser.

I was to start northward by the next noonday train, and had already laid out my forenoon's work. Before breakfast I took my last look at the famous bridge, and my last stroll through Cedar Creek

ravine. I had been there every day, I think, and had always found something new. This time it was a slippery elm tree by the saltpetre cave. I had brought away a twig, and was sitting in my door putting a lens upon it and upon a sedum specimen, when the veranda was suddenly taken possession of by a dozen or more of young men. They were just up from the railway station, and were deep in a discussion of ways and means, — tickets, luncheons, and time-tables. Then, in a momentary lull in the talk, I heard a quiet voice say, "Sedum." They were a company of Johns Hopkins men out upon a geological trip. So I learned at noon when we met at the railway station; and a pleasant botanical hour I had with one or two of them as we rode northward. Now, on the piazza, they did not tarry long; time was precious to them also; and as soon as they had gone down to the bridge I set off in the opposite direction. My final ramble was to be to Lincoln Heights, to see once more that magnificent avenue of trees and that beautiful mountain prospect. The cerulean warbler was singing as usual, but there was no sign of his mate, though I could not do less than to wait a little while by the grapevine thicket in a vain hope of her appearance. Here, as in the ravine, I had not yet seen everything. Straight before me stood a locust tree, every branch hung with long, fragrant white clusters. I had overlooked it completely till now. If I learned nothing else in Virginia, I ought to have learned something about my limitations as an "observer." But I need not have traveled so far for such a purpose. Wisdom so common as that may be picked up any day in a man's own dooryard.

Bradford Torrey.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XXV.

GUIDA was sitting on the *veille* reading an old London paper which she had bought of the mate on the packet from Southampton. One page contained an account of the execution of Louis XVI.; another reported the fight between the English thirty-six gun frigate *Araminta* and the French *Niobe*. The engagement had been desperate, the valiant *Araminta* having been fought not alone against odds as to her enemy, but against the irresistible perils of a coast of which the Admiralty charts gave cruelly imperfect information. To the Admiralty was due the fact that the *Araminta* was now at the bottom of the sea, and its young commander confined in a French fortress, his brave and distinguished services lost to the country. Nor had the government yet sought to lessen the injury by arranging a cartel for the release of the unfortunate commander.

The *Araminta*! To Guida the letters of the word seemed to stand out from the paper like shining hieroglyphs on a misty gray curtain. All the rest of the page was resolved into a filmy floating substance, no more tangible than the ashy skeleton of burnt paper on which writing still lives when the paper itself has been eaten by flame, and the flame swallowed by the air.

Araminta, — this was all her eyes saw; that familiar name in the flaring, fantastic handwriting of the genius of life, who had scrawled her destiny in that one word.

Slowly the monstrous ciphers faded from the gray hemisphere of space, and she saw again the newspaper in her trembling fingers, the kitchen into which the sunlight streamed from the open window, the dog *Biribi* basking in the doorway. That living quiet which descends upon

a kitchen when the midday meal and work are done came suddenly home to her, in contrast to the turmoil of her mind and being.

So that was why Philip had not written to her! While her heart was growing bitter against him, he had been fighting his vessel against great odds, and at last had been shipwrecked and carried off a prisoner. A strange new understanding took possession of her. Her life widened. She realized all at once how the eyes of the whole world might be fixed upon a single ship, a few cannon, and some scores of men. The general of a great army leading tens of thousands into the clash of battle, — that had always been within her comprehension; but this was almost miraculous, this abrupt projection of one ship and her commander upon the canvas of fame. Philip had left her, unknown save to a few; with the nations turned to see, he had made a gallant and splendid fight, and now he was a prisoner in a French fortress!

This, then, was why her grandfather had received no letter from Philip concerning the marriage. Well, she must now speak for herself; she must announce her marriage. Must she show Philip's letters? No, no, she could not. . . . Then a new suggestion came to her: there was one remaining proof of her marriage. Since no banns had been published, Philip must have obtained a license from the dean of the island, and he would have a record of it. All she had to do now was to get a copy of this record. But no, a license to marry was no proof of marriage; it was but evidence of intention.

Still, she would go to the dean this very moment. It was not right that she should wait longer: indeed, in waiting so long she had already done great wrong to herself, and maybe to Philip.

She rose from the veille with a sense of relief. No more of this secrecy, making her innocence seem guilt; no more painful dreams of punishment for some intangible crime; no more starting if she heard an unexpected footstep; no more hurried walk through the streets, looking neither to right nor to left; no more inward struggles wearing away her life.

To-morrow — to-morrow — no, this very night, her grandfather and one other, even *Maitresse Aimable*, should know all; and she should sleep so quietly, oh, so quietly, to-night.

Looking into a mirror on the wall, — it had been a gift of the chevalier, — she smiled at herself. Why, how foolish of her it had been to feel so much and to imagine terrible things! Her eyes were shining now, and her hair, catching the sunshine from the window, glistened like burnished copper. She turned to see how it shone on the temple and the side of her head. How Philip had loved her hair! Her eyes lingered for a moment placidly on herself; then she started abruptly. A wave of feeling, a shiver, passed through her, her brow gathered in perplexity, she flushed deeply.

Turning away from the mirror, she went and sat down again on the edge of the veille. Her mind had changed. She would go to the dean's, but not till it was dark. She suddenly thought it strange that the dean had never said anything about the license. Why, again, perhaps he had! How should she know what gossip was going on in the town? But no, she was quick to feel, and if there had been gossip she would have felt it in the manner of her neighbors. Besides, gossip as to a license to marry was all on the right side. She sighed — she had sighed so often of late — to think what a tangle it all was, of how it would be smoothed out to-morrow, of what —

There was a click of the garden gate, a footstep on the walk, a half-growl from Biribi, and the face of Carterette Mattingley appeared in the kitchen door-

way. Seeing Guida sitting on the veille, she came in quickly, her dancing dark eyes heralding great news.

"Don't get up, *ma couzaine*," she said, "please don't. Sit just there, and let me sit beside you. Ah, but I have the most wonderful news!"

Carterette was out of breath. She had hurried here from her home. As she said herself, her two feet were n't in one shoe on the way, and that and her news made her quiver with excitement.

At first, palpitating with eagerness, bursting with mystery, she could do no more than sit and look into Guida's face. Carterette was quick of instinct in her way, but yet she had not seen any marked change in her friend during the past few months. Certainly Guida had not been so buoyant as was her wont, but Carterette herself had been so occupied in thinking of her own particular secret that she was not observant of others. At times she saw Ranulph, and then she was uplifted, to be immediately depressed again; for she perceived that he was cast down, that his old cheerfulness was gone, and that a sombreness had settled on him. Somehow, though she was not quite happy when she did not see him, she was then even happier than when she did, for she seemed so powerless to lighten his gravity. She flattered herself, however, that she could do so if she had the right and the good opportunity, — the more so that Ranulph no longer visited the cottage in the *Place du Vier Prison*.

That drew her closer to Guida, also; for in truth Carterette had no loftiness of nature. Like most people, she was selfish enough to hold a person a little dearer for not standing in her own particular light. Long ago she had shrewdly guessed that Guida's interest lay elsewhere than with Ranulph, and when Philip d'Avranche was in St. Helier's she had fastened upon him as the object of Guida's favor. But then many sailors had made love to her, and knowing

it was here to-day and away to-morrow with them, her heart had remained untouched. Why, then, should she think Guida would take the officer seriously where she herself held the sailor lightly? But at the same time she had an instinct that what concerned Philip would interest Guida, — she herself always cared to hear the fate of an old admirer, — and this was what had brought her to the cottage to-day.

"Guess who I've got a letter from!" she asked of Guida, who had taken up some sewing, and was now industriously regarding the stitches.

At Carterette's question Guida looked up and said with a smile, "From some one you like, I know."

Carterette laughed gayly. "Bà sù, I should think I did — in a way. But what's his name? Come, guess, Ma'm'selle Dignity."

"Eh ben, the fairy godmother," answered Guida, trying hard not to show an interest she felt all too keenly; for nowadays it seemed to her that all news should be about Philip. Besides, she was gaining time and preparing herself for — she knew not what!

"Oh my grief!" responded the brown-eyed elf, kicking off the red slipper that had once so vexed the Lady of St. Michael, and thrusting her foot into it again, "never a fairy godmother had I, unless it's old Manon Moignard, the witch: —

'Sas, son, biletou,
My grand'mèthe a-fishing has gone:
She'll gather the fins to scrape my jowl,
And ride back home on a barnyard fowl!'

Nannin, ma'm'selle, it's plain to be seen you can't guess what a cornfield grows besides red poppies!" and laughing in sheer delight at the mystery she was making, she broke off into a whimsical nursery rhyme: —

"Coquelicot, j'ai mal au dé,
Coquelicot, qu'est qui l'a fait?
Coquelicot, eh'tai mon valet."

She kicked off her red slipper again,

and flying halfway across the room it alighted on the table, and a little mud from the heel dropped on the clean scoured surface. With a little moue of mockery, she slowly got up and tiptoed across the floor, like a child afraid of being scolded. Gathering the dirt carefully, and looking demurely askance at Guida the while, she tiptoed over to the fireplace with it.

"Naughty Carterette!" she said at herself with admiring reproof, as she looked in Guida's mirror, and added, as she glanced with farcical approval round the room, "And it all shines like a peacock's feather, too!"

Guida longed to snatch the letter from Carterette's hand and read it, but she only said calmly, though the words fluttered in her throat, "You're as gay as a chaffinch, garçon Carterette!"

Garçon Carterette! Instantly Carterette sobered down. No one save Ranulph had ever called her garçon Carterette!

Guida had used the words purposely; she had heard Ranulph call Carterette by them, and she knew they would change the madcap's mood. Carterette, to hide a sudden flush, stooped and slowly put on her slipper. Then she came back to the veille, and sat down beside Guida, saying as she did so, "Yes, I'm always as gay as a chaffinch — me!"

She unfolded the letter slowly, and Guida stopped sewing, but with the point of her needle mechanically began to prick the linen lying on her knee.

"Well," said Carterette deliberately, "this letter is from a *pend'loque* of a fellow, — at least, we used to call him that, — though if you come to think, he was always polite as a mended porringer. It was n't often he had two sous to rub against each other, and — and not enough buttons for his clothes!"

Guida smiled. She guessed whom Carterette meant. "Has Monsieur Detricand more buttons now?" she asked, with a little whimsical lift of the eyebrows.

"Ah bidemme, yes, and gold too, all over him — like that!" She made a quick sweeping gesture with her hand, which would seem to make Détricand a very spangle of buttons. "Come, what do you think? He's a general now!"

"A general!" Instantly Guida thought of Philip, and a kind of envy shot into her heart that this vaurien Détricand should mount so high in a few months, — a man whose past had shown nothing to warrant such success. "A general! Where?" she asked.

"In the Vendée army, fighting for the new King of France; you know the Revolutionists cut off the last King's head."

At another time Guida's heart would have throbbed with elation, for the romance of that union of aristocrat and peasant appealed keenly to her imagination; but she only said in the patois of the people themselves, "Ma fuifre — yes, I know."

Carterette was delighted to dole out her news thus, and get her due reward of astonishment. "And he's got another name," she added. "At least, it's not another; he always had it, but he did n't call himself by it. Pardi, he's more than the chevalier; he's the Comte Détricand de Tournay. Ah, then, believe me if you choose! There it is." She pointed to the signature of the letter, and with a gush of eloquence explained how it all was about Détricand the vaurien and Détricand the Comte de Tournay.

"Good riddance to Monsieur Savary *dit* Détricand, and good welcome to Monsieur the Comte de Tournay," answered Guida, trying hard to humor Carterette, that she might sooner hear the news yet withheld. "And what comes after that?"

Carterette was half sorry that her great moment had come; she wished she could have prolonged the suspense. But she let herself be comforted by the anticipated effect of her wonderful *on dit*.

"I'll tell you what comes after — ah, but see, then, what a wonder I have for you! You know that Monsieur Philip d'Avranche: well, what do you think has happened to him?"

Guida felt as if some monstrous hand had her heart in its grasp, crushing it. Presentiment took possession of her. Carterette was busy running over the pages of the letter, and did not notice how her face had lost its color. She had no thought that Guida had any vital interest in Philip, and she ruthlessly, though unconsciously, began to torture the young wife as few are tortured in this world.

She read aloud Détricand's description of his visit to the castle of Bercy, and of the meeting with Philip.

"'See what comes of a name!'" wrote Détricand, and repeated Carterette. "'Here was a poor prisoner whose ancestor, hundreds of years ago, may or may not have been a relative of the d'Avanches of Clermont, when a disappointed duke, with an eye open for heirs, takes a fancy to the good-looking face of the poor prisoner, and voilà! you have him whisked off to a castle, fed on milk and honey, and adopted into the family. Then a pedigree is nicely grown on a summer day, and this fine young Jersey adventurer is found to be a green branch from the old root; and there's a great blare of trumpets, and the states of the duchy are called together to make this English officer a prince — and that's the Thousand and One Nights in Arabia, Ma'm'selle Carterette!'"

Guida was sitting rigid and still. In the slight pause Carterette made, a hundred confused, torturing thoughts ran swiftly through her mind, and presently floated into the succeeding sentences of the letter: —

"'As for me, I'm like Rabot's mare, I have n't time to laugh at my own foolishness. I'm either up to my knees in grass or clay fighting Revolutionists, or I'm riding hard day and night till I'm

round-backed like a wood-louse, to make up for all the good time I so badly lost in your little island. You would not have expected that, my friend with the tongue that stings, would you? But then, *ma'm'selle* of the red slippers, one is never butted save by a dishorned cow, as your father used to say.'"

Carterette paused again, saying in an aside, "That is *m'sieu'* all over, all so gay. But who knows? For he says, too, that the other day, a-fighting Fontenay, five thousand of his men come across a cavalry as they run to take the guns that eat them up like cabbages, and they drop on their knees, and he drops with them, and they all pray to God to help them, while the cannon-balls *whiz-whiz* over their heads. He says God did hear them, for He told them that if they fell down flat when the guns were fired the balls would n't touch 'em."

During this interlude, Guida, full of impatience and anxiety, could scarcely sit still. She began sewing again, though her fingers trembled so that she could hardly make a stitch. But Carterette, the little egotist, did not notice her disturbance; her own excitement dimmed her observation.

She began reading again. The first few words had little or no significance for Guida, but presently she was held as by the fascination of a serpent.

"And, *Ma'm'selle* Carterette, what do you think this young captain, now Prince Philip d'Avranche and successor to the title of Bercy, — what do you think he is next to do? Even to marry a countess of great family whom the old duke has chosen for him, so that the name of d'Avranche may not die out in the land. And that is the way that love begins. . . . Wherefore I want you to write and tell me' " —

What he wanted Carterette to tell him Guida never heard, though it concerned herself, for she gave a cry like a dumb animal in agony, and sat rigid and blanched, the needle she had been

using imbedded in her finger to the bone, but not a motion, not a sign of human animation, in her face or figure.

All at once some conception of the truth burst upon the affrighted Carterette. She had all along thought that Philip and Guida had liked each other, but she had never thought of aught serious between them. Besides, in her childish egotism, as unconscious as it was heartless, she had seen in the present letter no more than the great news it contained. She imagined the real truth as little as *Détricand* had done.

But now she saw the blanched face, the filmy eyes, the stark look, the finger pierced by the needle, and she knew that a human heart had been pierced, too, with a pain worse than death. It was worse; for she had seen death, and she had never seen anything like this in its dire misery and horror. She caught the needle quickly from the finger, wrapped her kerchief round the wound, threw away the sewing from Guida's lap, and running an arm about her waist made as if to lay a hot cheek against the cold face of her friend. Suddenly, however, with a new and painful knowledge, and a face as white and scared as Guida's own, she ran to the dresser, caught up a hanap, and brought some water. Guida still sat as though life had left her, and the body, arrested in its activity, would presently relax and collapse.

Carterette was no irresponsible, light-headed, stupid peasant; she had sense, resolution, and self-possession. She tenderly put the water to Guida's lips, with comforting, reassuring words, though her own brain was in a whirl, and a hundred dark premonitions flashed through her mind.

"Ah, *man gui*, *man pèthe!*" she said in the homely patois. "There, drink, drink, dear, dear *couzaine!*" Guida's lips opened, and she drank slowly, putting her hand to her heart with a gesture of pain. Carterette set down the hanap

and caught her hands. "Come, come, these cold hands, — *pergui*, but we must stop that! They are so cold!" She rubbed them hard. "The poor child of heaven, what has come over you? Speak to me. . . . Ah, but see, everything will come all right by and by! God is good. Nothing's as bad as what it seems. There was never a gray wind but there's a grayer. *Nannin-gia*, take it not so to heart, my *couzaine*; thou shalt have love enough in the world! . . . Ah, *grand doux d'lavie*, but I could kill him!" she added under her breath, and she rubbed Guida's hands still, and looked frankly, generously, into her eyes. Yet, try as she would in that supreme moment, she could not feel all she used to do concerning her. There is something humiliating in even an undeserved injury, — something which, in average human eyes, depreciates the worthiness of its victim. To this hour Carterette had looked upon Guida as a being far above her own companionship, an idea which Guida herself always had combated. All in a moment, however, in this new office of comforter to her anguished and abandoned friend, their relative status was altered. The plane on which Guida had moved was lowered; pity, while it deepened the kindness and tenderness, lessened the gap between them.

Perhaps something of this passed through Guida's mind, and the deep pride and courage of her nature came to her assistance. She withdrew her hands from Carterette's and mechanically smoothed back her hair, and then, as Carterette sat watching her, folded up the sewing and put it in the work-basket hanging on the wall beside the *veille*.

There was something unnatural in her governance of herself now. She seemed as if doing things in a dream, but she did them accurately and with apparent purpose. She looked at the clock; then went to light the fire, for it was almost time to get her grand-

father's tea. She did not appear conscious of the presence of Carterette, who still sat on the *veille*, not knowing quite what to do. At last, as the flame flashed up in the chimney, she came over to her friend, and said, "*Carte-rette*, I am going to the dean's. Will you run and ask *Maitresse Aimable* to come here to me soon?"

Her voice was steady, but it was the steadiness of despair, — that steadiness which comes to those upon whose nerves has fallen a great numbness, upon whose sensibilities has settled a cloud which stills them as the thick mist stills the ripples on the waters of a fen.

All the glamour of Guida's youth had dropped away. She had deemed life good, and behold, it was not good; she had thought her dayspring was on high, and her happiness had burnt out into the darkness like quick-consuming flax. But all was strangely quiet in her heart and mind. Nothing more that she feared could happen to her; the worst had happened, and now there came down on her the impervious calm of the doomed.

Carterette was awed by her face, and saying that she would go at once to *Maitresse Aimable* she started toward the door, but as quickly stopped and came back to Guida, who was taking her hat from a nail. With none of the impulse that usually marked her actions, Carterette put her arms round Guida's neck and kissed her, saying with a subdued intensity and purpose, "I'd go through fire and water for you. I want to help you every way I can — me!"

Guida did not reply, but she kissed the hot cheek of the smuggler-pirate's daughter as in dying one might kiss the face of a friend seen with filmy eyes, and sent her away.

When she had gone Guida drew herself up with a shiver; yet she was conscious that new senses and instincts were born in her, or were now first awakened to life. She could not quite command

them yet, but she felt them, and, in so far as she had power to think, she used them.

Leaving the house and stepping into the Place du Vier Prison, she walked quietly and steadily up the Rue d'Drière. She did not notice that people she met glanced at her curiously, and turned to look after her as she hurried on.

XXVI.

It had been a hot, oppressive day, but when, a half-hour later, Guida hastened back through the Place du Vier Prison a vast black cloud had drawn up from the southeast, dropping a curtain of darkness upon the town. As she neared the doorway of the cottage a few heavy drops began to fall, and in spite of her overpowering trouble she quickened her footsteps, fearing that her grandfather had come back to find the house empty and no light or supper ready.

M. de Mauprat had preceded her by not more than five minutes. His footsteps across the Place du Vier Prison had been unsteady, his head bowed, though more than once he raised it with a sort of effort, as it were in indignation or defiance. He muttered to himself as he opened the door, and he paused in the hallway as though hesitating to go forward. After a moment he made a piteous gesture of his hand toward the kitchen, and whispered to himself in a kind of reassurance. Then he entered the room and stood still. All was dark save for the glimmer of the fire.

"Guida! Guida!" he said in a shaking, muffled voice. There was no answer. He put his hat and stick in the corner, and felt his way past the table to his great chair, — he seemed to have lost his sight. Finding the familiar worn arm of the chair, he seated himself with a heavy sigh. His lips moved, and he shook his head now and then as though in protest against some unspoken thought.

Presently he brought his clenched hand down heavily on the chair-arm, and said aloud, "They lie! they lie! The *connétable* lies! Their tongues shall be cut out. . . . Ah, my little, little child! . . . The *connétable* dared — he dared — to tell me this evil gossip — of my little one — of my Guida!"

He laughed contemptuously, but it was a crackling, dry laugh, painful in its cheerlessness. He drew his snuff-box from his pocket, opened it, and slowly taking a pinch raised it toward his nose; but the hand paused halfway, as though a new thought had arrested it.

In the pause there came the sound of the front door opening, and then footsteps in the hall.

The pinch of snuff fell from the fingers of the old man upon the white cloth of his short-clothes, but as Guida entered the kitchen and stood still a moment he did not stir in his seat. The thundercloud had come still lower and the room was dark, even the coals in the fireplace being now covered with gray ashes.

"Grandpèthe! Grandpèthe!" Guida said.

He did not answer. His heart was fluttering; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, dry and thick. Now he should know the truth; now he should be sure that they had lied about his little Guida, those slanderers of the Vier Marchi. But, too, he had a strange, depressing fear, at variance with his loving faith and belief that in Guida there was no wrong, — such a belief as has the strong swimmer that he can reach the shore through the wave and tide; yet also with the strange foreboding, prelude to the cramp that makes powerless, defying youth, strength, and skill. He could not have spoken if it had been to save his own life or hers.

Getting no answer to her words, Guida went first to the chimney and stirred the fire, the old man sitting rigid in his chair, and regarding her with fixed,

watchful eyes. Then she found two candles and lighted them, placing them on the mantel, and, going to the cras-set which hung by its osier rings from a beam in the middle of the room, slowly lighted it. Turning round, she was full in the light of the candles and the shooting flames of the fire.

The *Sieur de Mauprat's* eyes had followed her every motion, unconscious of his presence as she was. This, this was not the Guida he had known! This was not his grandchild, this woman with the pale, cold face and dark, unhappy eyes; this was not the laughing girl who but yesterday was a babe at his knee. This was not —

The truth, which had yet been before his blinded eyes how long, burst upon him. The shock of it snapped the filmy thread of being. As the soul, escaping, found its wings, spread them, and rose from that dun morass called life, the *Sieur de Mauprat*, giving a long, deep sigh, fell back in the great armchair dead, and the silver snuff-box rattled to the floor.

Guida turned with a sharp cry. She ran to him, and lifted up the head that lay over on his shoulder; she called to him, she felt his pulse. Opening his waistcoat, she put her ear to his heart; but it was still — still.

A mist came over her own eyes, and without a cry or a word she slid downward to the floor, unconscious, as the black thunderstorm broke upon the *Place du Vier Prison*.

The rain was like a curtain let down between the prying, clattering world without and the strange peace within: the old man in his perfect sleep; the young, misused wife in that oblivion borrowed from death, and as tender and companionable while it lasts.

As if in a merciful indulgence, Fate permitted no one to enter upon the dark scene save a woman in whom was a deep motherhood which had never nourished

a child, and to whom this silence and this sorrow gave no terrors. Silence was her constant companion, and for sorrow she had been granted the touch that assuages the sharpness of pain, and the love that is called neighborly kindness.

Unto her it was given to minister here. As the night went by, and the offices had been done for the dead, she took her place by the bedside of the young wife, who lay staring into space, tearless and still, the life consuming away within her.

But at last, toward morning, sleep came, as suddenly as death had come to the *Sieur de Mauprat*. Then *Maitresse Aimable* went into the kitchen, and on to the front room, where, with his head buried in his hands, *Ranulph Delagarde* sat watching beside the body of the *Sieur de Mauprat*.

XXVII.

In the *Rue d'Drière*, the undertaker and his head apprentice were very merry. But why should they not have been? People had to die, quoth the undertaker, and when dead they must be buried: burying was a trade, and wherefore should not one — discreetly — be cheerful at one's trade? In undertaking there were many miles to trudge with coffins in a week, and the fixed, sad, sympathetic look which long custom had stereotyped was as wearisome to the face as a cast of plaster of Paris. Moreover, the undertaker was master of ceremonies at the house of bereavement as well. He not only arranged the funeral; he sent out the invitations to the "friends of deceased, who are requested to return to the house of the mourners after the obsequies for refreshment." The preparations for this feast were all made by the undertaker, — master of burials, as he chose to be called.

Once, after a busy six months, in which a fever had carried off many a *Jersiais*, this master of burials had given

a picnic to his apprentices, workmen, and their families. At this buoyant function he had raised his glass, and with a playful plaintiveness had proposed, "The day we celebrate!"

He was in a no less blithesome mood this day. The head apprentice was reading aloud the accounts for the burials of the month, while the master was checking off the items, nodding approval, commenting, correcting, or condemning with strange expletives.

"Don't gabble, gabble! Next one slowlee!" said the master of burials, as the second account was laid aside, duly approved. "Eh ben, now let's hear the next. Who is it — him?"

"That Josué Anquetil," answered the apprentice.

The master of burials rubbed his hands together with a creepy sort of glee. "Ah, that was a clever piece of work! Too little of a length and a width for the box; but let us be thankful, — it might have been too-short, and it was n't."

"No danger of that, pardingue," broke in the apprentice. "The first it belonged to was a foot longer than Josué — he."

"But I made the most of Josué," continued the master. "The mouth was crooked, but he was clean, clean, — I shaved him just in time. And he had good hair for combing to a peaceful look, and he was light to carry, — oh my good! Go on: what has Josué the centenier to say for himself?"

With a drawling, dull indifference, the lank, hatchet-faced servitor of the master servitor of the grave read off the items:

The Relict of Josué Anquetil, Centenier, in account with Etienne Mahye, Master of Burials.

		Livres. Sols.	
Item :			
Paid to gentlemen of Vingtaine, who carried him to his grave.....	4	4	
Ditto to me, Etienne Mahye, for coffin.....	4	0	
Ditto to me, E. M., for proper gloves of silk and cotton.....	1	0	
Ditto to me, E. M., for laying of him out and all that appertains.....	0	7	
Ditto to me, E. M., for divers.....	0	4	

The master of burials interrupted: "Bat' d'la goule, you've forgot the blacking for coffin!"

The apprentice made the correction without deigning reply, and then proceeded: —

Ditto to me, E. M., for black for blacking coffin.....	0	3
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for supper after obs'quies.....	3	2
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for 18 lbs. of pork at 4s. p'r lb. for ditto	4	8
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for 1 lb. suet for ditto.....	0	7
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for wine (3 pots and 1 pt. at a shilling) for ditto.....	2	5
Ditto to me, E. M., paid out for oil and candle.....	0	7
Ditto to me, E. M., given to the poor, as fitting station of deceased.....	4	0

The apprentice stopped. "That's all," he said.

There was a furious leer on the face of the master of burials. So, after all his care, apprentices would never learn to make mistakes on his side. "Always on the side of the corpse, that can thank nobody for naught, oh my grief!" was his snarling comment. "What about those turnips from Dénise Gareau, numskull!" he squeaked, in a voice something between a sneer and a snort.

The apprentice was unmoved. He sniffed, rubbed his nose with a forefinger, laboriously wrote for a moment, and then added: —

Ditto to Madame Dénise Gareau for turnips for supper after obs'quies.....	10	sols.
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"Saperlote! leave out the *madame*, calf-lugs — you!"

The apprentice did not move a finger. Obstinacy sat enthroned on him. In a rage, the master made a snatch at a metal flower-wreath to throw at him.

"Shan't! She's my aunt. I knows my duties to my aunt — me!" remarked the apprentice stolidly.

The master burst out in a laugh of scorn. "Gad'rabotin, here's family

pride for you ! I'll go stick dandelines in my old sow's ear, — respé d'la compagne."

The apprentice was still calm. "If you want to flourish yourself, don't mind me," said he, and picking up the next account he began reading : —

Mademoiselle Landresse, in the matter of the burial of the Sieur de Mauprat, to Etienne Mahye, etc.

Item —

The first words read by the apprentice had stilled the breaking storm of the master's anger. It dissolved in a fragrant dew of proud reminiscence, profit, speculation, and scandal.

He himself had no open prejudices. He was an official of the public, — or so he counted himself, — and he very shrewdly knew his duty in that walk of life to which it had pleased Heaven to call him. The greater the notoriety of the death, the more in evidence was the master and all his belongings. Death with honor was an advantage to him ; death with disaster was a boon ; death with scandal was a godsend. It brought tears of gratitude to his eyes when the death and the scandal were in high places. These were the only real tears he ever shed. His heart was in his head, and the head thought solely of Etienne Mahye. Though he wore an air of sorrow and sympathy in public, he had no more feeling than a hangman. His sympathy seemed to say to the living, "I wonder how soon you'll come into my hands !" and to the dead, "What a pity you can die only once, and that second-hand coffins are so hard to get !"

Item — paid to me, Etienne Mahye, for rose-wood coffin —

droned the voice of the apprentice,

"Oh my good !" interrupted the master of burials, with a barren chuckle. "Oh my good, that was a day in a lifetime ! I've done fine work in my time, but the Lord bestowed his countenance upon that day, — not a cloud above, no dust beneath, a flowing tide, and a calm sea. The Royal Court, too, caught on a

sudden marching in their robes, turns to and joins the cortegee, and the little birds a-tweeting-tweeting, and two parsons at the grave. Pardingue, but the Lord was with me, and "

The apprentice laughed, — a dry, mirthless laugh of disbelief and ridicule. "Bà sū, master, the Lord was watching you. There was two silver bits inside that coffin !"

"Bigre !" The master was pale with rage. His lips drew back, disclosing his long dark teeth and sickly gums, — a grimace of fury. He reached out to seize a hammer lying at his hand, but the apprentice said quickly, —

"That's the cholera hammer — ah bah !"

The master of burials dropped the hammer as though it were at white heat, and eyed it with scared scrutiny. This hammer had been used in nailing down the coffins of six cholera patients who had died in one house at Rozel Bay a year before. The master would not go near the place, so this apprentice had gone, on a promise from the Royal Court that he should have for himself — this is what he asked — free lodging in two small upper rooms of the Cohue Royale, just under the bell which said to the world, *Chicane — chicane ! Chicane — chicane !*

This he asked, and this he got, and he alone of all Jersey went out to bury three persons who had died of cholera ; and then to watch three others die, to bury them as soon as they were cold, and come back, with a leer of satisfaction, to claim his price. At first people were inclined to make a hero of him, but that only made him grin the more, and the island reluctantly decided at last that he had done the work solely for fee and reward.

The hammer he had used in nailing the coffins he had carried through the town, like an emblem of terror and death, and henceforth he alone in the shop of the master of burials used it.

"It won't hurt you if you leave it

alone," said the apprentice grimly to the master of burials. "But if you go bothering, I'll put it in your bed, and it'll do after to nail down your coffin — you!"

Then he went on reading with a dull, malicious calmness, as if the matter were the merest trifle, and he were anxious to get on with his work: —

Item — one dozen pairs of gloves for mourners.

"Par madé! that's one way of putting it," commented the apprentice; "for what mourners was there but ma'm'selle herself, and she as quiet as a mice and not a teardrop, and all the island with necks end to end for a look at her, and you, master, whispering to her, 'The Lord is the Giver and Taker,' and the femme de ballast t'other side, saying, 'My de-are, my de-are, bear thee up, bear thee up — thee'?"

"And she looking so steady in front of her, as if never was shame about her — and her there soon to be! and no ring of gold upon her hand, and all the world staring!" broke in the master, who, having now edged far off from the cholera hammer, was launched upon a theme that roused all his emotions. "All the world staring, and good reason!"

"And she scarce winking, eh?"

"True, that! Her eyes did n't feel the cold," said the master of burials with a leer, for to his sight, as to that of others, only as boldness had been Guida's bitter courage, the numb, blank, despairing gaze, coming from eyes that turned their agony inward.

"What I want to know is," added the master, — "what I want to know is, who was the man, *bà sù*?"

"That's what none but they two knows, and she says neither *bouf ni baf*," said the apprentice. "But it's none business to we — *nannin-gia*!"

He took up the account again, and prepared to read it. The master, however, had been awakened to a congenial theme. "Poor fallen child of nature!"

said he. "For what is birth or what is looks of virtue like a summer flower! It is to be brought down by hand of man." He was warmed to his theme. Habit had so long made him as much hypocrite as his trade had made him stony-hearted that he was at once sentimentalist and hard materialist. "Some pend'logue has brought her beauty to this pass, but she must suffer; and also his time will come, the sulphur, the torment, the worm that dieth not — and no Abraham for parched tongue — misery me! They that meet in sin here shall meet hereafter in burning fiery furnace."

The cackle of the apprentice rose above the whining voice: "Murder, too, — don't forget the murder, master. The *connétable* told the old *Sieur de Mauprat* what people were blabbing, and in half-hour dead he was — he!"

"The *sieur's* blood it is upon their heads," continued the master of burials; "it will rise up from the ground" —

The apprentice interrupted: "A good thing if the *sieur* himself does n't rise, for you'd get naught for coffin or the obs'quies. It was you tells the *connétable* what folks blabbed, and the *connétable* tells the *sieur*, and the *sieur* it kills him dead. So if he rised, he'd not pay you for murdering him, — no, *bidemme*! And this is a gobbly mouthful — this!" he added, holding up the bill.

The undertaker's lips smacked softly, as though in truth he were waiting for the mouthful. Rubbing his hands, and drawing his lean leg up so that it touched his nose, he looked over it with avid eyes, and said, "How much is it? — don't read the items, but come to total debit, — how much is it? How much does she pay me?"

Ma'm'selle Landresse, debtor in all for one hundred and twenty livres, eleven sols, and two farthings.

"Shan't we make it one hundred and twenty-one livres?" asked the apprentice.

"No; the odd sols and farthings look

better," returned the master of burials, "they look exact. But the courage it needs to be honest! Oh my grief, if" —

"'Sh!" said the apprentice, pointing, and the master of burials, turning, saw Guida pass the doorway.

With a hungry instinct for the morbid, they stole to the doorway and looked down the Rue d'Drière after Guida. The master was sympathetic, for had he not in his fingers a bill for a hundred and twenty livres odd, at that moment? The face of the apprentice was implacable, but the way he craned his neck and tightened the forehead over his large, protuberant eyes showed his intense curiosity. His face was like that of some strong fate, superior to the influences of man's sorrow, shame, or death. Presently he laughed, — a crackling cackle like new-lighted kindling-wood; nothing could have been more inhuman in sound. What in particular aroused this arid mirth probably he himself did not know. Maybe it was a native cruelty which had a sort of sardonic pleasure in the miseries of the world. Or was it the one perception sometimes given to the dull-est mind, of the futility of goodness, the futility of all? This is the kinder probability, for the apprentice was the new companion of Dormy Jamais, and now shared with him his rooms at the top of the Cohue Royale; and certainly Dormy Jamais was neither sardonic nor cruel. In truth, there must have been some natural bond between the blank, sardonic undertaker's apprentice and the poor *bégarre*. Of late Dormy had haunted the precincts of the Place du Vier Prison, and was the only person besides *Maitresse Aimable* whom Guida welcomed. His tireless feet went *clac-clac* past her doorway, or halted by it, or entered in when it pleased him. He was more a watch-dog than Biribi; he fetched and carried; he was silent and sleepless. It was as if some past misfortune had opened his eyes to the awful bitterness of life, and they had never closed again.

The dry cackle of the apprentice as he looked after Guida roused a mockery of indignation in the master. "Sacré matin, a back-hander on the jaw'd do you good, slubberdegullion — you! Ah, get out, and scrub the coffin blacking from your jowl!" he rasped out, with furious contempt.

The apprentice seemed not to hear, but kept on looking after Guida, a pitiless leer on his face. "Et ben, lucky for her the sieur died before he had chance to change his will. She'd have got ni fiche ni bran from him!"

"Holy jacks, if you don't stop that I'll give you a coffin before your time, you keg of nails! Sorrow and prayer at the throne of grace that she may have a contrite heart" — he clutched the funeral bill tighter in his fingers — "is what all must feel for her. The day the sieur died and it all came out, I wept; bedtime come I had to sop my eyes with elder-water. The day o' the burial mine eyes were so sore a-draining, I had to put a rotten sweet apple on 'em overnight — me!"

"Ah bah! she does n't need rosemary wash for *her* hair!" said the apprentice admiringly, looking down the street after Guida as she turned into the Rue d'Egypte, near the Vier Prison.

Perhaps it was a momentary sympathy for beauty in distress which made the master say, as he backed from the doorway stealthily, "Gatd'en'âle, 't is well she has enough to live on, and to provide for what's to come!"

But if it was a note of humanity in his voice it passed quickly, for presently, as he examined the bill for the funeral of the Sieur de Mauprat, he said to the apprentice in a shrill voice, "Achoere, you've left out the extra satin for his pillow — you!"

"There was n't any extra satin," drawled the apprentice.

With a snarl the master of burials seized a pen and wrote in the account: Item — to extra satin for pillow, three livres.

XXVIII.

Guida's once blithe, rose-colored face was pale as ivory, the mouth had a look of deep sadness, and the step was slow; but the eye was clear and steady, and her hair, brushed back under the black crape of the bonnet as smoothly as its nature would admit, gave to the broad brow a setting of rare attraction and sombre nobility. It was not a face that knew inward shame, but it carried a look that showed knowledge of life's cruelties, and a bitter sensitiveness to pain. It was, however, fearless, and it had no touch of the consciousness or the consequences of sin; it was purity itself.

Her face alone should have proclaimed abroad her innocence, though she had uttered no word in testimony. To most people, nevertheless, her fearless sincerity only added to her crime, and increased the scandalous mystery. Yet her manner awed some, and her silence held most back. The few who came to offer sympathy, with rude curiousness in their eyes and as much inhumanity as pity in their hearts, were turned away, gently but firmly, more than once with proud resentment.

So it chanced that soon only *Maitresse Aimable* came, she who asked no questions, desired no secrets. The *Chevalier du Champsavoys* had not been with Guida, for on the afternoon of the very day that her grandfather died he had gone a secret voyage to St. Malo, to meet the old solicitor of his family. He knew nothing of his friend's death or of Guida's trouble.

Nor yet did *Maître Ranulph* visit her after the funeral of the *Sieur de Mauprat*. The horror of the thing had struck him dumb, and his mind was one confused mass of conflicting thoughts. He believed in Guida utterly, but there — there were the terrifying facts before him. Yet, with an obstinacy peculiar to him, he still went on believing in her

goodness and in her truth. Of the man who had injured her he had no doubt, and his mind was clear as to his course in the hour when he and Philip d'Avranche should meet. But meanwhile, though he seldom went near the *Place du Vier Prison*, he visited *Maitresse Aimable*, and from day to day he knew all that happened to Guida. As of old, without her knowledge, he did many things for her through the same *Maitresse Aimable*. It quickly came to be known in the island that any one who spoke ill of Guida in his presence did so at no little risk. At first there had been those who marked him as the culprit; but somehow that did not suit with the case, for it was clear he loved Guida now as he had always done, and this all the world knew, and knew also that he would have married her all too gladly. Presently *Détricand* and Philip were the only names mentioned; finally, as though by common consent, Philip was settled upon, for such evidence as there was pointed that way. The gossips set about to recall all that had happened when Philip was in Jersey last. Here one came forward with tittle of truth, and there another with tattle of falsehood, and at last as wild a story was fabricated as might be heard in a long day.

But the truth none of them knew, for in bitterness Guida kept her own counsel.

When she reached the cottage in the *Place du Vier Prison* now, she took from a drawer the letter Philip had written her on the day he first met the *Comtesse Chantavoine*. She had received it a week before. She read it through slowly, shuddering a little once or twice. When she had finished reading, she drew paper to her and began a letter.

No, Philip d'Avranche [she wrote], your message came too late. All that you might have said and done should have been said and done long ago, — in that past which I believe in no more. I will not now ask you why, from the first, you acted as you did toward me.

Words can alter nothing now. Once I thought you sincere, and this letter you send me would have me believe so still. Do you then think so poorly of my intelligence?

In spite of all your promises, in spite of the surrender of an honest heart and a good life to you, in spite of truth and loyalty and love, in spite of every call of honor, you denied me — dared to deny me — at the very time you wrote me this letter.

For the passing honors of this world you set aside, first by secrecy, and then by falsehood, the helpless girl to whom you once swore faith and undying love. You, who knew the open book of her heart, you threw it in the dust. "Of course there is no wife?" the Duc de Bercy said to you before the states of Bercy. "Of course," you answered. Without pity you told your lie.

Were you blind, that you did not see the consequences? Did you not realize the horror of it? Or were you so wicked that you did not care? For I know that before you wrote me this letter, and afterward when you had been made heir to the duchy, the Comtesse Chantavoine was openly named by the Duc de Bercy for your wife.

I understand all now, and I want you clearly to know that I am no longer the thoughtless, believing girl whom you drew from her simple life to give her so cruel a fate. Yesterday I was a child; to-day — Oh, above all else, do you think I can ever forgive you for having killed the youth, the trust, the joy of life that was in me! You have made me old — old; for all the real youth in me is gone forever. You have spoiled for me forever my rightful share of the joyous and the good. My heart is sixty, though my body is not twenty. You have killed the summer of my life; it is winter with me, and I shall never see another spring. How dared you rob me of all that was my birthright, and give me nothing, nothing in return?

Do you remember how I begged you not to make me marry you, but you urged me, and because I loved you and trusted you I did? How I entreated you not to make me marry you secretly, and you insisted, and, loving you, I did? How I made you promise you would leave me at the altar, and not see me until you came again to claim me for your wife openly, and you broke that promise? Do you remember?

Do you remember that night in the garden, when the wind came moaning from the sea? Do you remember how you took me in your arms, and even while I listened to your tender and assuring words, in that moment — Ah, the hurt and the wrong and the shame of it! Afterward, in the strange confusion, in the blind helplessness of my life, I tried to say, "But he loved me," and I also tried to forgive you. Not realizing your wickedness wholly, perhaps in time I might have seemed to you to forgive, and to make myself believe I did; but understanding all now, I feel that in the hour when you betrayed me, your own wife, I really ceased to love you. The death of love began then, and when at last I knew you had denied me it was buried forever.

I must go on alone, deprived of all that makes life bearable; it is for you to keep on climbing higher by your vanity, your strength, and your deceit. But yet I know that, however high you climb, you will never find repose. The memory of a wronged woman will be with you always. You will not exist for me, you will not be even a memory; but even against your will I shall always be part of you, — of your brain, of your heart, of your soul; for the haunting thought of the innocence you wronged will be your torment in your greatest hour. This is not a threat; it is a prophecy.

Your worst torment will be then; mine has already been with me. When the weight of my miseries first fell upon me I thought that I must die. Why should

I live, — why should I not die? The sea was near, and it buries deep. I thought of all the people that live on the great earth, and I said to myself that the soul of one poor girl could not count in it all, — that it could concern no one but myself. It was all clear to me, — it was certain that I must die. The end of it all should be quietness and rest, — no more aching heart, no more heavy feet, no more sleepless eyes that look upon the world as through a flame of fire.

I live still, you see, not because I fear to die, but because there came to me a voice in the night which said, "Is thy life thine to give or to destroy?" The voice was clearer than my own thinking. It told my heart that death by one's own hand meant shame; and I understood that to reach that peace I must drag unwilling feet over the good name and memory of my beloved dead. I remembered my mother, — if you had remembered her, perhaps you would have guarded the gift of my love, and not have trampled it under your feet, — I remembered my mother, and so I live on. You live on, also, but your star has fallen from the sky. I know that, for I know what I might have been to you. I was your good destiny, but, like some madman who destroys his child, you dragged me from my quiet home, and with rough denial left me helpless in the highway. God sent my love to bless you, but you have turned it on me as a scourge. Your passion and your cowardice have lost me all — and your losses God will send you.

There is but little more to say. If it lies in my power, I shall never see you again while I live. And you will not wish it. Yes, in spite of your eloquent letter lying here beside me, you will not wish it, and you shall not expect it. I am not your wife save by the law; and little have you cared for law! Little, too, would the law help you in this now, for

which you will rejoice. For the ease of your mind I hasten to tell you why.

First let me inform you that none in this land knows me to be your wife. Your letter to my grandfather never reached him, and to this hour I have held my peace. The clergyman who married us is a prisoner among the French, and the strong-box which held the register of St. Michael's Church was stolen. The one other witness, Mr. Shoreham, your lieutenant, as you tell me, went down with the *Araminta*. So you are safe in your denial of me. For me, I am firmly set to live my own life, in my own way, with what strength I can. A few short months ago I thought that the love I knew would never change through time or tears. Time has not changed it, but the tears which are my portion have. At last I see beyond the Hedge; and now I would endure all the tortures of earth and time rather than call you husband ever again.

Your course is clear. You cannot turn back now; you have gone too far. Your new honors and titles were got at the last by a coarse lie. To acknowledge the lie would be ruin, for all the world knows that Commander Philip d'Avranche of the King's Navy is now the adopted son of the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, second in succession to his serene highness. Surely the house of Bercy has cause for joy, with an imbecile for the first in succession, and a traitor for the second!

I return herewith the fifty pounds you sent me, — you will not question why. . . . And so all ends. This is a last farewell between us. Henceforth my life is my own. Do you remember what you said to me on the *Eeréhos*? "*If ever I deceive you, may I die a black, dishonorable death, abandoned and alone! I should deserve that if ever I deceived you, Guida.*" Think of that, in your vain glory hereafter.

GUIDA LANDRESSE DE LANDRESSE.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

CRAVEN.

(MOBILE BAY, 1864.)

OVER the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,
 Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame;
 Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
 Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
 A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign;
 There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
 The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming: the monitor hung
 Beating the stream; the roar for a moment hushed;
 Craven spoke to the pilot; slow she swung;
 Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
 And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank;
 She turned but a yard too short; a muffled roar,
 A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the ironclad tower,
 Pilot and captain met as they turned to fly:
 The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
 For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream; Craven spoke,—
 Spoke as he lived and fought, with a captain's pride:
 "After you, Pilot." The pilot woke,
 Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

All men praise the deed and the manner; but we —
 We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
 The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
 The grace of the empty hands and promises loud.

Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,
 Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
 Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
 Outram coveting right before command:

These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,
 These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
 Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
 Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud, and strong.

Henry Newbolt.

NEPTUNIAN.

MIDWAY the height of one sheer granite rock
I sat in face of the barbarian sea,
And heard the god, out of the dreadful, deep,
Midmost Atlantic summoning strength, and here,
In accents clear above the sullen roar
Of all his waves, condemn the jutting world.

“Populous Egypt was a realm and ruled
By men that strove when Greece was yet unborn.
I strive not, yet is Pharaoh deep in death,
And still the seas sweep unappeased and new.
Kings were ere Priam. Knew ye not? I hold
The substance, in my swift and solvent brine,
Of all the race since Adam, and of strange,
Unfeatured men ere Paradise. And I
Sang to them all, and cradled them, and drank
Their breath, their dust, their family and fame.
Earth the grain-giver in my hands I hold,
And if I will I love, and if I will
Hate, and I know no master but the sun,
Who drinks the years up in a thin blue flame.
From me the rivers and the rain from me
Lead down their due-returning silver streams
In circuit just; and all the gulfs are mine
Beneath the earth that echo of the deep.
Laugh, then, be glad! E’en though I swallow down,
To rock upon my oozy floor, the hulls
Of odd ten thousand hurrying ships. They swell
And mantle o’er with all the amorous life
Ye reckon not of, and in a year are gone.
Laugh and be glad! Tremble and fear! I beat
Beneath the shining forward of the dawn,
The dim high noon, and the red stars at night,
Daylight and dark forever I beat, I beat,
Indefatigably reiterant,
The bulwarks of the shore, daylight and dark,
With the blue night about me, and the dawn.”

On billow billow rolling, in the press
Confounded of the furious, following surge,
Thunders the Deep, intolerant and sublime;
Gray-heart and grim to spurn of this black rock
The temerarious front, and here to wrench
The frame of earth aside before the sea.

P. H. Savage.

OLD BROIDERIES.

I.

OUT of the carven chest of treasured things,
 That holds them dark and breathless, like a tomb,
 I lift these scripted songs of many a loom
 That labors now no longer, — nay, nor sings.
 And one by one, their soft unfolding brings
 Along the air some touch of ghostly bloom;
 The tacit reminiscence of perfume,
 The uncomplaining dust of mouldered springs.

Whether it be from hues, once richly bled
 Of rooted flowers, some magic takes the sense,
 Or if it be that meek aroma, wed
 To flush and sheen and shadow, shaken thence,
 Or clinging touch of aging silken thread,
 They hold me, with a tongueless eloquence.

II.

I marvel how the broiderers could find
 So sweet the summer shapes that never fade,
 Though some mere passing race of man and maid
 Have paled and wasted and gone down the wind!
 Yet here the toilful art of one could bind
 No dream with tenderer woven light and shade,
 Than sovran bloom and fruitage, rare arrayed,
 Or listless tendrils idly intertwined.

Ah, bitter-sweet! For caged care to slake
 Its thirst with joyance of the weed that grows, —
 The whim of leaf and leaf, and petal flake,
 Whatever way the breath of April blows:
 And poor, wise, withered hands, with skill to make
 The red unhuman gladness of the rose!

III.

There is a certain damask here, moon-pale,
 With the wan iris of a snow on snow,
 Or petal against petal cheek, ablow.
 It wears its glories bridelike under veil;
 But shadowed, half, the blanchèd folds exhale
 Sweet confidence of color: and there grow —
 Entwined and sundered, by the gloom and glow —
 Dim vines, to muse upon till fancy fail.

I wonder : was it woven in a dream,
 When, for a space, one dreamer had his fill
 Of perfectness, — all white desires supreme
 That lure and mock the thwarted human will?
 The worker's dumb. The web lives on, a gleam,
 Untroubled as a lily, and as still.

IV.

Ah, nameless maker, at whose heart I guess
 Through the surviving fabric! You were one
 With potter and with poet, — you that spun
 And you that stitched, unsung for it; no less
 A part and pulse of all the want and stress
 Of effort without end, till time be done, —
 The lift of longing wings unto the sun,
 Forever beckoned by far loveliness.

O wistful soul of all men, heart I hear
 Close beating for the heart that understands,
 Kin I deny so often, — now read clear
 Across the foreign years and far-off lands,
 Let me but touch and greet you, near and dear,
 Cherishing these, with hands that love your hands!
Josephine Preston Peabody.

DEMOCRACY.

OUR mighty bark, with masts that rake the stars,
 Has lagged too long in port, and we have drowsed
 An idle crew or with wild mates caroused,
 Forgetful of our part in Freedom's wars.
 But now, at last, with sail taut to the spars,
 For her whose rightful cause our sires espoused,
 Again our ship must steer where blow unhoused
 The winds of God, beyond the shoals and bars.
 For still our orders hold, as in the past, —
 That glorious day we shook our banner free,
 And broke from out the line and took the van,
 With linstocks lit, and bade them follow fast,
 Who held with us, — to sail and search the sea
 Until we find a better world for man.

William Prescott Foster.

AFTER THE DAY'S BUSINESS.

WHEN I sit down with thee at last alone,
 Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day,
 The scrape of petty jars that fret and fray,
 The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone, —
 When thou and I sit down at last alone,
 And through the dusk of rooms divinely gray
 Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way
 As tone melts meeting in accordant tone,
 Oh, then our souls far in the vast of sky
 Look from a tower too high for sound of strife
 Or any violation of the town,
 Where the great vacant winds of God go by,
 And over the huge misshapen city of life
 Love pours his silence and his moonlight down.
Richard Hovey.

NIGHT.

DEEP in the starry silence of the night
 Breathes low the mystery of Life and Death,
 While o'er the darkened waters wandereth
 A voiceless spirit, veiled from mortal sight.
 Upheld, enfolded in the encircling height
 Of heaven, the hushed Earth softly draws her breath,
 And in the holy stillness listeneth
 To sweeping wings of far-off worlds in flight.
 Beauty ascends in elemental prayer:
 Lifted in worship, lost in wonderment,
 I join in Nature's night antiphony
 That vibrates in the calm and sentient air;
 And through the veil of darkness am content
 To touch the garment of Eternity.
Katharine Coolidge.